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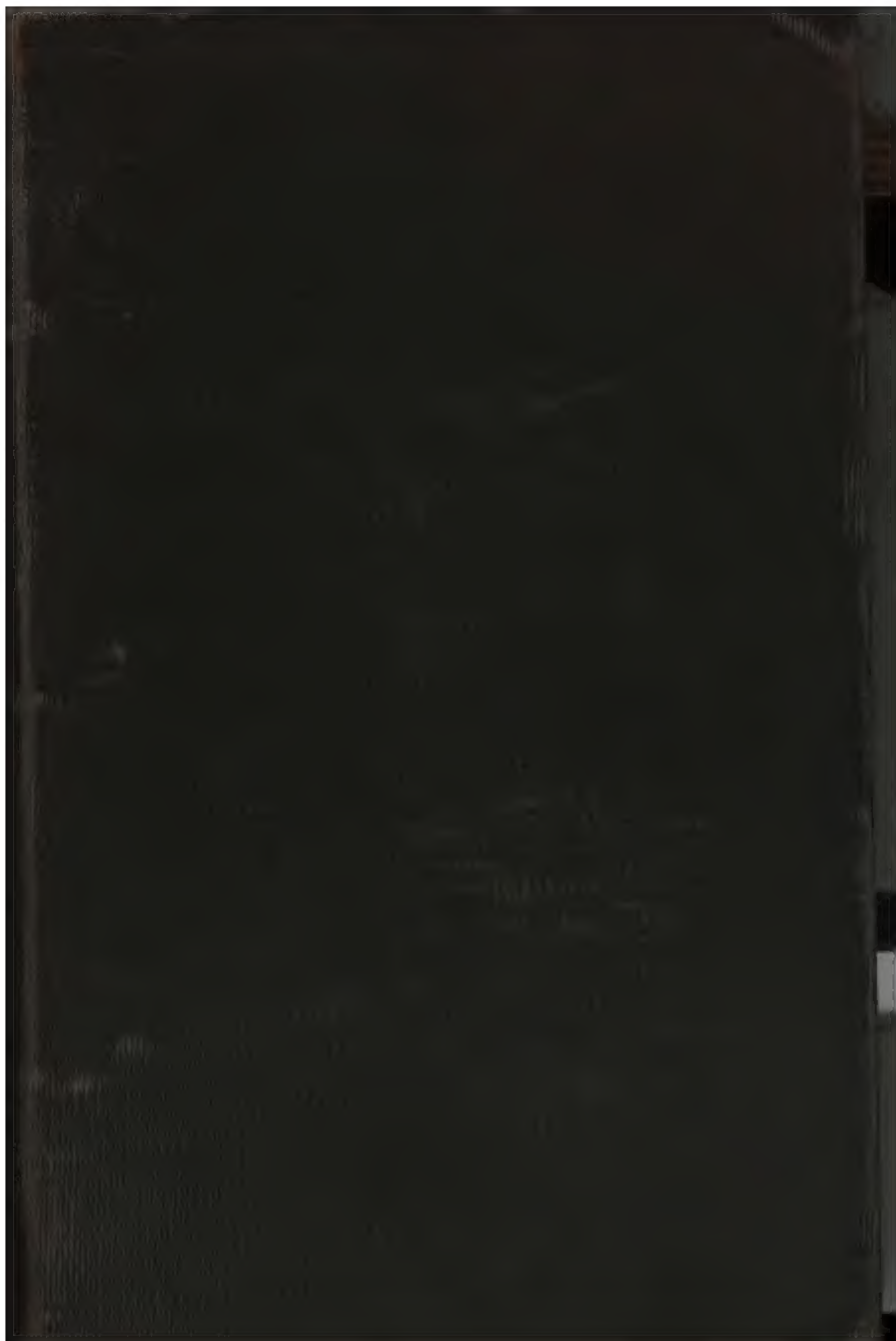
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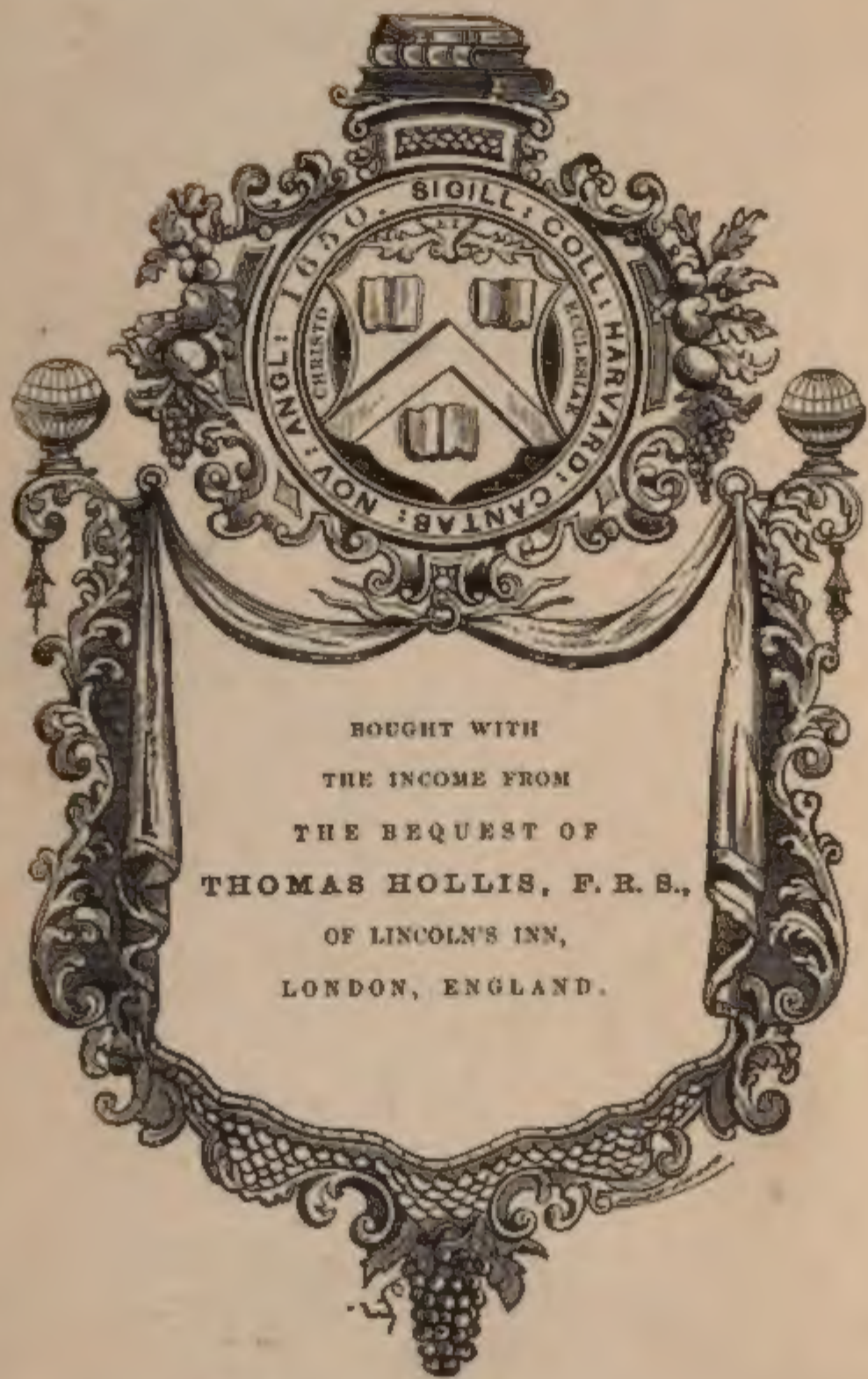
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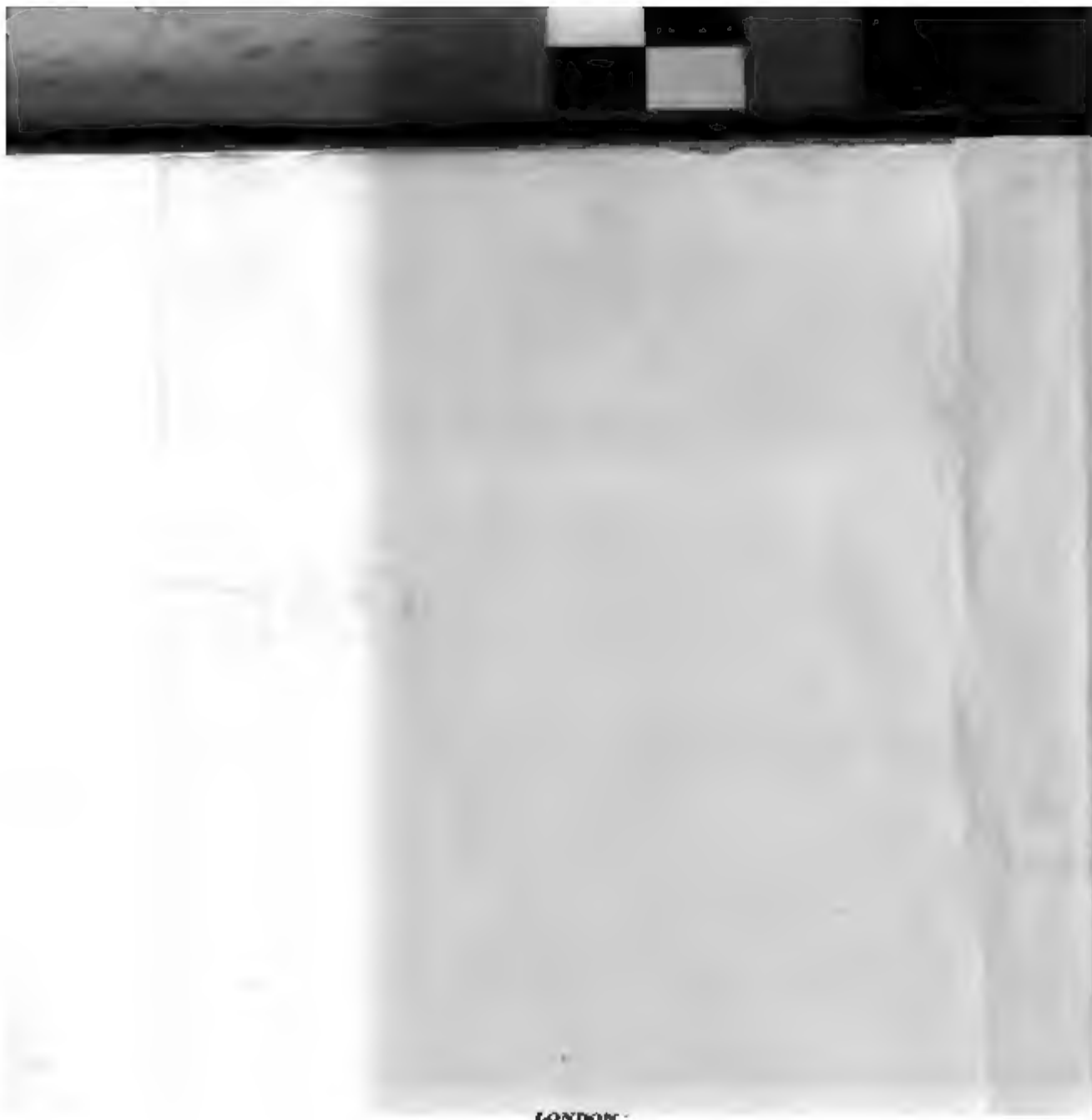
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THE
COMEDIES OF ARISTOPHANES.



LONDON :

PRINTED BY R. CLAY, BREAD-STREET-HILL,
DOCTORS' COMMONS.



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THE
COMEDIES
OF
ARISTOPHANES,

TRANSLATED INTO
CORRESPONDING ENGLISH METRES,

BY
BENJAMIN DANN WALSH, M.A.
FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"ARISTOPHANES, THE MOST INGENIOUS MAN OF AN AGE THAT WAS
"FERTILE OF GREAT WITS."—RICHARD BENTLEY, D.D.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

LONDON:
A. H. BAILY AND CO. CORNHILL.
CAMBRIDGE, J. AND J. J. DEIGHTON;
OXFORD, J. H. PARKER.

M DCCC XXXVII.

Ga 110.610.

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TO

THE REV. JOHN SLEATH, D.D.

HIGH MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, LONDON.

WHOSE UNREMITTING ATTENTION

AND PARENTAL SUPERINTENDENCE

HIS FORMER PUPIL

THE TRANSLATOR

HAS TO THANK

FOR WHATEVER LITTLE KNOWLEDGE HE MAY NOW POSSESS

OF THE LITERATURE OF THE GREEKS,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED

AS A TOKEN OF AFFECTIONATE REGARD

AND SINCERE ADMIRATION.

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PREFACE.

It must often have occurred to every one, what a great pity it is, that there were no active volcanoes, like Vesúvius, in the heart of ancient Greece. Had it so happened, we might have had a chance of digging up a fossil Greek city, at the expiration of a couple of thousand years, in as perfect a state of preservation as Pompéii or Herculáneum. How delightful it would then have been to wander amongst the dwelling-houses of a Péricleś, a Cleon, a Sócrates, and a Eurípides; to view the scenes where they had unbent their weary souls in the calm tranquillity of domestic intercourse, or given themselves up to the more exciting pleasures of a generous conviviality; to become intimately acquainted, in fine, with all the little interesting minutiae, which have been passed over, as unworthy of notice, in the dignified pages of the philosopher and the historian! What a much more distinct conception we should have of the glorious spirit of antiquity, if we could thus arrive at any definite knowledge respecting the private habits of the warriors of Máráthon and Sálamis! The meanest hovel that had witnessed the birth, the life, and the death of one of those amiable and acute Athénians, whom, with all their faults, and all their crimes, we still cannot help loving and admiring, would be eyed with far more transport than the most magnificent palace

ever erected by some dull prosaic monarch in these modern days. We might even hope in such a case to recover a few of the genuine letters, that had passed between the wits and the heroes of ancient Greece, as the example of Herculaneum has taught us the possibility of deciphering MSS. which have been lying for ages in a carbonised state beneath the solid lava. But if we were to carry our imagination beyond the sober boundaries of fact, and suppose for an instant that such entertaining miscellanies as our newspapers and magazines had existed in those times, and had been preserved in the same manner; what a boundless field would then be opened to the eye of the astonished spectator! The political squabbles—the domestic scandals—the scurrilous lampoons—the humorous epigrams—of the most talented people that ever existed, would then be all bared to the view; and we should feel as much at home when we were perusing the stately narrative of Thucydides, as we now do on listening to the recital of the great deeds achieved by a Wellington or a Buonaparte.

These may appear wild dreams; but it so happens, that in one sense, they are also sober realities. The Comedies of Aristophanes are the Pompéii of Athens. In them have been enshrined the records of the private and public life of the Athénians during the most brilliant period of the republic; and in them alone we must seek for that personal knowledge of the high and mighty geniuses of those days, which cannot be hoped or desired from the grave writings of the tragedian, the philosopher, or the historian. For it must not be imagined for an instant that the ancient Attic Comedy bore more than a very slight resemblance to the productions known by that name in later times. In its virulent political diatribes, in its satirical attacks on private individuals, and altogether in the miscellaneous and temporary nature of the subjects which entered into its scope, it had a much nearer affinity to the modern newspaper. In one respect, indeed, the correspondence between the two is very striking. As the editor of the

Journal is called upon to concoct his LEADING ARTICLE for every publication, in which he either defends himself from the attacks of his rivals, or inflicts his chastisement upon those who have provoked his wrath, or furnishes his readers with general essays upon the state of public affairs; so was the poet of the Old Comedy, in its most ancient form, expected to write his poetical ADDRESS for every play, on precisely the same topics, and frequently in very nearly the same bitter and uncompromising spirit. The very place which these productions occupied was the same; for the address was always inserted, strange to say, in the middle of the drama; and, like the leading article, it was generally followed by a series of detached and unconnected pieces of a similar nature. It is to be lamented also, that, in another point of view, the parallel still holds between some of the ancient comedies and a few of the modern papers, which, if we may believe Isaac Tomkins, circulate more especially in the upper classes of British society. The indecencies in which both occasionally indulge, are such as it is difficult in the abstract either to palliate or to defend. But if we look at the very different circumstances in which the two orders of writers have been placed, we shall find a great deal to be alleged in favour of the Athénian, which does not at all apply to the case of the Englishman. "In many respects," as the virtuous and ingenious Schlegel well observes, "the ethics of the ancients were altogether different from ours, and of a much finer character. This arose from the very nature of their religion, which was a true natural worship, and had sanctioned many public customs grossly injurious to decency. Besides, from the very retired manner in which the women lived, while the men were almost constantly together, the language of conversation possessed a certain rudeness, as is always the case under similar circumstances. In modern Europe, since the origin of chivalry, women have given the tone of social life; and to the respectful homage which we yield to

“ them, we owe the prevalence of a nobler morality in conversation, in the fine arts, and in poetry. Besides, the ancient comic writers, who took the world as they found it, had before their eyes a very great degree of corruption of morals.”¹ As we shall have occasion to return to this subject hereafter, when we come to analyse more minutely the character of Aristóphanes's comic poetry, it will not be necessary now to add any thing to these very excellent observations.

But it is not only in the light of a newspaper that we may consider the old Athénian comedy. As far as we can judge from existing remains, it also embraced the provinces of the modern Magazine and Review. The whole of some plays, and various parts of others, are occupied in fanciful sketches of a purely literary character, or in critiques of the most savage description on the works of contemporary poets and prose-writers. Modern reviewers have certainly some of them dipped their pens in gall; but it may be questioned whether three such merciless attacks were ever indited by them, as the *Feastresses*, the *Frogs*, and the *Debatresses* of Aristóphanes; the two first of which were directed against the tragedies of Eurípides, and the last against the Utopian Republics of Plato. If we may trust to the accounts that have been left us by grammarians, who were fortunate enough to live before time had made such havoc in ancient literature, our Author's great predecessor and rival, Cratinus, was even more distinguished than he himself was, for the austere severity of his style; while, on the contrary, his contemporary, Eúpolis, was as much beneath him in force and strength, as he surpassed him in smoothness and sweetness.²

Having thus, it is to be hoped, thrown some light upon the

(1) A. W. Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramat. Liter.* I. p. 204, Black's Translation.

(2) Platónius *On the Difference of Styles*, prefixed to the editions of Aristóphanes.

kind of amusement that we may expect from the authors of the Old Attic Comedy, let us consider what more solid advantages are to be gained from them. It is reckoned an essential part of a liberal education, to spend a few youthful years in travelling through foreign countries, not merely for the sake of seeing elegant colonnades and lofty spires, as if

The noblest study of mankind was *stones*;

but principally in order that the intellect may be enlarged, by comparing the manners and institutions of distant nations with those of our own. Now if it is of great service for the right regulation of the mind, to become intimately acquainted with the social relations of those highly-cultivated tribes, which are only removed from us *in space*, how much more advantageous must it be to study the private and public habits of a nation, which is separated from us by a very wide interval *both in space and in time*! For it is evident that such a people will be the least likely of any to participate in the vulgar errors and prejudices which are, as it were, epidemic in certain centuries; while on the other hand those peculiar modes of thinking, which seem, from some unknown cause, peculiar to certain climates, will also disappear on account of its remote geographical position. Viewing the subject in this light, too, we shall easily see the importance of interfering as little as may be with the manners of the original, in any translation that may be attempted of the Old Athenian Comedy.

There is also another way in which these writings, in common with all others which touch upon Grecian politics and Grecian history, may be considered as peculiarly instructive to the modern European. The annals of Rome, from the termination of the mythological era, present nothing but the spectacle of a powerful and unscrupulous tribe, gradually acquiring, by force and by fraud, the absolute dominion of the whole civilized world. On the contrary, if we cast our eyes upon Greece, in her most

flourishing period, we behold a number of independent States,—all, however, considering themselves as belonging to one common family, and connected by a certain indefinite bond of union,—amongst which the balance of power, though perpetually fluctuating, yet on the whole was never permanently overturned. We see a great commercial and naval nation waging a long and desolating war with a rival remarkable for her pre-eminence in military affairs. We observe them, at length, both so exhausted by their unnaturally-protracted efforts, that although the struggle is nominally ended by the success of one party, yet the conqueror and the conquered seem equally denationalised and demoralised by the destructive events of the contest. A calm succeeds—the calm of exhaustion and desolation, not of conscious strength and unsuspecting innocence ;—till at length, after a few more suicidal wars, in which the remaining vigour of the Grecian States is fruitlessly consumed, a Northern Barbarian contrives to intermix himself in the politics of his civilized neighbours, and by an avowed and unblushing system of bribery, forms for himself a party in the leading cities of the confederacy. Cold, cautious, and calculating,—prodigal of his money, but still more prodigal of his oaths, —grasping at universal empire, yet afraid to compromise himself by aiming too openly at his mark,—the wily despot pursues in the dark his crawling path, till, by the most barefaced political hypocrisy, he succeeds in the end in overthrowing for ever the liberty, and with it, as a natural consequence, the intellectual pre-eminence of the little cluster of tribes, against whom his manoeuvres have been directed. In all these details there is a remarkable analogy with events, that have partly taken place already in Europe, and are partly in progress at the present moment. England and France are the Athens and Sparta of Christendom : they have been weakening one another by wars without any definite object, and without any permanent result, for generations past : let the former now take a lesson in political wisdom from

the pages of Grecian history, and beware lest she suffer the Russian Philip to overthrow, by his subtle machiavelism, the nations of the continent, and grasp at length, in his greedy clutches, that great and glorious British empire upon which the sun never sets.

Before we proceed to examine into the merits of Aristophanes, as a wit, a poet, and a patriot, it would be desirable to take a brief survey of the private and public relations of the Athenians, at the period during which our author flourished. As far as regards their political condition, this has been already so admirably executed by Mr. Thirlwall, in his *History of Greece*, that it would be presumption to attempt to follow in his footsteps. Suffice it therefore to say, that with the exception of one comedy, the *Debatresses*, and the second edition of another, the *Wealth*,³ all the extant works of Aristophanes were written during the course of that dreadful Peloponnesian war, the pernicious effects of which were lately alluded to. For a more extended view of its causes, events, and consequences, the reader is referred to the third and forthcoming fourth volume of the excellent work just mentioned. We shall therefore now pass at once to a consideration of the domestic life of the Attic nation.

The population of 'Attica has been well fixed by Boeckh' in round numbers at 500,000, of whom about 85,000 were possessed of the rights of citizenship, and 40,000 were SOJOURNERS, or resident aliens,—a class of men who, although freemen, still were not admitted to the full Athenian franchise. According to the usual rule of statistics, the male adult citizens may therefore be taken at only a little above 21,000 in number. The remaining inhabitants, amounting to about 375,000, were slaves. The proportion of the free citizens to the servile population was consequently

(3) See the *Introduction* to this drama.

(4) *Publ. Econ. Athens* I p. 4.—52

nearly as one to four. "In the American sugar plantations," says Boeckh, "it was as much as one to six. This number of slaves cannot appear too large, if the political circumstances of Attica are taken into consideration. Even the poorer citizens used to have a slave for the care of their household affairs. In every moderate establishment many were employed for all possible occupations, such as grinders, bakers, cooks, tailors, errand-boys, or to accompany the master and mistress, who seldom went out without an attendant. Any one who was expensive, and wished to attract attention, took perhaps three attendants with him. We even hear of philosophers who kept ten slaves. Slaves were also let out as hired servants; they performed all the labour connected with the care of cattle and agriculture; they were employed in the working of the mines and furnaces; all manual labour and the lower branches of trade were in a great measure carried on by them; large gangs laboured in the numerous workshops for which Athens was celebrated; and a considerable number were employed in the merchant vessels and the fleet. Not to enumerate many instances of persons who had a smaller number of slaves, Timárchus kept in his workshop 11 or 12; Demósthene's father, 52 or 53, besides the female slaves in his house; Lýsias and Polemárchus, 120. Plato expressly remarks, that the free inhabitants had frequently 50 slaves, and the rich even more; Philemónides had 300; Hipponícus, 600; Nícias, 1000 slaves, in the mines." As in every slave-holding country, this wretched class of beings was of course considered merely in the light of live stock. They were compelled to keep their hair cropped close to their heads, and also to wear a peculiar dress, in order to distinguish them from their lordly masters. Upon the slightest misbehaviour, they were subject to blows or floggings;

and in case of aggravated ill conduct, they were branded with red-hot irons. Galen remarks, that the ancients had carried their cruelty in this respect to such a pitch of refinement, that the particular part of the body which had offended, was selected for the application of the branding-iron. In the courts of justice, "at the discretion of either of the parties, evidence might be wrung from them by torture, without even the excuse of necessity, or of so much as a probable advantage; for though they might be willing to offer it freely, it was rejected as worthless, until it had been sifted by the rack."⁶ But though the slave in 'Attica was thus degraded and debased, still his condition was a perfect paradise compared with that of the Læonian Helot. This was more especially the case during the Peloponnesian war, when the master was afraid of using too much severity towards him, lest he should be provoked to run away into the enemies' territory, whence of course there would be no means of recovering him.⁷ If so barbarously treated as to exceed all the conventional limits of cruelty, he had the privilege by the Attic statutes of commencing a suit against his tyrant; and if it appeared that the complaint was reasonable and just, the law ordered that he should be sold to a fresh owner. Slaves were permitted also in 'Attica to accumulate property, subject only to a small yearly tribute to their masters; and if they could procure as much as would pay for their ransom, their masters had no power to hinder them from buying their liberty. Upon the performance too of any remarkable service for the public, the State usually took care to reward them with their freedom—a pleasing instance of which we have in the slaves that behaved themselves so valiantly in the sea-fight at Arginusæ, who all not only received their freedom, but were likewise allowed to enjoy it in

(6) Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, II. p. 53. See also *Frogs*, Act II. sc. 6.

(7) See the *Clouds*, l. 7.

peace and safety.⁸ On the contrary, the Spartans pursued the detestable policy of first of all investing Helots with the rights of citizenship, and afterwards taking them off by secret assassination. On an occasion mentioned by Thucydides, "being afraid of the
 "vigour and number of the Helots, they made proclamation, that
 "those who considered themselves to have done them the
 "greatest service during the war, should come forward and
 "receive their freedom. For they reckoned that this would
 "afford a criterion, and that the slaves who thought themselves
 "most worthy of freedom, would be most likely, from their spirit,
 "to conspire against them. About 2,000, therefore, having
 "been selected, were crowned and walked in procession round
 "the temples, under the idea that they were freemen; *but not*
 "*long afterwards the Spartans put them out of the way, and no*
 "*man perceived by what method each individual was destroyed.*"⁹

There are perhaps no two instances which point out more clearly than those just adduced, the difference between the honest and open, but frequently cruel democrat, and the cold-blooded, heartless oligarch, who, perpetrating crimes of the most atrocious die, yet generally contrives to gloze them over by the solemnity of a mock-trial, or the decent obscurity of an assassination.

The treatment of the female sex throughout ancient Attica, as is well known, was very similar to that which prevails at the present day in almost all parts of the East. Every house, except those of the very meanest artisans, was divided into two distinct portions, the men's apartments or *andron*, and the *gynæconitis* or *harem*, which was appropriated to the use of the women. In this last the unmarried girls of the family were rigorously secluded, and scarcely ever permitted to go abroad, except to officiate in certain

(8) Consult on this subject Potter's *Antiquities*, I p. 64, 65. See also the *Frogs*, l. 33.

(9) *Thucydides*, IV c. 80.

solemn religious processions. Married women were allowed greater liberty, as is still the case in the Levant.¹⁰ Their husbands, unless particularly severe, generally gave them full leave to visit their female friends at their houses, and to go abroad occasionally for other purposes. Still it was reckoned highly disreputable for them to be seen often in public, and there were officers appointed at Athens for the express purpose of watching their conduct while absent from home.

"Women should keep within, and mind their slaves,"

says the woman-hater Eurípides; and we find the following fragment of the comic poet, Menándér, in Stobæus,¹¹ which was most probably put into the mouth of some jealous old husband:—

"Woman, you pass the boundaries of wives,
 "By going through the Hall; for the Hall-door
 "To her that's free should be the House's end"

Such being the condition of the sex, it was not of course to be expected that they should be admitted into general society. The presence of an Athénian lady at an Athénian dinner-party would have as much surprised and disgusted the guests, as it would an alderman of the City of London to see his wife come and seat herself by his side at a great turtle and venison feast. There were none of those delightful entertainments to be met with in Attica, in which the young of both sexes are intermixed, and mutually endeavour to surpass one another in all the little amiable arts of pleasing. There were no *conversazioni*, no pic-nic parties, and worst of all no balls. Immured in their harems, the sole occupation of the women seems to have been the superintendence of their domestic arrangements, and the exercising themselves in

(10) See Lady Mary Montague's *Letters*. This most entertaining writer, who from her sex must have had the very best means of ascertaining the truth, asserts that the Turkish women have far greater opportunities for criminal intrigue than those of any European country.

(11) *Discourse* LXXII

the arts of spinning, weaving, needle-work, and embroidery—in which last, like the Grecian ladies of the present day, they appear to have attained a most surprising degree of proficiency. In such a state of society, it will not surprise the philosophical mind, that women of a certain description should have abounded in 'Attica. Had they there occupied the same position, which, to the credit of Christianity, they do in modern Europe, the subject might have been passed over in silence; but, as their company was sought alike by the highest and the meanest, the most vicious and the most virtuous of the Grecians, without any feeling of moral impropriety, it will be requisite, in order to obtain a clear view of Athénian manners, to enquire briefly into the ideas which obtained respecting them. The following passage on the subject is from the learned work of Archbishop Potter :—

Harlots were no less common than concubines, being tolerated in most of the Grecian and other commonwealths. Nor was the use of them thought repugnant to good manners: whence the Latin comedian, speaking of Athens, says,

“ For a young man to wench is not a crime.”

The wisest of the heathen sages were of the same mind. Solon allowed common strumpets to go publicly to those that hired them, and encouraged the Athénian youth to empty their lust upon these, to hinder them from making attempts upon the wives and daughters of his citizens. Philémon has elegantly expressed that lawgiver's design in the following fragment :—

“ Yes, Solon, thy invention was a blessing
 “ To all mankind, 'twas you who first, they say,
 “ Conceiv'd the patriotic, saving thought;
 “ (And, Solon, this it fits me to assert,)
 “ You saw the city crowded with young men,
 “ Urged on by nature's necessary laws,
 “ And loving, where to love was wrong and sinful,
 “ And so you purchased girls, and dress'd them out,
 “ And plac'd them in the stews for public use.”

Cato, the Roman Censor, was of the same opinion, as appears from the known story, that meeting a young nobleman of Rome coming out of the

common stew, he commended him for diverting himself in that place, as we read in Horace.

"When from the stews a certain noble came,
 "The god-like Cato thus approved his aim : —
 "Go on, brave youth, and may you e'er succeed,
 "And never be abashed to own the deed
 "When lust and burning love swell every vein,
 "'Tis lawful to come here and soothe your pain."

I forbear to mention other instances, the testimony of Cicero being sufficient to confirm what I have said, where he challenges all persons to name any time wherein "men were either reprov'd for this practice, or "not countenanced in it." Nor can it be wondered that heathens allowed themselves this liberty, when the Jews looked on it as lawful; they were indeed forbidden to commit adultery, and fornication also was prohibited under severe penalties; but these, as Grotius observes, were thought to concern only women of their own nation, their law not extending to foreigners; and we find accordingly that public stews were openly tolerated amongst them, and women residing there taken into the protection of the government, as appears from the two harlots that contended about a child, and were heard in open court by king Solomon. But the Jewish women were not allowed to prostitute their bodies; and therefore strange or foreign women are sometimes taken for harlots, as when Solomon advises his son to embrace "wisdom and understanding, that they may keep "him from the strange woman, from the stranger which flattereth with "her words;" and to arm him against the allurements of harlots, he tells him, "the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth "is smoother than oil; but her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a "two-edged sword." The Athenians, as in many other things, so here had the same customs with the Jews; for though severe penalties were laid on those that defiled women who were citizens of Athens, yet foreigners had the liberty of keeping public stews, and their harlots were for that reason, like those among the Jews, called "strange women."¹²

It was but to be expected, that such debauched fellows as Aristippus, Diógenes, and Epicúrus, should give in to the general custom; but the English reader will be rather surprised to hear, that the two great philosophers of antiquity were guilty of similar extravagances. Athenæus tells us, on the authority of Her-

(12) *Potters Antiquities*, vol. II, p. 301

mippus, that "Aristotle, the Stágirite, had a son called Nicómachus, by Herpýllis the courtesan, and that he lived with her till "his death;" and also "that she was properly provided for in the "philosopher's will." It was for the use of this young gentleman that the philosopher composed the system of moral philosophy, which has come down to us under the name of the *Nicomachéan Ethics*. The same amusing author likewise informs us "that the "celebrated Plato was in love with Archeanássá, the Colophónian "courtesan," who appears by the bye to have been a little the worse for wear in his days, and that he composed the following epigram in her praise.—

I.

"Archeanássá's my own one,
 "The sweet courtesan Colophónian;
 "E'en from her wrinkles I feel
 "Love's irresistible steel"

II.

"O ye wretches, whose hunger
 "Was raised for her when she was younger"
 "Through what flames, alas,
 "Must she have forced you to pass!"

The life of an ordinary Athénian citizen may be thus shortly described. He usually rose before daylight, in order to attend the General Assembly of the Citizens, if there happened to be one, or to take his place perhaps as a juryman in one of the ten Courts of Justice, if he was one of the six thousand annually chosen for that purpose. On his return home he found his breakfast prepared by his wife, or some of his slaves, and made a frugal meal—"two or three bites of a piece of wheaten bread," as one of the comic writers expresses himself,⁽¹³⁾ a bason of barley-meal porridge, or a slice of a barley-loaf.⁽¹⁴⁾ He then sauntered out into the

(13) *Athenæus*, XIII. p. 589. Those who wish for further information respecting the situation of public women in Greece, may read the *Oration against Neæra*, attributed to Demosthenes.

(14) *Athenæus*, I. p. 11 D

(15) The Athenians, at the period when Aristophanes wrote, generally took two meals every day—breakfast (*ariston*) and dinner (*dapnon*)—to which was

market-place, which was divided, like the modern bazaars all over the Levant, into divisions appropriated to the sale of peculiar articles.¹⁶ Hence, when we read of the fish-market, the perfume-market, the garlic-market, and so forth, we are not to suppose that these were situated one at one end of the city and the other at the other; but that they were different parts of the same area set aside for particular purposes; as in one portion of Covent-garden market vegetables are sold, in a second singing-birds, in a third ornamental exotics. Here our friend meets perhaps some acquaintances, and passes an idle hour or two in gossiping about the private scandal of the town, or the last foreign news that has arrived at the Piræus. If he can afford it, he cheapens a few fish—a dish of sprats, or herrings it may be—and consigning them to the care of his attendant slave, returns towards the afternoon to his home. Should he venture with a thread-bare coat on his back, or with shoes on his feet that are a little the worse for wear, to demand

occasionally added a supper (*dorpon*). It was reckoned a piece of very great meanness to omit the breakfast, though we read of some miserly fellows who usually did so. The dinner was the principal repast, and was taken, as with us, towards the evening, after the business of the day had been finished. I mention this, because the term *ariston*, which is properly translated *breakfast*, has been supposed by some to be equivalent to our *dinner*, and has been used to form one of those barbarous *ologies* with which would-be scholars have been inundating our language for the last fifty years. Such persons ought really to consider what they are about, for in the present state of affairs they may perhaps be sent in chains to Athens for murdering king Otho's Greek. That *Aristology* cannot signify *the science of dining*, is proved by the concurrent testimony of the best authors: for instance, *Achylus*, who says,

" To breakfast, and to dine, and thirdly sup,"

where the term *ariston* is used for what I have expressed by breakfast. In the *Debtresses* (l. 34) the old gentleman who has missed his wife from his bed before daylight, is asked by his friend, who has suffered the same calamity, whether some lady of her acquaintance may not have invited her to take the meal in question. It follows, therefore, that as it was the repast in which the fast was broken, and as it was eaten in the earliest part of the day, it can only be correctly expressed by the English term *breakfast*.

(16) See Leake's *Topography of Athens* p. 382—384.

the price of any of the more expensive kinds of fish, such as tunny, sturgeon, or eels, the fishmonger probably either treats him with silent contempt, or looking at him from the corner of his eye, squeezes out of his mouth, as if it was a very troublesome piece of condescension, the short answer "leven." This class of men were always in very bad repute at Athens, for their incivility, their extortion, and their knavery; insomuch that a law was actually enacted, "that fishmongers shall incur imprisonment " who shall overrate their fish, and take less than they first prof-
" fered them for; and that they shall not lay their stinking fish
" in water, thereby to make it more vendible." As soon as our friend has reached his house with the produce of his marketing, and any other little articles, such as wild-onions or garlic, that he has purchased for sauce, if he is neither engaged to any dinner-party nor gives one himself, he takes his principal meal along with the females of his family, every body helping themselves from the dish of fried sprats with their fingers, and eating either wheaten or barley-bread along with the fish, or, as a Greek would have expressed himself, eating the fish along with wheaten or barley-bread. Leaving the ladies again behind him, he next strolls out into some of the public walks,—the Académie, or the Lycéum, for instance,—which were gardens ornamentally laid out, like our parks, but differing from them in containing large and extensive buildings for the accommodation of the citizens. In one of these perhaps he practises himself in gymnastic exercises, or stands idly looking on while his more active companions are doing so; or, if he pleases, in another apartment he may listen to the last new philosopher that has been imported into Attica, amusing either his hearers or himself, by wrangling and jangling away very much in the style of the schoolmen of the

(17) Potter's *Antiquities*, I. p. 156.

middle ages. Should none of these employments hit his fancy, he has the never-failing resource of an ancient Athénian—to gossip with any body he can meet with, busily engaged, like himself, in killing time. As the evening draws in, he returns to his house. Here, if he chooses it, he takes a supper as slight as his breakfast, and consisting pretty nearly of the same articles, and then retires to repose for the night. It must not be imagined, however, that he has any apartment which can properly be called a bed-chamber. The same rooms which have served as parlours during the day, are made to do double duty as sleeping apartments during the night; and the same couches on which he entertains his friends, as will be afterwards described, serve the purpose of bedsteads for himself and his family. There is no regular bed made in our English fashion; all that the warmth of the climate renders necessary is a mat or mattress, and a few thick blankets, which, together with his coat, form an ample protection against the coldest weather he is likely to meet with. The under garments are not taken off, but retained to serve the purpose of a night-dress. In every one of these details, the habits of the ancient Greek correspond pretty accurately to those of his modern descendant, and generally speaking, of all the natives of the Levant;¹⁸ and unless they are duly borne in mind, endless confusion will be created in perusing the works of every Greek author.

[18] See Hobhouse's *Travels in Albania*, I. p. 57, &c. The following description of the way in which the day of a modern Greek is spent, is from the able pen of Mr. Hughes:—"The modern, like the ancient Greek, is abstemious in his mode of living. He rises very early in the morning, the dawn of day being the most delightful part of it in these climates, where all the business of the market is generally done long before an Englishman has taken his breakfast. After a pipe and a cup of coffee, with which alone the Greek breaks his fast, he saunters about, calls upon his friends, or attends to business 'til noon, when his principal meal is served up. He generally takes this with his family alone, friends being rarely invited, except on particular festive occasions, like a marriage, or the anniversary of a birth-day. The fare consists of boiled rice, sometimes mixed with oil and vinegar, vegetables dressed with

If, on the contrary, our Athénian friend happens to have received an invitation to dine out, he orders his slave to dress the articles he has purchased, which will, in that case, probably be a little more expensive. These are intended to be taken with him; for at the period of which we are speaking, each guest generally brought his share of meat and wine, as in our pic-nic parties, the host furnishing every thing else. After bathing himself, and anointing the upper part of his body either with simple olive-oil, or, if he is a bit of a dandy, with perfumed ointments, he proceeds to his host's house. His attendant follows his footsteps, bearing a box in which the meat or fish is carried, ready dressed, and in case the night is likely to be dark, a link, to light his master home by. As soon as he arrives at the house of his inviter, he knocks at the door, and after obtaining admittance, walks into the apartment where the company are assembled. Here, if he has come late, he beholds a number of gentlemen reclining on their left sides upon couches, each of which are made to accommodate three, and helping themselves with their right-hand fingers to the dishes that are put before them. Previously to taking his place amongst them, he throws aside his shoes, and has his hands washed by an

"oil, an article which enters largely into all their dishes; mutton baked with
 "almonds or pistachio nuts, stewed meats, pilau, olives called columbades, thin
 "pastry made of eggs, flour, and honey. The wine of the country is generally
 "drank, and the fruits of the season are served up as a dessert. The dishes are
 "placed separately upon the table, and each member of the family helps
 "himself with fork, or spoon, or fingers, out of the same receptacle. After
 "dinner the females retire to the *gynekaios*, and the men indulge in a *nesta* :
 "in the afternoon visits are generally made or received, at which sweetmeats,
 "pipes, and coffee, are presented to the guests. If the weather be fine, parties
 "are made to walk in the environs of the city, to row upon the lake, to visit
 "the island or the monasteries on its banks, and about sunset they return to
 "supper, which for the most part is a very frugal meal. At some houses cards
 "are introduced, and many French and Italian games are in vogue. This
 "amusement was very common at the mansion of Signore Alessio, from which
 "our host Nicolo frequently returned with lighter pockets. Those who rise
 "early generally retire early to rest, and this is the case with the Greeks, who
 "rarely keep late hours."—*Travels in Albania*, &c. II. pp. 63, 64.

attendant slave. The dishes are brought in upon tables, which are put by the side of the couches, and though various in their nature, yet consist in a great measure of different kinds of fish, roasted, baked, stewed, fried, and boiled. Altogether, the general style of the cookery is more in the French than the English taste: the *entremets* are rather elegant than expensive, and there are no huge masses of half-raw flesh placed on the board, when every guest has been already satiated with more inviting viands.¹⁹ As soon as the company have satisfied their appetites, the tables are removed, the slaves bring in basins and ewers of water, and the hands of every person are again washed. After they have sung a solemn hymn, and poured out a portion of unmixed wine on the ground, as a libation to the gods, the *negus* is brewed in large bowls, and a young slave hands it round to the company; not as with us, from right to left, but from left to right. Every body is obliged to empty his cup; for in those days there was no shirking allowed. Their amusements are various. Sometimes some wag proposes a riddle; when all, who cannot guess the answer, are fined a bumper of wine mixed with salt. Sometimes they play at various kinds of games, which it would be tedious to describe at full length; and sometimes they sing drinking-songs, holding a branch of myrtle or of bay-tree in their hands. It were to be wished that all their pleasures had been equally innocent; but we continually meet with mention in the old writers of the presence of courtesans at these entertainments; some of them dancing-girls, others piping-women, and others again skilled in

(19) Milton's classical soul has beautifully developed this fact —

"What neat repast shall feast us, right and choice,
 "Of All the taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
 "Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air
 "He who of these delights can judge, and spare
 "To interpose them oft, is not unwise."

Sonnet to Mr. Laurence.

various artifices to command admiration. Of course we may suppose, that under these circumstances every guest did not go away sober; and we learn that it was not an unusual thing for bodies of them to sally out with their lighted torches, for what is called in classical Greek, a *comos*, and in vulgar English, a *sprece*, or a *lark*. On an occasion like this, they frequently amused themselves by breaking, in a tumultuous body, into certain houses, where it will, perhaps, be safer for the reader not to accompany them.

This was the most usual kind of entertainment in the days of Aristóphanes; but they had also club-dinners, the expense of which was equally divided amongst the party, one person being chosen beforehand, by common consent, to make the arrangements. Wealthy men also, on particular occasions, "feasted" their friends. In this case the guests did not bring their meat-boxes with them, and all the expenses were defrayed by the host. We have two elegant descriptions of parties of this kind still in existence; one by Plato, and the other by Xénophon—and as the subject is of the first importance, (for if the Greeks had not eaten such good dinners, how could they possibly have written as they did?) it will be as well to give a short account of both, beginning with the former.²⁰

(20) The time at which Plato's *Banquet*, or *Drinking-party*, took place, if it ever took place at all, was B. C. 417; this is proved by the mention in it of the victory gained by 'Agathon. The time at which Xénophon's *Drinking-party* may be fixed, is a little before B. C. 421, as appears from the comic poet, Eupolis, having at that date ridiculed the victory of Autólycus, which was the cause of the entertainment having been given. The latter composition is found fault with, perhaps rather hypercritically, by Athenæus, (p. 216,) for representing Sócrates as speaking of a discourse which is put into the mouth of Pausánias in the former, and could not, consequently, have been delivered till four years afterwards. What would he have said of Shakespeare, who makes *Hector* talk about

—— " Young men whom 'Aristotle thought
" Unfit to hear moral philosophy."

Trist. and Cress. Act II. Sc. 2.

A little fellow, called Aristodémus, who is a great admirer of Sócrates, and generally imitates him in the somewhat slovenly custom of going barefoot, meets the philosopher in the street one afternoon, and to his great surprise perceives that he has been to the bath and anointed himself, and has likewise a pair of dress shoes on. "Where are you going so smart, Sócrates?" "To dine with 'Agathon, the tragic poet."¹ I "escaped the grand dinner he gave yesterday, to celebrate his gaining the prize with his maiden tragedy; but was obliged to promise to wait upon him to-day. Now, my dear Aristodémus, how do you feel disposed for accompanying me there without any invitation?" "Just as you please, Sir." "Come along, then." The two friends accordingly proceed on their journey, but after awhile, Sócrates begins to lag a little behind, in a deep meditation, which was a very usual custom with him, and requests his companion not to wait for him, but maintain his pace. When they arrive at 'Agathon's house, Aristodémus walks in,—for the door has been left open by chance,—and is immediately conducted by a slave to the dining room; he finds the party already reclining at table, and just going to commence operations. "Aristodémus," exclaims 'Agathon, "you are just come in right time to dine with us. If you have any business with me, pray put it off to another occasion. I was seeking for you yesterday to invite you, but could not see you any where. But how is it you have not brought Sócrates with you?" Upon turning round to look for him, he finds, to his great amazement, that he has come in alone, and thus placed himself in the awkward position of appearing to sponge upon another man's hospitality. The matter, however, is soon cleared up. It turns out that the contemplative philosopher has retired to the porch of the next house to finish his cogitations according to his wont, and must on no account be disturbed. Aristodémus has his feet washed by a slave, as he has come undressed for the occasion, and his hands also of course, and is requested by the host to lay himself down on one of the couches. The party, he finds, consists of Eryximachus, a celebrated physician; a gentleman named Pausánias; Phædrus, a handsome young Athénian, to whom Sócrates was particu-

the and 'Aristotle not having flourished till five hundred years, at the very latest computation, after the Trojan war² This fact, however, is important on another account: it proves to us that the period when the work of Xenophon was written, must have been posterior to that at which Plato's was written, and likewise, that the former borrowed the idea of the composition from the latter. The authority for the dates given above, may be found in the passage of Athenæus, there referred to.

(¹) This gentleman will be introduced to our notice in the Comedy of the *Feastresses*, where he cuts rather a ridiculous figure.

larly attached; the poet Aristóphanes, and a few others. When they have about half done dinner, in comes Sócrates, and after a little good-humoured raillery, takes his place by the side of 'Agathon. They finish the repast: the solemn hymn is sung: the libations are poured out: and now the party begin to think of their wine, or rather negus. "Gentlemen," says Pausánias, "I must confess, for my own part, that I am still suffering from the effects of our last night's irregularity, and stand in need of some repose. And I think most of you, too, are in the same situation; for you were here yesterday: so just consider what will be the most agreeable way for us to take our liquors." "By Jove," replies Aristóphanes, "you are right there. I myself am one of those who got well soused yesterday." Eryxímachos then observes, "I quite agree with you both; but I should like to know from 'Agathon whether he feels himself in good cue for drinking." "No, Sir, I assure you; I am quite as much indisposed for it as the rest." "Then," says the other, "it is a great godsend for me and Aristodémus, and Phædrus, and the rest, if you, who are the greatest drinkers here, are now done up; for we can never drink much. As to Sócrates, I put him entirely out of the question; for he can either drink much or drink little, and will, therefore, be contented with whatever we agree to." The learned physician then goes on to inform his auditors of the bad effects of indulging in intoxication, especially when they were still suffering from the previous day's debauch; and the party all agree, that nobody is to be compelled to take more than he pleases, and that they shall not drink for the sake of getting tipsy.

Eryxímachos having succeeded with his first proposition, now brings forward another,—"that they shall send away the piping-girl, who has just come into the room, and let her pipe to herself, or, if she chooses, to the women in the harem; and that they shall all, in turn, deliver a discourse in praise of Love, beginning with Phædrus, who is reclining at the top, and proceeding from left to right."²² The company immediately assent, Sócrates observing "that Aristóphanes at all events cannot oppose the plan, as his whole life has been spent in the service of Bacchus and Venus."

Elegant orations are accordingly delivered, as was proposed; but as they do not throw any light upon the domestic manners of the Athénians, and are far too long to admit of a brief summary, it will be necessary to omit them entirely. The turn comes round at length to Aristóphanes;

(22) Contrary to our modern custom, as was before mentioned, the bottle amongst the Greeks travelled from left to right, or, as a sailor would call it, "against the sun." This is the reason of the proposal in the text.

but the poet unfortunately finds that he has got a dreadful hiccup, and can scarcely speak. "My dear fellow," he says to Eryximachus the physician, who was lying to the right of him, "you ought either to cure my hiccup, or speak in my place, until it is over." "Nay, I'll do both. I will speak in *your* place, and afterwards *you* in *mine*. And while I am speaking, try if you can stop your hiccup by holding your breath for a long time; and if you find you can't, gargle with some water. But should it be very obstinate, take up something that you can tickle your nose with, and procure a sneeze; and when you have done this once or twice, it will leave off, though ever so obstinate." "Make haste, then, with your discourse; and I'll follow your advice."

As soon as the physician has finished a very entertaining little essay, Aristophanes declares "that his hiccup has now stopped, not, however, before the sneezing-application was made use of;" and delivers a ludicrous discourse, of which the following summary will give some sort of idea.

"In ancient times the nature of mankind was quite different to what it is now. In the first place, there then existed three sexes. There was the male and the female, as with us; and also a third—the hermaphrodite—partaking of both the former, the name of which last remains, while the thing itself has disappeared. Secondly, each individual was in the shape of a cylinder, with his back and sides in a circle; and he had four hands and four legs, and two faces placed opposite to each other upon a round neck, exactly alike in every respect; and one head to both faces, and four ears, and every thing else to correspond. These creatures walked upright as we do now, wherever they pleased; but if they wished to run very fast, they got on at a most prodigious rate with their eight limbs, by tumbling heels over head like the tumblers. The reason why the sexes were three in number, and of such a nature as I have described, was because the male originally sprung from the Sun, the female from the Earth, and the one which partakes of both from the Moon, since the Moon also partakes of both principles; and their bodies and their motions were circular on account of their resembling their parents. Now these people were terribly strong and vigorous, and very high-spirited, and what Homer says respecting Ephialtes and Otus having attempted to scale the heavens, in order to attack the gods, is meant to apply to them. Jupiter, therefore, and the other immortals, considered what they should do to defeat their machinations, and were dreadfully puzzled. They could not destroy them with thunderbolts like the giants; for then they would have got no honours and sacrifices from mankind, nor could they, on the other hand, allow them to continue their insolence. At last Jupiter conceives an idea, and says,

" I think I've got a scheme which will put a stop to their impertinence
 " without annihilating the race. I'll cut every one of them in half; and
 " thus they will both be weaker, and also more useful to us gods on account
 " of their increased numbers. They shall for the future walk upright
 " upon two legs; but if they still continue insolent, and won't keep quiet,
 " I'll cut them in half again, and make them hop along upon one.
 " He then proceeded to split them, just as one cuts a medlar for
 " pickling, or slices an egg in half with a horse-hair. As fast as
 " they were cut, he delivered them over to Apóllo, to have the face and
 " the half of the neck twisted round to the part where the cut had been
 " made, in order that the man might continually have a view of it, and
 " thus be induced to behave himself more decently. Apóllo accordingly
 " twisted round the face of each, and dragging the skin from every side
 " to what is now called the belly, like the purses which draw up with a
 " string, made one mouth of it, and fastened it; and this part is now
 " named the navel. He also jointed the ribs together on the breast, and
 " smoothed away the greater part of the wrinkles,—making use of much
 " such an instrument as the *last* on which shoemakers smooth their hides,—
 " but left a few in the neighbourhood of the belly and navel, to remind
 " them of their ancient misfortune. Each of us therefore is the half of
 " one of these double men; and according to the sex of the creature from
 " which we derive our origin, our propensities and inclinations vary; for
 " it is but rational to suppose, that from having been so closely connected
 " for so long a time with a being similar to ourselves, we should have
 " acquired a prodigious liking for all others which resemble it. Hence
 " those who are sprung from the ancient hermaphrodites, if they are men,
 " are fond of the society of women; if women, of that of men. Again,
 " those who are the halves of the double-women, will have nothing to
 " say to the addresses even of the most beautiful youths, and if their
 " parents compel them to marry, lead their unfortunate husbands a com-
 " plete cat-and-dog life of it. And lastly, the halves of the double-men
 " are those morose, crabbed fellows who are always declaiming, like my
 " good friend Eurípides, against the deceitfulness, the treachery, the im-
 " modesty, and the impiety of the fair sex.

" The moral, therefore, of my story is this, that whenever we see either
 " man or woman throwing away their health, their reputation, and their
 " money, for the sake of indulging an unfortunate passion for some person
 " of the other sex, we should make a little allowance for the extravagances
 " of which they are guilty; and reflect that it is their misfortune, and
 " not their fault, that they originally formed part of one of the ancient
 " hermaphrodites. And we should also bear in mind, that we ought to
 " take care and behave piously and religiously towards the gods, and
 " especially the great and powerful god Love; or else we may perhaps

"be cut in halves a second time some fine morning, and have to go about with only one cheek, like the profile-faces in a bas-relief."

The youthful and handsome 'Agathon next takes up the ball; and there then remains no one but Socrates, who has not contributed his share to the entertainment of the company. The philosopher, having politely requested permission to throw his ideas into the form of questions, according to his usual custom, addressed to his young host, starts off nearly in the following words, which are given as a fair specimen of the far-famed Socratic method of argument. It must be understood, that he is quite in earnest in what he says, and that the logic is every what as good as what is generally put into his mouth in the works of Plato.

"Is Love, my dear 'Agathon, the love of something, or the love of nothing? For instance, if I were to ask you, is a Father the father of some one, or the father of no one, would you not say, if you wished to answer properly, that he is the father of a son, or of a daughter?" "Certainly." "And in like manner is not a Mother the mother of a son, or a daughter?" "Yes." "And a Brother the brother of a brother, or of a sister?" "He is." "Now then answer me this—Is Love the love of something, or the love of nothing?" "Clearly of something." "Mind you recollect what you have just now agreed to. And does Love desire that of which it is the love or not?" "It desires it." "And is it possessed of that which it desires and loves, at the time when it desires and loves?" "I should think most probably not." "But isn't it not only *probable*, but absolutely *necessary*, that that which desires should desire the thing which it wants, or else not desire it at all, if it does not want it?" "I must confess you are right." "For would any tall man wish to be tall, or any strong man wish to be strong?" "Impossible. For he could not want that which he already possesses." "For if you consider, 'Agathon, it is necessary for him to be possessed at the present moment of the things of which he is possessed, whether he chooses it or not; and surely no one would desire such things. So when any body says, *I am healthy, and wish to be healthy; and I am rich, and wish to be rich*, we ought to reply to him; *Sir, you are already possessed of wealth, and health, and strength, and it is for the future that you desire these blessings, for at the present moment you are possessed of them, whether you choose it or not.*" "You are quite right, Socrates." "And is not the desiring, that the thing which he has at present may remain to him for the future, equivalent to desiring the thing which he is not as yet possessed of?" "Certainly." "This man, therefore, as well as every body else who desires, desires what he has not got; and desire and love are always for something which a person wants?" "Yes." "Now then let us reconsider the facts we have arrived at. In the first place, Love is the love of

"something; and, in the second place, Love is the love of that which it wants; or is it not so?" "You are perfectly correct." "And is Love the love of beauty, or the love of ugliness?" "Of the former, undoubtedly." "Then love must want beauty?" "Yes." "And would you call that beautiful which wants beauty?" "By no means." "Then love cannot be beautiful?" "I am afraid not." "And is not every thing which is good, also beautiful?" "Yes." "Then love cannot be good either?" "Dear Sócrates, I cannot argue against you; so let it be as you say." "My sweet friend, it is against *truth* that you cannot argue; for to argue against Sócrates is no difficult matter."

There is a great deal more of this ingenious sort of trifling, which has been dignified by the name of philosophy, in the original; but the reader must be pretty well surfeited of it by this time, and we shall therefore pass it over in silence. As soon as the discourse has been finished, amidst the rapturous plaudits of the company, there is a violent knocking heard at the street-door, and the voices of a drunken party of young men, accompanied by a piping-girl. "Boys," says 'Agathon to his slaves, "go and see what's the matter; and if it is any of my friends, invite him in; if not, say that we have done drinking, and are just going to bed." Soon afterwards they hear Alcibiades, in the open quadrangle or court, around which the apartments of a Greek gentleman's house were built. He is very drunk, and keeps bawling out for 'Agathon, and bidding the slaves take him to 'Agathon. The piping-girl therefore, and some of the attendants, lay hold of him by the arms, and conduct him to the door of the dining-room. The party remark that he has got round his head a very bushy garland of ivy and violets, and a very great number of ribands. "Gentlemen, how are ye?" he exclaims; "a drunken man will make famous company for you: or must I go, as soon as I have done what I came for? I was not able to attend your party yesterday, 'Agathon, and therefore I have now come with these ribands on my own head, to crown the head of the most clever and beautiful—(*hiccup*) if I say so—(*hiccup*) poet—will you laugh at me for a drunkard? Laugh as you please, sirs; I know I'm speaking the truth. Well now, shall I come in or not? Will you make an agreement to drink with me or not?" Every body of course calls out to the handsome young hero to come in; and he is supported by the attendants to the couch on which 'Agathon is lying along with Sócrates, taking the ribands off his head as he goes. Hence, from having his eyes partially blinded, he does not observe his friend the philosopher, who has politely made room for him, but sits down with his back to him, between the two; and after having embraced the poet, crowns him with the ribands, which he has brought for that purpose. "Boys, there," says the host, "take off Alcibiades's shoes that he may lie between us two."

"By all means," replies Alcibiades; "but who is our other friend?" He turns round to look, discovers Sócrates, and, leaping up, exclaims, "O Hércules, what has come to me? Here is Sócrates again in ambush, just as he always meets me, where I least expect him!" After a little more amusing *badinage*, he begs some of the ribands back again from his host, and crowns his master with them, "as a man who has surpassed all mankind in literary attainments, throughout his whole life, and not merely on a late occasion, like you, 'Agathon.'" He then takes his place on the sofa, between the poet and the philosopher; and as soon as he has done so, calls out: "Gentlemen, you seem to me to be sober: I shall not allow it; you must drink, according to our agreement. Until, therefore, you are sufficiently tipsy, I hereby elect myself as toastmaster. 'Agathon must let us have the largest cup he has got; or rather, there is no occasion; but do you bring here, boy, that wine-cooler;" observing that it held more than two quarts. As he is desired, the slave brings it, and fills it with *negus*; Alcibiades drinks it off at a draught, and then bids the boy fill again, and present it to Sócrates, who came next in order, according to the Grecian custom. The potent philosopher tosses it off, and while it is passing round to the rest, Alcibiades is called upon for his discourse in praise of Love, as all the others have delivered theirs. "But, my good fellows, I am tipsy, and you are sober; and, besides, I dare not praise any body in Sócrates's presence. He is so jealous, that he would not be able to keep his hands off me." "Then if you won't praise Love, praise Sócrates." "Agreed; I will do so."

This encomium must necessarily be omitted, as it is extremely long and great part of it is totally unfit to meet the eye of the English reader. Shortly after it is finished, a great number of *comastæ*, or young gentlemen who have sallied out for an evening frolic, come to the doors of the house, and finding them by chance left open by a slave who had just stepped over the way, walk in, and take their places on the sofas. Every thing is immediately in an uproar; and the company are obliged to drink a great deal more than they either wished or intended. At length Eryximachus, Phœdrus, and some others, take their departure; Aristodémus falls into the arms of Morpheus, and after a very long nap wakes when it is nearly daylight and the cocks are crowing, and perceives that every body is either gone or asleep, with the exception of 'Agathon, Aristóphanes, and Sócrates. This worthy trio, the tragic poet, the comic poet, and the philosopher,—are passing a huge cup round most vigorously; and Sócrates is busily arguing, that every good writer of tragedies must be also a good writer of comedies, and *vice versa*. The theatrical pair, though they must have practically felt the falsehood of the doctrine, yet can say nothing in reply. By degrees they begin to nod: first of all Aristóphanes drops off, and afterwards, when it is now broad daylight,

Agathon. The philosopher then gets up, having, in the words of the original, "put the rest to sleep;" so that the humorous description of our English bard Thomson may be said to have been literally accomplished.—

"Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch,
 "Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 "Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
 "Retiring, full of rumination and,
 "Laments the weakness of these latter times." 22

Accompanied by his scholar Aristodémus, he proceeds to the gardens of the Lycéum, washes his face and hands, and passes the rest of the day there, as usual, in discoursing on various philosophical subjects with any persons who choose to listen to him. Towards evening he returns home, and goes to bed.

Here ends the *Banquet*, or, as the Greek word is more literally translated, the *Drinking-party* of Plato; the reader will, no doubt by this time, be fully prepared to coincide in the propriety of the latter interpretation. The work of Xénophon, which bears the same name, was written at a subsequent period to that of Plato, as we have already seen,²⁴ and was, most probably, intended to rival and surpass it. It is, however, far inferior in spirit and originality, though a certain calm sweetness is preserved throughout, which we always meet with in the compositions of this author. The following may be taken as an abridgment of the chief incidents in it, which bear upon the state of society at the time; the philosophical disquisitions are omitted.

A young and handsome Athénian, of the name of Autólycus, has obtained the prize in the "rough-and-tumble" method of boxing at the great feast of Minérva; and is afterwards taken along with his father Lycon by his friend Cállias,²⁵ the celebrated patron of the sophists and philo-

(23) *The Seasons—Autumn*; in the part where he is treating of the feast of the fox-hunters. The whole of this splendid passage, as well as a great deal more, has been most unjustifiably cut out in the edition of Thomson's works, published by Millar, in 1750.

(24) Note 20.

(25) For a notice of him, see *Birds*, l. 283.

sophers, to see the horse-race at the same festival. As soon as the sports are over, the party are proceeding to Cállias's house in the Piræus, accompanied by a gentleman called Niceratus, when they spy out Sócrates at a distance, surrounded by some scholars and admirers of his—Crito-bólus, Hermógenes, Antísthenes, and Chármides. Immediately the Attic Mæcenas directs a servant to show his companions the way, and walks up to the spot where Sócrates is standing. "I have just met you," he exclaims, "in right time, gentlemen. I am going to give an entertainment in honour of Autólycus's victory; and I think that my dining-room would be far more honoured by the presence of such learned and virtuous men as you, than by that of Generals, and Colonels, and Place-hunters." "You are always laughing at us," returns Sócrates, "because *you* have paid large sums to Protágoras, and Górgias, and Pródicus, and many others, for the sake of learning their sophistical arts; while *we* are obliged to do our philosophical drudgery ourselves." "You are quite right, gentlemen; I am a most tremendous fellow in philosophy, though I have always hitherto concealed it from you. But if you will now come to my house, I will give you such a specimen of my extraordinary acquirements, as shall make it well worth your trouble." All express their great obligations to him for the kind invitation, but as is polite and proper, refuse at first; until they see that he really will be very much distressed to lose their society. They then consent to go, and having performed their gymnastic exercises, and anointed themselves with oil, and some of them having also taken the bath, they make their appearance at the mansion of their munificent host. Autólycus reclines by the side of his father, and the rest arrange themselves in the order that was proper on the couches. The dinner is served up; but the party is at first extremely silent and dull. Before, however, it has lasted very long, a certain buffoon, called Philip, who is often admitted to the entertainments of great people, for the sake of his making merriment, knocks at the street-door, and bids the servant carry word who he is, and say "that he wishes to come in, and has brought a meat-box filled with every requisite . . . for dining on other people's provisions; and also, that his attendant is terribly fagged . . . in consequence of carrying nothing, and having gone without his breakfast." The way is graciously admitted, and standing at the entrance of the apartment, thus opens his budget of drollery. "You are all aware, gentlemen, that I am a jester by profession; and I felt no hesitation in coming here, because I thought it was a far better jest to come without, than with, an invitation." "Then take your place on one of the sofas," replies the host; "for, as you may see, the company are terribly serious, and want, perhaps, a little laughter." Philip reclines as desired, and immediately endeavours to crack a joke, that he may

fulfil the purpose for which he was usually invited. To his great mortification, nobody will laugh at it. Shortly afterwards he brings out another good thing, and when no one will laugh at that either, he leaves off eating, muffles up his face in the skirts of his coat, and lays himself at full length on the couch. "What's the matter with you, Philip?" inquires Cállias; "are you seized with a sudden pain?" "Yes, Cállias," with a piteous groan, "I am seized with a most dreadful pain. My profession is done for, as laughter has fled away from amongst mankind. Formerly, I used to be invited to dinner-parties to amuse the company; but now, for what end will any body invite me? I might just as well try to make myself immortal, as to turn serious; and nobody will invite me under the expectation of his being invited in return: for every one knows, that it would be a perfect miracle to see a dinner carried into my house." As he says this, he blows his nose, and pretends to be crying. The company administer consolation, and bid him "go on with his dinner; they will laugh at his jokes for the future." Critobólus, when he hears his friends around him expressing their commiseration for the unfortunate gentleman, cannot contain himself, but bursts out into a tremendous horse-laugh. The jester then immediately uncovers his face, and goes on with his meal, encouraging his soul with the promise, "that every body will pay his share of laughter." The tables are at length removed, and they pour out the libations, and sing the solemn hymn, as usual. Shortly afterwards, a foreigner, from Syracuse, waits upon them, accompanied by an excellent piping-woman, a dancing-girl who performs juggling feats, and a very beautiful boy, who can both play upon the guitar, and dance to admiration. For exhibiting all their accomplishments he is to receive a certain sum of money, unlike Philip, who, being a citizen of Athens, is treated pretty nearly on a footing of equality with the rest, and is paid for his services by the dinner he eats. When the piping-woman has piped, and the boy has played on the guitar, and both have given very great satisfaction, Sócrates says, "By Jove, Cállias, this is a most complete entertainment; for you have not only set before us an unexceptionable dinner, but you have also delighted our eyes and our ears." "Shall I send for some perfumes likewise, that we may have another sense gratified at the same time?" "No, I am much obliged to you. Perfumes are only fit for the ladies; a man ought to smell of nothing but simple olive-oil." After some further remarks, he continues thus: "But I see the dancing-girl is standing up, and some one is bringing her some hoops." Upon this the piping-woman begins to pipe, and an attendant standing by the side of the *danscuse*, gives her the hoops one after the other, until they amount to the number of twelve. As she takes them, she tosses them up in the air, dancing all the time, and

calculating exactly how high they ought to be thrown, in order that they may be received, and tossed up again in regular succession. This wonderful spectacle gives occasion to Socrates to remark, that women may evidently be taught anything that is required. "Then," rejoins Antisthenes, who afterwards founded the *Cynical* or *canine* school of philosophy, "why don't you teach your wife Xanthippe better behaviour? for at present she is the greatest shrew that *has* existed, *does* exist, or, I think, ever *will* exist?" "Because I observe that men who wish to ride well, mount the most restive horses they can procure; reasoning thus, that when they have learnt to master *them*, they will find it an easy task with *quieter nags*. In the same manner I, who want to learn how to associate with mankind, have married a shrew, knowing that if I can bear *her* vagaries, I shall find it an easy task with those of 'the rest of my species.'" Immediately afterwards a circular board is brought in, surrounded on every side by a rampart of naked swords, fixed upright into it. In and out of this circle, over the swords, the dancing-girl repeatedly tumbles; so that every body is afraid she will kill herself, though she does it with the most perfect boldness and safety. The handsome boy next exhibits his abilities as a dancer, and elicits from the susceptible philosopher the remark, "that he looks still more handsome while he is dancing; and that every single limb in his body seems called into action." "Come, now," says the jester, as soon as the dance was over, "let the woman pipe for me too; I'll give ye a dance." Accordingly, he stands up, and exhibits a ludicrous parody on the feats which the girl and the boy had performed. Because the company remarked that the boy looked still handsomer while he was dancing, he makes every part of his body that he moves appear still more ridiculous than it naturally is: and because the girl bent herself backwards to imitate a wheel²⁶, he bends himself forward to imitate the same thing: and at last, because they praised the boy for calling every limb in his body into action, he bids the piping-woman play quicker, and throws about his legs, hands, and head, all at the same time, in the most extraordinary manner. When he is tired of this amusement, he lays himself

(26) "We stopped for a short time in a large ante-room, where the Vizir's band was playing to a troop of dancing boys, dressed in the most effeminate manner, with flowing petticoats of crimson silk, and silver-chased zones around the waist. They were revolving in one giddy and interminable circle, twisting their pliant bodies into the most contorted figures, and using the most lascivious gestures, throwing about their arms and heads like infuriated Bacchante, and sometimes bending back their bodies till their long hair actually swept the ground."—Hughes's *Travels in Albania*, &c. II. p. 48.

down again, and says, "Gentlemen, this is a sign that every part of my body has been well exercised—I am monstrous thirsty. Let the servant fill me the great flagon." "Yea," says Cállias, "and us too; for we are all thirsty with laughing at your mad pranks." Sócrates, however, opposes this motion—"I too am an advocate for drinking; for wine exhilarates our souls, as a shower of rain the plants in the field. But just as these are borne down to the earth, if the rain is too copious, so is a man overpowered by immoderate indulgence in wine. I propose, therefore, that we drink out of small cups, and have them frequently replenished." All assent; Philip observing that the attendants must at all events imitate knowing jockeys, and increase their speed as they go on. This most important affair being thus settled, the boy tunes his guitar to the pipe, and plays upon it, accompanying himself with his voice, while the piping-woman adds her share to the concert. Their performances are universally approved of, which gives occasion to Sócrates to remark, "that every person present considers himself far cleverer than the exhibitors, and therefore it is disgraceful for them not to attempt to amuse and instruct one another." Hereupon he proposes that each of the company shall mention what he is most proud of, and afterwards declare his reasons for the predilection. A very long debate consequently takes place, which is not necessary to enter upon. At length the Syracúsan, observing that they are entertaining themselves with one another, and neglecting his exhibitions, and being angry with Sócrates for inciting them to do so, makes a dead set at the philosopher: "Are you the Sócrates who is surnamed *The Thinker*?" "Is not that better than to be called *The Unthinking*?" "Well, well; never mind. But tell me how many of its own feet a flea is distant from me; for they say that these are your geometrical studies."²⁷ The insolence of the fellow occasions a general feeling of indignation amongst the party, and all begin to talk vehemently and loudly at once; when Sócrates puts an end to the disturbance by good humouredly observing, "Well, as we all want to talk, why not sing at the same time?" Immediately upon which he volunteers a song. This expedient of course procures silence, and allows the angry passions of his scholars and admirers to evaporate. When he has finished, a potter's wheel is brought in, on which the dancing girl is intended to stand, and then to shew the company that she can read, write, and go through various other evolutions, while it is rapidly whirled round. "It seems," says Sócrates, "my good Syracúsan, that I am really a *thinker*; for I have just been *thinking* how

(27) Alluding to the satire in the *Clouds* l. 144. The epithet *Thinker* is derived from the same source.

"the party may be best diverted with your young people; which I
 "know is the very thing that you yourself aim at. As to exhibitions on
 "a potter's wheel and so forth, they are certainly very wonderful, but I
 "can't see what pleasure they give. If we wanted mere wonders, we
 "have plenty of them already before us. We might puzzle ourselves
 "for the reason, why the brightness of this lamp gives light, while the
 "brightness of that flagon out there does not give light, and yet reflects
 "other objects. or why one liquid, oil, feeds the fire, and another
 "liquid, water, puts it out. But these are not the kind of subjects which
 "are proper to be discussed over our wine. If, however, your young
 "friends were to dance a kind of *ballet* to the music of the pipe, and ex-
 "press the characters of the Graces, the Seasons, or the Nymphs, it would
 "be both far easier for them, and far more agreeable for us." "By Jove,
 "you are quite right;" returns the Syracusan, "and I will entertain you
 "with a spectacle that shall delight you extremely." The man accord-
 "ingly retires out of the room to make his preparations, and the philo-
 "sopher starts a favourite topic of his—that of Love—which is discussed at
 "great length. As soon as it is exhausted, Autolycus gets up, and leaves
 "the party, accompanied by his father; for it is now time for him to take
 "his usual walk, perhaps to prepare himself for his next boxing match.
 "A chair is then brought in, and the Syracusan steps forwards, and says,
 "Gentlemen, Ariadne will enter the chamber which belongs to her and
 "Bacchus, and afterwards Bacchus himself will come in from a party
 "amongst the gods, where he has been getting a little tipsy; and they
 "will then toy with one another." Upon this, as was previously ex-
 "plained, Ariadne enters, dressed as a nymph, and takes her seat upon
 "the chair; Bacchus then comes in, dancing to a quick Bacchic mea-
 "sure. As soon as Ariadne perceives him, every body sees that she is
 "delighted, and that, although she does not get up to meet him, still it
 "is with the utmost difficulty that she retains her seat. When Bacchus
 "observes her, he dances up to her in the most loving manner possible,
 "sits down upon her lap, and embraces and kisses her. The nymph
 "appears to be a little ashamed at first, but still returns his embraces
 "most lovingly. The clappings and exclamations of delight from the
 "company now become most rapturous. Bacchus next rises up, and
 "assists his fair mistress from her seat; and they dance a *pas de deux*,
 "kissing and embracing one another in various elegant attitudes. Every
 "body now becomes exceedingly excited, from observing that Bacchus is
 "really handsome, and Ariadne really beautiful, and that they do not
 "make believe, but kiss in earnest with their mouths. They can even
 "overhear the youth asking the girl in a whisper, "if she loves him," and
 "the latter replying in the affirmative, with such passionate adjurations,
 "that any person might know that they were mutually and sincerely

attached. At last, having seen them embrace, and retire as if to their repose, those of the party who are unmarried, swear that they will marry as soon as possible, and those who are married, mount their horses, and gallop off to their wives. Sócrates, and some others who still remain behind for a short time, go off along with Callias, to accompany Lycon and his son in their walk; and thus the entertainment concludes.

And here, too, we must conclude what we have to offer on the subject of the *manners and customs* of the Athénians; a chapter in the history of foreign nations, that has generally been written both by Englishmen and Englishwomen in the same true John-Bull spirit of self-sufficient arrogance, which led the honest British seaman to fill up the corresponding column in his journal with the laconic notice, "INHABITANTS OF MUSCAT.—As to their manners, they have none, and their customs are very beastly."²⁸

If the reader should complain of the want of high-flown morality and heroic disinterestedness in the men and women thus briefly introduced to his view, and desiderate something that approaches nearer to the glorious deeds of a Régulus, a Marcus Cúrtius, or a Codrus; he had better desert the historic for the heroic age, and the sober pages of truth for the idealized fictions of imagination. The only periods when men are represented as having been possessed of every virtue, and ignorant of every vice, are precisely those, in the description of which the writer has supplied the dearth of facts by the fertility of his fancy. The world may rest assured, that it is a very good little world still, and far better than it ever was in the fabulous days of its early youth.

Let us now pass on to a subject which more immediately concerns Aristóphanes and his readers; that of the ancient Grecian theatres. The first point to be here attended to, is their prodigious size. The theatre at Argos, as is proved by existing remains, measured about 435 feet across; that at Sparta, about

(28) See Sir John Malcolm's *Sketches of Persia*, I. p. 16.

453; that at Megalópolis, about 180; while the gigantic building at Ephesus, in Asia Minor, actually reached the astonishing breadth of exactly 660 feet, or half a quarter of a mile.²⁹ Yet, notwithstanding these enormous dimensions, so great was the skill of the architects of those days, that the voice of the actor was heard with perfect facility in the most remote part of such an immense construction. Nor are we left to depend for the truth of this fact on the evidence of ancient authors, to whom, from not properly discriminating between the idle fabulist and the trustworthy historian, many would reluctantly yield their assent: we learn from a modern traveller, that even in the ruins of one of these huge piles of marble, where we might certainly expect to find a less perfect distribution of sound than in the perfect erection, the slight noise made by tearing a piece of paper is disseminated to the most remote spectator's seat.³⁰ With such a fact as this before our eyes, it would be ridiculous to waste time in urging the force of collateral authorities.

The theatre at Athens is unfortunately in such an extremely ruinous state, that it is very difficult to form any thing like a satisfactory idea of its dimensions. Colonel Leake, however, to whose accurate and learned researches the classical world is under such eternal obligations, has estimated its probable breadth at not less than 450 or 500 feet.³¹ Hence, it would have contained nearly

(29) See for these measurements, Leake's *Tour in Asia Minor*, p. 328, and *Travels in the Morea*, II. p. 40.

(30) Speaking of the remains of the Roman theatre of Tauroménium, the modern Taormina, Mr. Hughes says, "These are in a singular state of preservation; since not only the *cavea*, but great part of the *proscenium*, has resisted the attacks of time. The circumference of the upper gallery, which was double, and supported by three rows of columns, exceeded 600 feet, according to our measurement. Yet, in its present ruinous state, the least noise made upon the *proscenium*, even that of tearing a small piece of paper, is heard distinctly at the furthest possible distance in this immense fabric."—*Travels in Greece*, &c. I. p. 120.

(31) *Topography of Athens*, p. 63. The learned author afterwards saw occa-

18,000 spectators, or 20,000 on an emergency, which is the number the same scholar assigns, from its existing remains, to the theatre of Drámisus, near Joánnina, in Epírus; whose internal diameter is, however, unusually small compared with its external, (80 feet to 460 feet,) and, therefore, its capacity of accommodating a large audience unusually great.³²

The next important consideration relative to this subject, is the fact of the ancient Greek theatres having been open to the sky, like Shakspeare's Globe Theatre,³³ and the performances, as in that case also, having taken place by daylight. In the event of a sudden shower of rain coming on, and its being necessary to suspend the play, we learn that there were Piazzas, or Porticos and Porches, as they are frequently called, open for the reception of the spectators; but we must not measure the frequency of such a circumstance in 'Attica, by its common occurrence in England. It is to the peculiar advantage of being thus exposed to the face of the heavens, as has been felicitously observed by Mr. Wordsworth, that we are to ascribe, "in a great degree, the successful
"daring of the Aristophánic plays. To cite instances: How, in
"the confinement of a modern theatre, could we imagine a Try-
"gæus soaring above the sea in an aerial excursion?"³⁴ There

sion to modify his views a little respecting a passage in the *Drinking-party* of Plato, (p. 175,) to which he refers in the previous page. (Compare *Topogr. Athens*, p. 59, and note I, and *Travels in the Morea*, II. pp. 397 and 535. See also the authorities indicated in Wordsworth's *Athens and 'Attica*, pp. 92, 93, and Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. p. 47.) Theophrastus (*Charact.* 29,) makes his *Late Learner*, or *Sexagenarian Schoolboy*, "stay out three or four
"filings at the public shows, *learning the songs by heart*;" whence it would seem to follow, that *the same tragedy or comedy was played over three or four times*, in order to accommodate the multitudes who thronged to see it; just as a college, whose hall is not large enough to dine all its students at one go, gets over the difficulty by having two dinners in one day.

(32) Leake's *Travels in Northern Greece*, I. p. 265.

(33) A. W. Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, II. p. 266

(34) "*Peace*, l. 165."

“ his journey would be reduced to a mere mechanical process of
 “ ropes and pulleys, and would be inexorably baffled by the resist-
 “ ance of the roof. But in the Athénian Theatre, the sky itself
 “ was then visible, whither he was mounting, and in which he was
 “ placed by the simple machinery of the imagination of the
 “ spectators, to which free play was given by the natural proper-
 “ ties of the theatre itself. How again, if pent in by the limits
 “ of a modern theatre, could the Birds be imagined to build their
 “ aerial city?³⁵ How could the Clouds have come sailing on
 “ the stage from the heights of a neighbouring Parnes? How
 “ in such a position could the future minister of Athens have
 “ surveyed from the stage, as he did,³⁶ the natural map of his own
 “ future domains; the ‘Agora, the harbours, and the Pnyx, and
 “ all the tributary islands lying in a group around him?’³⁷

In order to arrive at a clear idea of the construction of a Greek theatre, let us take the largest of our London ones—the Italian Opera-house—and having stripped it of its roof and its galleries, and substituted the genial beams of the sun for the glare of artificial light, let us extend the lower tier of seats backwards, at the same gentle ascent, until the depth of this tier of seats becomes somewhere about equal to the breadth of the stage. If we then clear the pit and the orchestra of their benches and divisions, ornamenting the naked wall thus presented to the eye with some elegant columns and statuary,³⁸ and place in the centre of this new and enlarged orchestra the sacred *Thymele*, or altar of Bacchus,³⁹ and imagine a troop of twenty-four

35 “ *Birds*, l. 809.”

(36) “ *Knights*, l. 165.”

(37) *Athens and Attica*, p. 90.

(38) *Pollux*, IV. 124.

(39) A. W. Schlegel states, without any express authority as far as I am aware, that the *Thymele* “ was the station of the Chorus when it did not sing, but merely took an interest in the action.” And that “ the leader of the Chorus then took his station on the top of the *Thymele* to see what was passing on the stage and to communicate with the characters.” (*Lect. Dram.*

dancers moving round it in a compact oblong figure, carolling their merry lays to the music of a few pipes or flageolets ;—we may form some notion of the appearance of one of the very smallest Grecian theatres during the exhibition of a new comedy. But the stage, too, must submit to be remodelled, before we can consider the resemblance as at all complete. Instead of the innumerable sliding and rolling scenes, which add such splendour to our dramatic representations, we must erect of solid marble, at the distance of a very few feet from the modern “lamps,” a long, low line of buildings, containing, together with a fair proportion of windows,⁴⁰ a large door in the centre, a smaller one on each side of it, and a still smaller one at each extremity of the façade.⁴¹ This erection is to be considered as permanent ; for with the addition, perhaps, of a few columns, and other architectural ornaments, for the sake of adding dignity and majesty to its character, it served, generally speaking, equally for tragedy and for comedy. Let the reader now conceive three ordinary scenes united together in the form of a triangular prism, and revolving upon an axis in such a way as to exhibit, by turns, each of the three faces to the eye of the spectator : let him also imagine a machine of this description⁴² placed at each extremity of the line of buildings fronting the audience ; and he will then be in

Lat. l. p. 62.) He appears to have been led into this supposition by the term *Coryphæus*, or *headman*, which was applied to the leader of the Chorus ; and by the words of *Pollux* (IV. 123), “the *Thýmele*, whether it was a kind of “*hustings* (*bema*), or whether it was an altar.” It seems more probable, however, that this *Thýmele*, or altar, was merely a remnant of the olden days, when the sacrificial hymn to Bacchus had not yet passed into the dramatic representation ; and that it was gradually disused in later ages. Neither *Pollux*, nor the grammarian *Phrynichus*, seems to have understood what it meant, which proves that in their times, at all events, it had ceased to exist.

(40) *Wasps*, I. 379. Compare *Debatresses*, I. 924. and *Fenestresses*, I. 707.

(41) *Pollux*, IV. 124, 126. Compare *Vitrúvius*, V. chap. 6. §§ 3 and 8. ed. Schneider.

(42) It was technically termed a *periactos* ; and the painted canvas, or board, which was temporarily affixed to one of its three faces, was called a *catablema*. —See *Pollux*, IV. 126, 131. *Vitrúvius*, V. chap. 6. § 8.

possession of the only means used by the ancient Greeks for representing that change of place, which we exhibit by such multifarious contrivances.

But the question now immediately occurs—how could any illusion ever have been felt, in the slightest degree, when the same unmeaning row of houses was always staring the spectator in the face, whether he was required to imagine himself at Argos or at Delphi—in the heights of heaven, or the depths of hell? Now, in answer to this objection, let the reader ask himself, whether the presence of a brace of stage-doors ever formed any bar to his momentary belief in the reality of a horrid murder, perpetrated in the depths of a gloomy wood by a band of melodramatic banditti? Yet the two cases are precisely analogous; except that in the modern one the thing represented is in the centre, and the anomalous additions on each side of it; while in the ancient instance the converse position was observed. When, indeed, the judgment has once surrendered itself to the guidance of the imagination, we may see from other examples how gross are the deceptions to which it quietly and passively submits; for, as A. W. Schlegel has well remarked, “the decoration of our theatres is merely calculated for a single point of view: “seen from every other place, the broken lines betray the imperfection of the imitation. So little attention do the audience in general pay to these niceties, that they are not even shocked “when the actors enter and disappear through a wall without “a door, between the side-scenes.”⁴³ There is another reason also, why the perpetual presence of this line of building should have been less offensive to an ancient than to a modern eye. As we may see from numberless drawings on Grecian vases, &c. which have been preserved to the present day, the close juxta-

position of two groups of figures, which were in reality separated by a very wide interval of space, does not appear to have at all shocked the ancient ideas of propriety. When, therefore, the triangular side-scene was shifted, to represent, for instance, a distant part of 'Attica instead of a view in Athens, (as in the *Achæniens*, Act II. sc. 1,) all that the Athénian fancy was called upon to do, was to transport itself to the required spot in the country, while, at the same time, it still retained a sort of bird's-eye glance at the central part of the architectural decoration, which it had been agreed should be taken to represent some houses in the heart of the city.

According to the exigencies of the play to be performed, all or part of the five different doors, or, what came to the same thing, the five different houses, in the row facing the spectators, were distributed amongst those different characters in the piece, whom it suited the poet's purpose to exhibit in connexion with their dwelling-places. As a general rule, which, however, was not unfrequently violated when necessary, the centre one was assigned to the first or leading actor; that on the right-hand to the second; and that on the left to the third.⁽⁴⁴⁾ All the characters of the drama, whom the poet did not choose to represent as householders, entered the orchestra by one of the two "entrances" through which the Chorus came, and then ascended the stage by a flight of steps.⁽⁴⁵⁾ Their exits were managed in a precisely similar manner. If we may believe some of the ancient grammarians, according to the door by which they made their appearance, it was understood by the audience whether they came from the town or from the country;⁽⁴⁶⁾ and we are also told, that of the two

(44) *Pollux*, IV. 124.

(45) *Ibid.* 127

(46) *Ibid.* 126. See the *ninth Introductory Fragment* in Bekker's *ed Aristoph.*

movable triangular scenes, one was appropriated in like manner to town, and the other to country views.⁽¹⁷⁾

Hitherto we have been occupied in investigating the means, by which the change of place from one part of a country to another was represented on the Grecian stage; but it must have already occurred to every reader familiar with theatrical matters, that there is another change of place, for which no provision at all has yet been made—the change from the exterior to the interior of the house. The manner in which this was exhibited to the eyes of the audience was, by “wheeling-out,” as it was called, or rather “wheeling round” the front of that one of the five permanent dwellings, whose inside was required to be exposed to view: for which purpose they were all furnished with appropriate machinery.⁽¹⁸⁾ This operation is twice actually named in Aristophanes,⁽¹⁹⁾ and we shall meet with numberless other instances where there can be no doubt of its having been employed. But we are not to suppose that it occurred at all as frequently as the corresponding change in a modern drama. For, as Schlegel pertinently remarks, “the Greeks, like many southern nations of the present day, lived much more in the open air than we do, and transacted many things in public places which usually take place with us in houses.”⁽²⁰⁾ Besides, every theatrical author would naturally have a tendency to make things happen *before* the house, which might equally well happen *within* it, if it were only for the sake of avoiding the giving unnecessary trouble to the theatrical mechanists. Accordingly we shall find many comedies, as for instance the *Knights*, in which this contrivance is not once made use of from the beginning to the end; and the whole action of the piece takes place under the open canopy of heaven.

There were various other devices occasionally employed on the

(17) *Pollux*, IV. 126

(18) See *Acharnians*, Note 30

(19) *Ibid.* 126.

(20) *Lect. Dram. Lit.* I. p. 55

ancient stage, for the several purposes required by the dramatist. For instance, when the habitation of some god was to be exhibited, as in the comedy of the *Peace*, there was a little cottage erected in the air above the usual permanent façade, to which the actors ascended by a somewhat ticklish flight of steps, or were drawn up in a car, as the case might be.⁽⁵¹⁾ There were also certain ropes and pulleys, as in modern theatres, by which, when requisite, heroes and gods were made to fly through the air, like Perseus in the *Feastresses*, or Iris in the *Birds*.⁽⁵²⁾ But it will be best, perhaps, to leave the reader to collect information on these points from a perusal of our author's plays themselves.⁽⁵³⁾

In two very important respects, all ancient dramatic representations differed materially from those of the present day. In the first place, the actors were all male, as in the times of Shakspeare, and until a comparatively recent period; and secondly, no actor came before the audience unprovided with a mask, which covered the whole of his countenance. By this latter means, the poet was enabled to exhibit a close resemblance of the features of any person whom he chose to satirize, and, in addition, to reproduce over and over again the same actor in a different part, with scarcely a possibility of the audience noticing the deception. As to the advantage, which it will be thought that he lost, of the expressive inflections of the performer's face, this must have been reduced to a mere nothing by the enormous size of the ancient theatres, and the consequent enormous distance at which the greatest part of the spectators were placed from the stage.

It must be borne steadily in mind by every one who wishes to form a clear conception of the Grecian theatre, that the performances of the Actors are to be carefully distinguished from those

(51) *Pollux*, IV. 130. See also the *Peace*, l. 174.

(52) *Pollux*, IV. 151

(53) See likewise Note (A) at the end of the Preface.

of the Chorus. The former exhibited on the Stage; the latter, as has been before hinted, in that "Orchestra," or literally "Dancing-place," which we have imagined to be composed by throwing into one the modern Pit, and what is now corruptly called the Orchestra, and appropriated to the Musicians. Thus, strange as it may appear, one part of every dramatic entertainment was performed upon a platform, elevated some ten or twelve feet above the level on which the remainder was exhibited to the audience.⁵⁴ We have said all that our limits will permit respecting the Stage and the Actors; and we will therefore now proceed to offer a few observations respecting the Orchestra and the Chorus.

To our English notions scarcely any thing could seem more strange, than to behold a troop of four-and-twenty gentlemen or ladies, drawn up like soldiers in regular array, and capering about and performing sundry motions with their arms and legs, in correct military time, to the music of a few flageolets. If, however, we were to hear them, while exhibiting this strange dance, simultaneously sing at the utmost pitch of their voices, in such a way as to correspond accurately with the movements of their limbs, we should infallibly conclude that they must be either drunk or demented, and consign them immediately to bed or to bedlam. Yet it is positively and precisely true that this was the exact nature of the choric performances of Grecian Comedy; and those of Tragedy do not appear to have differed materially, except in the diminished numbers of the dramatic troop, and in the more grave and solemn character of the music and the movements.⁵⁵ Such is the unac-

(54) *Plutarchus*, V chap 7 § 2

(55) The Comic Chorus usually consisted of twenty-four, the Tragic of fifteen; the former was drawn up either six or four deep, the latter either five or three. Each had a "headman," *Coryphæus*, who led the song. When the Chorus, as continually occurred both in Tragedy and Comedy, formed a mere interlocutor in the dialogue, this "headman" was the only person, in all probability, who spoke, which accounts for the continual confusion between "me" and "us" in these cases, the spokesman either considering himself as an individual or as a member of the body to which he belonged.

countable variety in the opinions and habits of separate nations, that a mode of expressing festal joy, which would excite the utmost astonishment in these cold-blooded northern regions, has always been approved and practised in Greece from the remotest historic era down to the present moment. An Englishman has no objection to sing, and he has no objection to dance; but if you ask him to do both at once, he laughs at you, and positively refuses. On the contrary, the lively Greek, as will be seen from the following passages, finds it difficult, nay, almost impossible, to indulge in one mode of venting his superabundant gaiety, without at the same time employing the other. Speaking of the modern dance known by the name of the Roméika, Mr. Hughes says:—

The music which enlivened this exhibition proceeded from a vile instrument, in the likeness of a violin, with eleven strings, five in the upper, all catgut, and six in the lower row, which, being made of brass, and out of reach of the fiddlestick, are intended probably to sound by vibration. This wretched music, a concatenation of discords, was assisted, and sometimes nearly drowned, by the voices of the company, proceeding through their nasal organs; *for, according to ancient custom, the Greeks always sing to the motion of their feet.* This orchestra was quite overpowering.⁵⁶

Mr. Dodwell also expresses himself nearly to the same effect:—

*A Greek can seldom sing without dancing at the same time; and the rest of the company present can never resist the temptation of joining the party, as if actuated by a natural impulse; and, when they all sing together, the din is really horrible.*⁵⁷

(56) *Travels in Greece, &c.* I. p. 265.

(57) *Travels in Greece, &c.* II. p. 18.—In Captain Cook's *Third Voyage in the Pacific*, (Book II. chap. 5,) a very spirited and interesting description will be found of some dances in the island of HAPANE, in which the performers, being arranged in various regular figures, sang and danced simultaneously. These exhibitions seem to have borne a very remarkable analogy to the choric dances of the Greeks; they highly astonished and delighted the great navigator, who expresses his opinion that they would have been witnessed with extreme pleasure in any European theatre.—See especially Plates 16 & 17, in the folio *Illustrations to the Voyage*, representing the *Night dance by Men*, and the *Night dance by Women*.

These passages illustrate admirably the permanence of the ancient custom in modern Greece ; but we should do very wrong to estimate the degree of musical skill attained in previous ages, by that which we find possessed by the same nation at the present day. As well might we conclude, because in the arts of poetry, of statuary, and of architecture, the proficiency of the modern Greek is almost beneath contempt, that therefore his ancestors could neither have produced an *Iliad* nor an *Odyssey*—an *Apóllo Bélvidere* nor a *Venus de Médici*—a *Párthenon* nor a *Theséum*. Still it is unquestionably true, that in the science of music, as in the fine arts, the taste of the ancient Greeks leaned decidedly towards a massive simplicity. In one respect also the genius of their language made that necessary, which we have reason to think they would otherwise have voluntarily chosen. Every syllable, as pronounced in ordinary conversation, besides being accented or unaccented, as in modern languages, was likewise, in technical phrase, either “short” or “long;” that is to say, calling the quarter or any other fraction of a moment a “time,” it was pronounced either in one or in two “times;” and this not according to the arbitrary whim of the speaker, but by certain fixed and definite laws. Hence, when words were set to music, this proportion was very naturally retained; and, as in most simple melodies at the present day, there were only two kinds of notes made use of in one composition—for instance, crotchets and minims; the former appropriated to the “short,” the latter to the “long” syllables.² How much this must have added to the clear and distinct expression of the words of a song, must be apparent to every one; and indeed, without some facilities of

(2) They occasionally also, as we shall afterwards see, divided a long syllable into two short notes. The authorities for the statements made here and hereafter, respecting musical matters, may be found in the very learned and satisfactory *Dissertation on the Music of the Ancients*, prefixed to Burney's *History of Music*.

this kind, it seems impossible to comprehend how the voices of fifteen or four-and-twenty-persons, all singing the same words at once, could have been perfectly understood by the audience, as we know they were. For in the ancient dramatic exhibitions, contrary to the practice in the modern Opera, the music, both instrumental and vocal, was kept strictly in subordination to the full developement of the poetry. Hence, there were no sentences slurred over with such extreme rapidity, that the quickest ear would have been unable to detect the meaning of them; no unimportant words dwelt upon with such tedious delay, as to nauseate the least fastidious amateur amongst the audience; but every single syllable was allowed to occupy precisely that time, and no more, in its musical pronunciation, which it would have done in ordinary parlance.

There can be little doubt also, that the ancient Greeks were not acquainted with thorough-bass, or what the Ettrick Shepherd ludicrously called, "singing two tunes at once." Dr. Burney has satisfactorily shewn, that when we read in ancient authors of the voice being *accompanied* by the lyre or the pipe, all that is to be understood is, that the instrument played in unisons, or octaves to the voice; and that there was no such thing then known as a regular bass to a melody. The various voices also often sang in concert, not only in the octave, but the double octave, or fifteenth.⁵⁹ But on this subject, if the reader wishes for fuller information, he cannot do better than consult the learned and acute author just now named.⁶⁰

The admittance to the ordinary seats in the Athénian theatre during the times of Aristóphanes, appears to have been four-

(59) *Hist. Mus.* I. p. 137, &c.

(60) See also Note (B) at the end of the Preface, where some specimens of ancient music will be found

pence;⁶¹ but in order to enable the poorer citizens to attend, they were allowed to draw that sum⁶² from the coffers of the state, whenever an exhibition took place. Very shortly, however, it was found that the rich were not ashamed to ask for their fourpences; and thenceforth the fund intended merely to minister to the wants of the needy, was perverted into the Pension-list of the Athénian Exchequer. With respect to the question whether the fair sex ever made their appearance at dramatic exhibitions in Athens, from what has been already stated, it must be evident that all unmarried, and a great many married females would have been denied the privilege by their relations and friends. Still, from the love for tragic poetry, which Plato attributes⁶³ to ladies of education; and from women being addressed as actually present in two passages of our author,⁶⁴ it would seem that a few occasionally attended. On the other hand, that this was the exception and not the rule, may be considered as proved by two other passages of Aristóphanes, the references to which will be found at the bottom of the page.⁶⁵

It must be carefully borne in mind, therefore, whenever we think of ancient dramatic performances, that they differed in almost every respect from those of the moderns. The former were exhibited, as we have seen, by daylight, in enormous

(61) Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. p. 292—299.

(62) The sum is stated by Pollux to have varied. "The *Theoric Fund* was what was distributed amongst the multitude on holidays and sacred festivals; and the sum given was called the *theoric dole*, (like the *ecclesiastic*, and the *dicastic dole*,) which was both sixpence, and fourpence, and twopence." (VIII. 113.)—From not attending to the parenthesis, Boeckh has misunderstood this passage. See *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I., Notes 344 and 365.

(63) *Laws*, II. p. 658 D. See also p. 817 C; and *Górgias*, p. 502 D.

(64) *Achárnians*, l. 1003; *Peace*, l. 966. See, however, Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III. p. 81. Hase's *Ancient Greeks*, p. 316.

(65) *Peace*, l. 50—53; *Birds*, l. 793, 794.

constructions, formed entirely of stone or marble, and open to the heavens; the latter are exhibited by artificial light, in comparatively small buildings, composed to a great extent of gew-gaw wood, and closed in with a roof. In the former, the changes of scene took place at the extreme sides of the stage; in the latter, they take place towards the centre. In the former, the contemporaneous juxta-position of remote places formed for the most part, the regulating principle of this change; in the latter, it is their consecutive presentation which does so. In the former, the actors were all of the male sex, and wore masks; in the latter, they are taken indiscriminately from both sexes, and wear no masks. In the former, the "Orchestra" was filled with a troop of singing dancers; in the latter, it is appropriated to the reception, partly of the musicians, and partly of the audience. We must reflect also, that in 'Attica, plays were only performed at two, or as others think, at three⁶⁶ periods during the year; while in large modern cities we have dozens of theatres open almost every night. If to all this we add the fact, that the same play, generally speaking, was only exhibited upon one occasion in ancient Greece, and then thrown aside and forgotten; while with us a single piece is sometimes repeated for a hundred consecutive nights: and if we consider that the representation of these plays formed, in those ages, one of the most arduous and honourable duties incumbent upon rich individuals, instead of being, as it is at all events in England, a mere speculation, voluntarily entered into from mercenary motives: and if we likewise take into account the sacred character of the Athénian Festivals, during which alone dramatic exhibitions were allowed, and the holy and religious feelings which were consequently mixed up, inextricably even with the buffooneries of the most ludicrous comedy:⁶⁷ we

(66) Hase's *Ancient Greeks*, p. 349.

(67) Take, for example, *Achárnians*, l. 237—279; *Peace*, l. 937—1126; *Frogs*, l. 324—458.

shall then, perhaps, be enabled to form some inadequate conception of the broad distinctions, which separated the simple grandeur of the Greeks from the gaudy splendour of the modern nations of Europe.

It is now time for us, after having thus taken a rapid glance at some of the peculiarities which characterised the theatrical taste of the Athénians, to notice briefly a few of the leading points that more especially arrest the attention of the reader in perusing the Comedies of Aristóphanes. Our limits will not allow us to do more than this; and, perhaps, on such topics as the general scope and tendency of our author's works, most persons will prefer forming an opinion for themselves from an actual perusal.

There is nothing that is more apt to puzzle and confound the young student, in these antique dramas, than what are usually known by the name of jokes "contrary to expectation." A Grecian audience, it must be remembered, was composed of a *hearing* and not a *reading* public; and as their appetite for literary novelties was not kept in a continual state of repletion by that never-ceasing stream of new books, which forms so remarkable an object for philosophical contemplation in modern times, it was but natural, that, when the long-expected period for the mental meal arrived, they should be wrought up to a condition of the most eager and feverish excitement. But, in addition to this, the Attic nation, especially, prided themselves above all the other Greeks upon the acuteness and subtlety of their intellectual powers. Hence, when at the annual festivals of Bacchus they took their places in the theatre to listen to Eurípides's new tragedy, or the comedy of Aristóphanes that they had heard a hundred odd reports about; they were perpetually endeavouring to outstrip the slow tongue of the actor by the nimbleness of their own brains, and to forestall mentally the conclusion of a verse, or the point of a jest. Now the comic poets reckoning upon this propensity,

often amused themselves by disappointing the expectations of their auditors, and concluding the verse, or pointing the jest, in quite a different way to what they had purposely led the gaping multitude to anticipate. The result of course was, that the good-humoured people laughed most heartily at the bad success of their speculations, and girded up their loins for a fresh guess, which might perhaps turn out more fortunately. Witticisms of this kind are innumerable in Aristóphanes; and in order to prevent the necessity of continual notes to explain the force of them, wherever one occurs a few dots (...) have been placed in the translation to indicate it at once to the eye. As a general rule, therefore, the reader must be careful, whenever he sees these mysterious points, always to expect.... something perfectly unexpected. By way of a practical exemplification of the use of them, there will also be found in the foot-note,* printed in the same style, a little poem of

(68) AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word....
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor...
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways...
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew....
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her....
When she has walked before.

Goldsmith's, which abounds in the species of jest that we have been discussing.

In another peculiar kind of wit Aristóphanes and the other comic poets have been followed more closely by modern playwrights, though still at a very respectful distance—the practice of addressing the audience more or less directly, with a total disregard of scenic illusion. The latter class of writers, however, generally confine themselves to throwing out mere allusions and hints to the pit, which are frequently found, as Schlegel remarks,⁶⁹ to be attended with great success; while the former, who were not much in the habit of mincing matters, spoke out boldly at once, and addressed the audience, or “spectators” as they called them, by name. Thus in the 36th line of the *Knights*, the two slaves, after fruitlessly seeking a cure for their misfortunes, agree with ridiculous gravity to inform the audience of the matter. There is a precisely similar instance in the 54th line of the *Wasps*; and many more might be added, which the intelligent reader will easily observe for himself. Connected with this usage was the custom of throwing fruit, nuts, &c., amongst the spectators in the middle of a play, in order to conciliate their good will;⁷⁰ which was so common, that our author amuses himself in the *Wealth* (l. 789—801) by making one of his actors bring a basket of dried figs upon the stage—to excite the appetites of the gluttons—and then

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
The doctors found, when she was dead
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore;
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more
She had not died to-day.

(69) *Lect. Dram. Lit.* I. p. 201.

(70) See *Achárnians*, Note 87.

good dinner in the *Birds* ; and, lastly, Bacchus himself,—the very god in whose honour the festivals were held, of which the performance of these comedies formed part,—so terribly frightened by a hobgoblin in the *Frogs*, that he misbehaves himself in a way which it must be left to the poet's own words to explain.⁷¹ What right, then, had a philosopher to elevate himself above the standard of the immortals? Nobody considers that Pope, or Gifford, or Byron, were guilty of any very heinous crime, because, while they were wielding the satiric knout, they sometimes allowed it to descend upon shoulders which merely deserved the whip ; and as the Old Athénian Comedy corresponded in many respects to our Satire, in order to view the matter rightly, we ought to reflect how little we should find fault with an English satirist who might make, for instance, disrespectful mention of some of the eccentricities of a great modern philosopher—such as his running at full speed, bareheaded, and with streaming grey locks, down one of our most crowded thoroughfares in the very busiest part of the day.⁷²

Neither is it conceivable, if the attack of Aristóphanes had

(71) "The deep and serious imprecations of Prométheus, in the play of 'Æschylus, savour at least as strongly of impiety as the farcical caricatures of Aristóphanes."—Translator of Hase's *Ancient Greeks*, p. 356.

(72) The classical reader will remark, that the Translator has laid no stress, here or elsewhere, upon what has now become a very prevalent notion, especially in Germany, that Aristóphanes intended to satirise the Sophists collectively under the character of Socrates. The Sophists were rich, and men of the world, and from the style of several declamatory contests in our author, it may be safely conjectured that he had himself received their instructions; Socrates, on the contrary, was poor, and extremely eccentric in many of his habits, and it is more especially on these accounts that he is ridiculed in the *Clouds*. It would seem to follow, therefore, that the character of Socrates, as drawn by our author, could not have been intended as a generalisation of that of the Sophists. The circumstance of many of the doctrines, attributed by the poet to the philosopher, not being really his, is of no consequence : what would become of satirists, if they were all to be tried in a court of law as to the literal truth of every one of their charges?

been looked upon in any very serious light by Sócrates, that one of the philosopher's most distinguished pupils, Plato, when requested for information respecting the Athénians by his patron, the tyrant Dionýsius, should have sent him the *Clouds*, and bidden him study that and the other comedies by the same author, in order to attain the knowledge which he desired.⁷³ Or again, that the same talented writer should have composed the following flattering epitaph upon the poet after his death:—

" Once on a time the Graces—
 " In search of so holy a place, as
 " Ne'er to decency should roll—
 " Found Aristóphanes' soul " ⁷⁴

Let us now pass to the consideration of the second grand charge which has been brought against our author—that of his habitual grossness and indecency. With respect to this accusation, it will be sufficient to quote the opinions of some great modern writers; merely premising, that the propensity to grossness, vulgarity, and nastiness, is to be carefully distinguished from the vice of prurient and libidinous sensuality; and that the utmost refinement of the latter is completely abhorrent from every thing that appears in the remotest degree to border upon the former. Now it is in grossness alone that Aristóphanes errs; the general tendency of his writings is usually as unexceptionable as that of the most approved novel-writers of the day. In him we meet with no sentimental seducers, no amiable adultresses, no lofty-minded murderers. Vice is always depicted in its native hideousness; and if the colouring is sometimes painfully natural, yet the moral perspective is never distorted, to pander to the puling squeamishness of conscious depravity.

Of the indecency which abounds in Aristophanes, unjustifiable as it certainly is, it may, however, be observed, that different ages differ

(73) *Anonymous Greek Life of Aristophanes*. Kuster, p. xiv.

(74) Thomas Magister's *Greek Life of Aristophanes*. Ibid

extremely in their ideas of this offense. Among the ancients plain-speaking was the fashion; nor was that ceremonious delicacy introduced, which has taught men to abuse one another with the utmost politeness, and express the most indecent ideas in the most modest language. The ancients had little of this; they were accustomed to call a spade a spade, to give every thing its proper name. There is another sort of indecency, which is infinitely more dangerous; which corrupts the heart without offending the ear. I believe there is no man of sound judgment, who would not sooner let his son read Aristóphanes than Congreve or Vanbrugh. In all Aristóphanes's indecency there is nothing that can allure, but much that must deter. He never dresses up the most detestable vices in an amiable light; but generally, by describing them in their native colours, makes the reader disgusted with them. His abuse of the most eminent citizens may be accounted for upon similar principles. Besides, in a republic freedom of speech was reckoned an essential privilege of a citizen. Demósthene's treats his adversaries with such language as would, in our days, be reckoned scurrilous enough; but it passed, in those days, without any notice or reprehension. The world is since greatly altered for the better. We have, indeed, retained the matter, but judiciously altered the manner.⁷⁵—

We might apply to the pieces of Aristóphanes the motto of a pleasant and acute adventurer in Goethe:—*MAD, BUT WISE*. Here we are best enabled to conceive why the dramatic art was consecrated to Bacchus: it is the drunkenness of poetry, the Bacchanália of fun. This faculty will at times assert its rights as well as others; and hence several nations have set apart certain festivals, such as Saturnália, carnivals, &c., in which the people may give themselves altogether up to frolicsome follies, that when once the fit is over, they may remain quiet, and apply themselves to serious concerns during the rest of the year. The old comedy is a general masking of the world, during which many things happen that are not authorized by the ordinary rules of propriety, but during which, also, many things that are diverting, witty, and even instructive, come out, which, without this momentary suspension of order, would never be heard of.⁷⁶—

It is certainly to be wished that decency should be observed on all public occasions, and, consequently, also on the stage; but even in this it is possible to go too far. That censorious spirit, which scents out impurity in every sally of a bold and vivacious description, is at best but an ambiguous criterion of purity of morals; and there is frequently concealed under this hypocrisy the consciousness of an impure imagination. The determination to tolerate nothing which has the least

(75) Porson's *Tracts*, p. 13.

(76) A. W. Schlegel's *Lect. Dram. Lit.* 1. p. 207.

reference to the sensual relation between the two sexes, may be carried to a pitch extremely oppressive to a dramatic poet, and injurious to the boldness and freedom of his composition. If considerations of such a nature were to be attended to, many of the happiest parts of the plays of Shakspeare—for example, in *Measure for Measure*, and *All's Well that Ends Well*—which are handled with a due regard to decency, must be set aside for their impropriety.⁷⁷—

The sentimental poet, again, contrives to lighten their heart. His general doctrine amounts properly to this, that what is called a good heart atones for all errors and extravagances, and that, with respect to virtue, we are not to insist so strictly on principles. Allow only free scope to your natural impulses, he seems to say to his spectators; see how well it becomes my *naïve* girls, when they confess every thing of themselves. If he only knows how to corrupt by means of effeminate emotions, rather sensual than moral, but, at the end, to make all nearly even by the introduction of some generous benefactor, who showers out his liberality with open hands, he then pleases the vitiated hearts of his audience in an extraordinary degree. They feel as if they had themselves done noble actions, without, however, putting their hands in their own pockets: all is drawn from the purse of the generous poet. The "affecting" species can hardly, therefore, fail, in the long run, to gain a victory over the "economical;" and this has actually been the case in Germany. But what, in these dramas, is painted to us not only as natural and allowable, but even as moral and dignified, exceeds all imagination; and this seduction is much more dangerous than that of the licentious comedy, for this very reason, that it does not disgust us by external indecency, but steals into unguarded minds, and selects the most sacred names for a disguise.⁷⁸—

⁷⁷ A. W. Schlegel's *Lect. Dram. Lit.* II. p. 112.

⁷⁸ Ibid. II. p. 382. To these authorities might be added the opinion of the "stern moralist," Johnson, respecting an author who in many respects resembled Aristophanes—the celebrated Matthew Prior, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

"I asked whether Prior's poems were to be printed entire; Johnson said they were. I mentioned Lord Hailes's censure of Prior, in his preface to a collection of *Sacred Poems*, by various hands, published by him at Edinburgh, a great many years ago, where he mentions 'those impure tales which will be the eternal opprobrium of their ingenious author'—JOHNSON. 'Sir, Lord Hailes has forgot. There is nothing in Prior that will excite to lewdness. If Lord Hailes thinks there is, he must be more combustible than other people.' I instanced the tale of 'Paulo Purganti and his Wife'—JOHNSON. 'Sir, there is nothing there, but that his wife wanted to be kissed, when poor Paulo was out of pocket. No, sir—Prior is a lady's book. No lady is ashamed to have it standing in her library.'—Croker's ed. of Boswell's *Johnson*, II. pp. 44, 45.

The heathen poet might also shelter himself under the wings of that pious and learned father of the christian church, St. Chrysostom, who, as we are told by several authors, "derived the
" greatest part of his eloquence, and vehemence in reproofing
" vices, especially those of women, from the daily perusal of
" Aristophanes; and used to put this author's works under his
" pillow, when he went to bed, as Alexander the Great did with
" Homer's poem,"⁽⁷⁹⁾

Still, however, allowing that there is nothing morally unjustifiable in the works of Aristophanes, the manners of mankind are so changed since his time, that no translator, possessed of common sense, would now attempt a literal version of many of his phrases. An original author is always bound not to offend against the decencies and charities of the society to which he belongs; and although a person who endeavours to re-produce in his own language the works of a foreign writer, is placed in an entirely different situation in this respect, yet something must always be conceded to the conventional prejudices of the world in which we live, and this is more especially necessary in the present age of ultra-purity and ultra-refinement. For, as the virtuous Schlegel well observes, " it is a remarkable phenomenon, the
" causes of which are deserving of mention, that the English
" nation, in the last half of the eighteenth century, passed all at
" once from the most opposite way of thinking, to an almost
" over-scrupulous strictness of manners, in social conversation, in
" romances and plays, and in the plastic arts."⁽⁸⁰⁾ Besides, however much a people, like an individual, may chop and change about in its notions on any subject; that, of course, becomes merely an additional reason for its obstinately maintaining, at any given moment, that it has seized upon the precise happy medium between the two extremes. We find the popular writers of the

(79) See Frischlin's *Life of Arist.* in Küster's ed. *Arist.* p. xvii.

(80) *Lect. Dram. Lit.* II. p. 317.

day, for instance, who are a sort of thermometer of the popular mind, gravely expressing their virtuous indignation against the abominations of the French coteries; while, conversely, they run down and ridicule the North American ladies for their ridiculous refinement, in being shocked at the use of such words as "knee" and "corset." In the same way there can be no question, but that an Athénian audience would have been perfectly horrified at the loose morality of some of our dramatic pieces; as, for example, the enormity of young unmarried ladies mixing in general society, and actually forming attachments for themselves; or the naughty love-intrigues with married women, which form such a staple commodity with our play-wrights: while again they would have laughed at our over-scrupulous objections to the habitual introduction of courtesans, *in the avowed character of courtesans*, on the public stage.

On the other hand, no person whose intellectual horizon extended beyond the novels of the year, would maintain the expediency of making the Athénian wag talk exactly like the English editor of a Methodist Magazine. The question, therefore, of the road which a translator ought to keep, becomes one of mode and degree; and as the varieties of opinion must consequently be infinite, it must not, and can not be expected by each individual reader, that his exact notions on the subject can be conformed to. Thus much however it will, perhaps, be prudent and proper to add,—THAT THOSE WHO KEEP AN EXPURGATED EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE FOR THEIR OWN PRIVATE READING, HAD BETTER NOT VENTURE UPON THE PRESENT TRANSLATION OF ARISTOPHANES. And if any such person should complain, that a work of this nature ought not to have been published, the plain answer is, that now it is published, he has no occasion to read it.

To return once more to the character of our author, and in the eloquent language of Porson, to sum up his character,—"If we consider his just and severe ridicule of the Athénian foibles; his

" detestation of the expensive and ruinous war in which Greece
 " was engaged; his pointed invectives against the factious and
 " interested demagogues, by whom the populace was deluded,

' Who bawled for freedom in their senseless mood;'

" his contempt of the useless and frivolous inquiries of the sophists;
 " his wit and versatility of style; the astonishing playfulness,
 " originality, and fertility of his imagination; the great harmony
 " of versification wherever the subject required it, and his most
 " refined elegance of language; in spite of Dr. Beattie's dictum,
 " we shall look over his blemishes, and allow that with all his
 " faults, he might be a very good citizen, and was certainly an
 " excellent poet."⁸¹

It now merely remains for the Translator to offer a few observations, respecting certain rules which he has prescribed to himself in the present work. The language of the ancient Greeks, as has been before partly explained,⁸² was spoken, in ordinary conversation, both according to *quantity* and to *accent*; and not, like ours, according to *accent alone*. It is evident, therefore, that they might have founded their metrical systems either upon one or the other, and were not tied down by the want of the former principle, like all the modern nations of Europe, to the "Hobson's choice" of the latter. The selection which they actually made was that of quantity; or, in other words, it was the succession of "long" and "short" syllables, not, as with us, the succession of "accented" and "unaccented" ones, according to certain definite laws, that constituted their poetry. This double regulation of the spoken tongue was, most probably, the peculiarity that rendered the science of music so indispensable a part of Grecian

(81) *Tracts*, p. 15. The "dictum" of the sapient sciolist named by Porson may be found in his *Remarks on the Utility of Classical Learning*, p. 542, ed. 1776. "The wit and humour of the Athenian poet are now become almost invisible, and seem never to have been very conspicuous;" and 'so on with the rest of the twaddle.

(82) See above, p. liii.

education; it distinguished, too, the Greeks from other nations, and gave rise to the term "barbarians," applied sometimes even to those half-Grecian tribes who spoke the Grecian language without attending to quantity. In consequence, however, of the irruptions of savage hordes from the North, even the Greeks themselves, somewhere between the fourth and twelfth centuries after Christ, gradually lost this distinguishing feature, and having ceased to attend to the musical "time" of their syllables, became in the true ancient sense of the term "barbarians." All modern Grecian poetry is therefore necessarily founded, like that of other modern nations, upon *accent*, not upon *length*; for it manifestly cannot depend upon a nonentity. Originally, like the "Citizens' Verses" of Tzetzes, and similar ones which are composed to the present day, it was written without rhyme; but rhyme of various kinds was soon introduced, and established and maintained a permanent footing in the language.⁵³

It is evident, therefore, that, strictly speaking, the ancient metres can have no existence in Româic, in English, or in any other modern language; for though one English syllable often occupies a longer time in pronouncing than another,—as for instance, "strong-box" takes longer than "river,"—yet there are likewise all the intermediate grades between extreme length and extreme shortness, which is quite a different thing from the Grecian system, as above explained, which recognised only two lengths, one of which was the exact double of the other.

Still in a certain sense, our metres may be said to "correspond" to those of the ancients; for by considering an *accented*

(F.3) Any one who wishes for a confirmation of these remarks, may compare the tetrameter iambs of the classical writers, founded upon *quantity*, (take e.g. *Ætinda*, l. 1034—1084,) with the rhymeless tetrameter iambs of Tzetzes's *Chilades*, founded upon *accent*, and the rhymed modern Greek tetrameter *anapaests*, likewise founded upon *accent*, printed in Col. Leake's *Travels in the Morea* Vol. I end of chap. 8. See also upon this subject the very learned description in Sir J. C. Hobhouse's *Travels in Greece, &c.* II. p. 543—558, and p. 1085—1092.

syllable as equivalent to a *long* one, and an *unaccented* syllable as equivalent to a *short* one ; we shall find a very remarkable analogy prevailing between the two poetical schemes. What is known to scholars by the name of the "tetrámeter iámbic,"⁽⁸⁴⁾ if we only divide it in two at the "cæsúra," or break in the middle of the verse, thus becomes precisely analogous to the common English measure—

"Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
 "Tied up in godly laces,
 "Before ye gie poor frailty names,
 "Suppose a change o' cases ;
 "A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
 "A treacherous inclination—
 "But let me whisper in your lug,
 "Ye're aiblins nae temptation."⁽⁸⁵⁾

Similarly, the "trocháic tetrámeter,"⁽⁸⁶⁾ when divided in the same way, corresponds accurately to another common English metre, which has been wielded with such tremendous effect by Anstey in his *New Bath Guide*, Letter XIV.

"Hearken, Lady Betty, hearken,	"Audi mæstum, Eliza, questum,
"To the dismal news I tell,	"Nuntium audi horridum ;
"How your friends are all embarking	"It devota domus tota
"For the fiery gulf of hell.	"Barathrum orci torridum.
"Brother SIMKIN's grown a rakehell,	"SIMKIN frater desperatur,
"Cards and dices every day ;	"Ludit, salt, turpiter ;
"JENNY laughs at tabernacle ;	"Ridet JANA sacra fana ;
"TABBY RUNT is gone astray.	"TABITHA RUNT deperditur.

(84) See for examples of this metre, *Knights*, l. 333—366, l. 407—440. *Clouds*, l. 1034—1084, l. 1351—1385, l. 1397—1445.

(85) Burns ; *Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous*. It must be recollected, that a great many particles in our language do not usually take any accent at all ; as for example, "a," "the," "in," "but," "and," "to," &c. "To love," is as much one word, as far as pronunciation goes, as *aimer*, or *amdre* ; for it has only one accent, like "to-day." This fact, when properly attended to, forms a complete answer to those who have foolishly ridiculed the monosyllabic character of our tongue. It is only so to the *eye*, not to the *ear*.

(86) See *Achárman's*, l. 676—691, l. 703—718. *Knights*, l. 242—283, l. 565—580, l. 595—610. *Clouds*, l. 575—584, l. 607—626, l. 1115—1130.

"Blessed I, though once rejected
 "Like a little wandering sheep,
 "Who this morning was elected
 "By a vision in my sleep!
 "For I dreamed an apparition
 "Came, like ROSEN, from above,
 "Saying, 'By divine commission
 "'I must fill you full of love.'"

"Ego, ut ovis, errans quovis,
 "Scommma nuper omnium,
 "Ter beata, quæ vocata
 "Manè sum per somnium,
 "Nam procero par ROSENKO
 "Spectrum venit cælitus,
 "Dicens, 'Ego amore implebo
 "'Te divino penitus.'"

(97) This translation is from the edition of Anstey's *Works*, published by Cadell in 1808, p. 92. It is given here to illustrate the difference between ancient and modern versification in the Latin language. Properly speaking, the metres of the ancients can afford no more gratification to us, who have no perception of the system on which they are founded, than the mere perusal of written music does to a musical connoisseur. Both parties observe that certain laws are properly attended to, which, if the dumb characters were made to speak, would confer upon them the power of gratifying the ear; but neither have any accurate means of measuring the faculty of pleasing by the ear itself. Still, by a partial and irregular adaptation of the modern scheme of accentuation to the ancient scheme of quantity in our general pronunciation, which is very different from the nearly complete adaptation employed in "scanning," we have succeeded in forming a kind of rude estimate of the beauty of the Grecian and Roman poetry. The earliest imitators of the ancient metres imitated the imitation thus produced, instead of badly following out the analogy, and substituting every where accent for quantity. Take as an instance some "hexámeters" in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, (ed. 1638, Book II p. 226;) where the first, fifth, and seventh lines remarkably exemplify the truth of the observation just made.

Dialogue between PHILISIDES and ECHO.

"Fair rocks, goodly rivers, sweet woods, when shall I see peace?—Peace!
 "Peace! What bars me my tongue? Who is it that comes me so nigh?—I.
 "Oh! I do know what guest I have met. It is Echo.—'Tis Echo.
 "Well met, Echo, approach: then tell me thy will too.—I will too.
 "Echo, what do I get yielding my spirit to my griefs?—Griefs.
 "What medicine may I find for a grief that draws me to death?—Death.
 "O poisonous medicine! what worse to me can be than it?—It."

In consequence of the change thus caused, we have been compelled to give up the ancient Greek situations of the accents, as still retained both in speaking and writing the modern Greek language. For instance, much to the annoyance of a Româic scholar, we call it "anthrôpos," while he, like his ancestors, calls it "ánthropos."

It is the partial substitution of accent for quantity also, which has led to the belief in the existence of a certain nondescript thing, called "ictus metricus." But this subject is far too extensive to be fully developed in the brief limits of a note.

Thirdly, the "anapaestic tetrameter"⁸⁸ may be said to bear a tolerably close relation to the well-known metre so exquisitely employed by the Rev. Mr. Wolff, except that the place of the spondee of quantity is usually supplied by the iambus of accent.

" Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 " As his corse to the rampart we hurried ,
 " Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 " O'er the grave where our hero we buried "

" We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 " The gods with our bayonets turning ;
 " By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
 " And the lantern dimly burning."⁸⁹

Any ordinary "hexameter"⁹⁰ may be converted into an "anapaestic tetrameter" by simply adding a foot and a half at the beginning ; and therefore conversely we obtain an English hexameter of accent by subtracting a foot and a half from the beginning of the odd lines in the above stanza, which then assumes the following form—disregarding, of course, the *sense*—

" Heard not a funeral note,
 " As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
 " Charged his farewell shot,
 " O'er the grave where our hero we buried "

These four English metres have, therefore, been uniformly employed in the translation, wherever the corresponding ones occur in the original. The "choral metres" might be imitated in any modern language, on precisely similar principles ; but as, from their irregularity, they were only fitted for public musical performance, and were never intended by the writer for private perusal in the closet, it has been thought better to take the nearest regular measure to express them in English. Symmetrical choric systems have,

(88) See *Achærians*, l. 626—658. *Knights*, l. 507—546, l. 761—823. *Clouds*, l. 314—438, l. 659—1008.

(89) *On the Death of Sir John Moore*—first printed from the newspapers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, June 1817.

(90) See *Knights*, l. 197—201, l. 1015—1020, l. 1030—1034, l. 1037—1040, l. 1051—1060, l. 1067—1069, l. 1080—1095.

However, generally been followed as closely as possible.¹ The ordinary "trímeter iámbic" has been turned into common blank verse. With respect to the other metres, after what has been already said, there can be little or no difficulty.

As often as any play upon words occurred in the Greek text, there were of course two roads open to the Translator—either to stick to the *letter*, and lose the *spirit* of the original; or to stick to the *spirit* and lose the *letter*. He has in every case preferred the latter alternative. Whenever, therefore, the youthful classical student meets with a *pun* in the English version, he must be careful not to be led into error by expecting *verbal* accuracy.

In turning the names of various birds, fish, insects, &c., which are either unknown to us, from the circumstance of the ancients not having had any regular system of Natural History, or, if known, have no name in English, in consequence of their being strangers to these shores; no regular plan has been followed. Generally speaking, it has been thought sufficient if any modern "lerring," "sprat," or "cock-roach," could be pressed into the service, in such a way as to keep up the spirit of the original.

The same observation applies to many articles employed in domestic economy, such as "pots," "coats," "tables," "cakes," and so forth, which being the work of fickle man, not of unchanging and unchangeable nature, have necessarily varied indefinitely in form and substance in almost every age; and cannot, therefore, strictly speaking, be correctly expressed by any corresponding modern terms. We have borrowed words enough in all conscience from the ancients, and therefore it is but fair to give them this opportunity of claiming a few from us in return.

As this work is intended for the use of the general reader, as well as that of the young classical student, an effort has been

¹ See for example *Knights*, l. 973-976, and l. 1111-1170. *Clouds* l. 518-574.

made to avoid as much as possible the introduction of Anglicised Greek terms into the text and the foot-notes. In order to prevent confusion, there will be found in a note at the bottom of the page,⁹² a list of such words as have generally been treated in this way by writers on Grecian subjects, with the corresponding English phrases adopted by the Translator.

For a similar reason the Athénian money has been reduced to English, according to a uniform and consistent scale; the Athénian coin which contained only as much silver as would be nearly equal to $9\frac{3}{4}$ d. English,⁹³ being translated throughout "a shilling," and all superior denominations in proportion. Since money was worth considerably more in the days when Aristóphanes wrote, than it is now, this theoretical incorrectness will be found, in practice, to have a very convenient tendency towards equalizing the scale of ancient and modern prices. When, however, the poet is evidently talking at random in round numbers, the Translator has sometimes taken the liberty of increasing or diminishing the amount named, for the sake of consulting the English ear.

In order also to assist the general reader as much as possible, the proper names of more than two syllables have been accented throughout the work, according to the conventional pronunciation of English scholars. In the case of very common words, such as "Athénian," this is certainly unnecessary, and has an odd appearance; but it was found impossible to draw any line of demarcation between those which were usual and those which

(92) Acrópolis, *Citadel*; Ceramicus, *Potteries*; Agora, *Market-place*; Prytanéum, *Town-hall*; Gymnásion, *Public Walks*; Palæstra, *Wrestling-house*; Phyle, *County*; Demus, *Parish*; Phrátriæ, *Families*; Agoránomi, *Clerks of the Market*; Archon, *Ruler*; Bule, *Senate*; Ecclesia, *Assembly*; Prýtanæ, *Committee-men*; Trierarch, *Captain of a Galley*; Trireme, *Galley, Ship, or Man-of-War*; Eisphora, *Public-contribution*; Euthýne, *Audit*; Atímia, *Disfranchisement*; Scholium, *Greek note*; Scholiast, *Greek note-writer*; Chorégus, *Provider*; Metéci, or Metics, *Sojourners*; Dicast, *Juryman*; Bema, *Hustings*; Drachma, *Shilling*; Stater aureus, *1l.*; Mina, *5l.*; Talent, *300l.*

(93) Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. p. 25.

were unusual, and it was consequently judged better to adopt one definite and consistent rule, although it might occasionally lead to works of typographical supererogation.

It is from the same motive that the Translator has avoided loading the foot-notes with Greek and Latin quotations, or even, in many cases, with references, when there could be no difference of opinion on the subject discussed. Generally speaking, if the student should require authorities for any fact asserted without proof, he will find them in the great body of annotations annexed to Bekker's edition of Aristóphanes; or in the very ancient and learned Greek notes, (*Scholia*), which have come down to us along with the MSS. of the author.

The Greek text which has been taken as the ground-work of the translation, is W. Dindorf's—partly that published by him in 1825, amongst the LEIPZIG CLASSICS, and partly that contained in the POETÆ SCENICI, by the same author.⁹⁴ Wherever the Translator has had occasion to differ from one or both of these, on points that materially affected the sense, he has thrown what he had to say on the subject into the form of OBSERVATIONS appended to each separate play. Thus the student who is possessed of either work will find it unnecessary to purchase the other, should he desire carefully to compare the English version with the Greek original. The numbering of the lines, both in these "OBSERVATIONS," and in the TRANSLATION, is that of Brunck's edition, which has been accurately followed by Dindorf in the two above named. It were to be wished, that every editor of Greek plays would take a similar course; as the time which the classical scholar loses,—from the discrepancies in this respect between various recensions of the same tragedy or comedy,—in laboriously searching for such and such a line, can scarcely be conceived by the English reader.

⁹⁴ This last has been reprinted separately in 2 vols. 8vo. at the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

The vulgar modern division of the Comedies into Acts and Scenes has been retained, partly for convenience of reference, and partly for the sake of giving these compositions a little more the appearance of plays of this world. It is well known, however, to classical students, that no such division was ever made use of by the Athénian dramatists; and the general scholar will soon perceive, that in many cases it is harsh and arbitrary. The stage, as will be observed, is scarcely ever empty, in the intervals between the Scenes as thus arranged, and occasionally actors remain on, even between the Acts. It is hardly necessary to add, that the "stage directions" are not from the pen of the Attic poet, but have been added in the present version.

The Translator cannot conclude this Preface, without expressing his deep obligations to the various authors, upon whose literary stores he has drawn so largely in the body of the book. He feels it due to the reader, however, to state, that from his total ignorance of German, he has been unable to derive any advantage from many classical works of the first celebrity in that language; and especially from some translations of Aristóphanes which bear a very high character on the continent. If, in the course of the observations that he has himself made, he should have unfortunately wounded the feelings of any man or body of men, he earnestly intreats that it may be attributed to the thoughtlessness of early years—to the Attic freedom of speech unwittingly imbibed from a continual study of his author—to whatever other cause, in fine, it can charitably be assigned—rather than to an intention of wantonly inflicting pain upon any of his fellow-creatures.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

November 12th, 1836.

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO THE PREFACE.

NOTE A.—See p. L.

THE Translator is fully sensible how inadequate any mere verbal description must be, to convey precise knowledge on the difficult subject of the arrangement of the old Grecian stage; and yet he does not know of any pictorial design to which he can satisfactorily refer his reader. That of Genelli corresponds neither with existing remains, nor with the descriptions of Pollux and Vitruvius; he has confounded the Roman stage with the Greek one, and entirely omitted the *periacti*. Perhaps the clearest notions on the subject may be gained from the small sketches of the Theatres at Patara and at Myra, drawn by Mr. Cockerell, and inserted in Colonel Leake's *Tour in Asia Minor*, p. 321. It will be observed, however, that the former of these has only *three* stage-doors, instead of *five*, which Pollux tells us was the usual number, and which we meet with in the latter building. Five also are found in the *scene* of the Theatre of Sagalassus, as verbally described in Arundell's *Tour in Asia Minor*, II. p. 39, who, however, mistakes the *scene* for the *pulpitum*. The dimensions of these, as given by him, are 15 feet by 9, 11 by 9, and 11(?) by 5. It should be noticed also, that the stage of the Theatre of Patara is on the level of the lowermost row of seats, which were the seats of honour, just as the convenience of our "upper-gallery" is sacrificed to that of the "dress-circle."

The great difficulty in settling the arrangement of the parts of the Greek stage, is to explain the terms *προσκήνιον*, *proscenium*, and *λογεῖον*, *pulpitum*. Genelli places the latter in *front* of the former, but from the expression "*pulpitum proscenii*," used by Vitruvius (V. 6, § 1, ed. Schneider; with which compare also V. 7, § 1,) it would rather appear that it was *part* of it; and that the term *proscenium* was applied to the whole stage in front of the scene or range of houses, and that of *λογεῖον*, *pulpitum*, or *speaking-place*, to a certain raised platform, occupying the central part of the *proscenium*, on which the actors *spoke*, whence came the Greek name.

It was intended originally that this work should have contained a perspective Restoration of the Theatre of Bacchus at Athens, by way of Frontispiece, and the Translator had collected materials for the purpose, and placed them in the hands of an Artist in London. Owing, however, to circumstances over which he had no control, he has been disappointed. Should any of his readers wish to pursue the investigation themselves, they may perhaps find the following list of references of some service to them.

REMARKS RESPECTING THE THEATRE AT ATHENS.—*Leake's Topogr. Athens*, pp. 53—60, and Plates I. II. III. *Wordsworth's Athens and Attica*, p. 92. *Dodwell's Travels in Greece*, I. pp. 300—306.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE GREEK THEATRE.—*Julius Pollux*, IV. 121—131. *Vitruvius*, V. chap. 3, to chap. 9. *Leake's Asia Minor*, pp. 320—329. *A. W. Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, I. pp. 52—72. Some useful remarks may also be picked from the learned, but miserably ill-arranged and long-winded Treatise of *Bulenger de Theatris*; the plates in which are, however, good for nothing.

PLANS OF ASIATIC GREEK THEATRES.—Hierapolis, *Leake's Asia Minor*, p. 341; Side, *Beaufort's Karamania*, pp. 142—147. Stratonicea, Miletus, Laodicea, Iassus, Patara, Cistene, and Macris, *Ionian Antiquities*, Plates 36, 46, 49, 55, 56 and 57, 58, 59. Telmessus, and Assos, *Choiseul Gouffier's Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce*, I. p. 123, and II. p. 86.

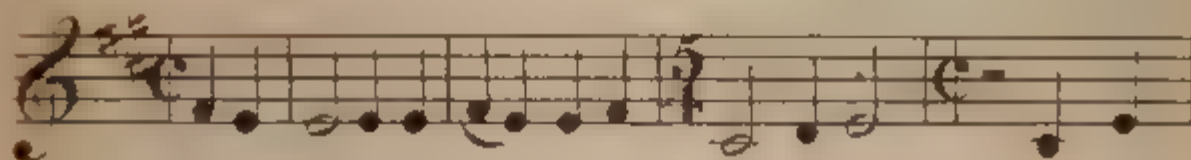
PLANS OF EUROPEAN GREEK THEATRES.—Segesta, Tyndaris, Catana and Syracuse, *Houël's Voyage Pittoresque de la Sicile*, Plates 7 and 8; 57 and 58; 139—141; 181, 182, 187—189. Dramisus, *Leake's Northern Greece*, I. p. 265. Thoricus, *Dodwell's Travels in Greece*, I. p. 536.—VERBAL DESCRIPTIONS.—Theatre near Epidaurus, *Dodwell's Travels in Greece*, II. p. 257. Thoricus, *Wordsworth's Athens and Attica*, pp. 209, 210. Others in *Leake's Travels in the Morca and Northern Greece*, *passim*.

PLANS OF ROMAN THEATRES.—Tauromenium, *Houël's Voy. Pittoresque de la Sicile*, Plates 91—96. Pompeii, *Donaldson's Pompeii*, pp. 40, 45. Herculaneum, *Observations sur les Antiquités d' Herculaneum*, par MM. Cochin et Bellicard, p. 9, which last work, however, the Translator has not been able to meet with, but has copied the reference from the English preface to the *Antiquities of Herculaneum*, p. xii. Note g.

NOTE B.—See p. LIV.

The specimens of Ancient Music annexed to this note, which are the only ones that have come down to us, are given as they are arranged in Burney's *History of Music* (I. pp. 87—112.) with the exception of some alterations in the "times," of the necessity of which Burney himself seems to have afterwards become aware, as we may learn from the following *additional note* of his, printed in p. 498 of the same volume.—"In giving an account from Aristides Quintilianus of the many different kinds of time used by the ancients in their vocal music, the reader should have been informed that besides our common and triple time, they had measures of five and of seven equal notes in a bar; circumstances which must appear very extraordinary to modern musicians." Strictly speaking, the Greeks had no such thing as triple time; for although the Romans scanned iambs by single feet, as we learn from the term "senarian," the Greeks always scanned them by double-feet, or dipodia, whence the same verse which the Romans called a "senarian," was by them denominated a "trimeter." (See *Clouds*, l. 642.) Dactyls, being scanned by single feet, were equivalent to common time, or

St. Nereus's Vengeance.



Neme si ptero essa vi oo rhopa, Kua
Mighty Vengeance on punious re sistless hurried. Dusky



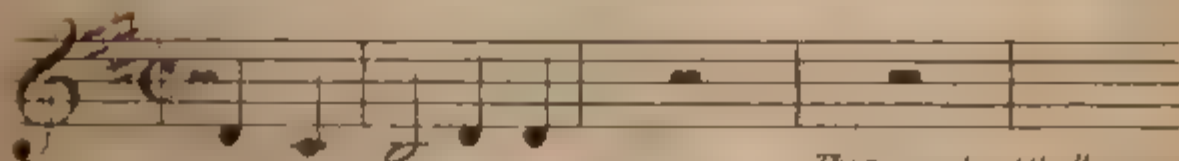
no pi the a thugha ter dhikas, Ha Koopha phru
daughter of Justice who sway 'st the world' Who curbest hu



aghmata thnaton Epe khies a dha manti kha.
mantys idle Capri olings with adamant



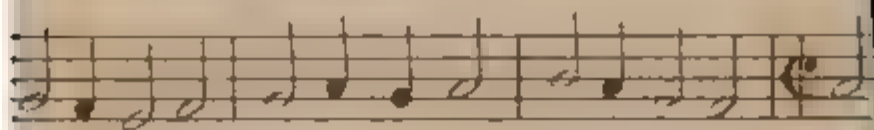
ti no, Ekh thoosa dh buvin ulo an vietini
bridle And hating the homicides bloody steel,



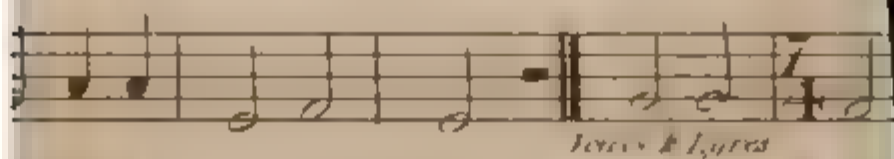
Ma la na phthonon ektos e lanneis'
Ever heapest on envious pride ill'

The remainder of the Music is lost

Klirusea phorinnu Apollo nos kâ i ople
 Golden harp of young Apollo And of the Muse



Sundhicon moisan ktea non, tas akoo oi men
 See the hollow Stamps of the bold dancers follow. Sig.

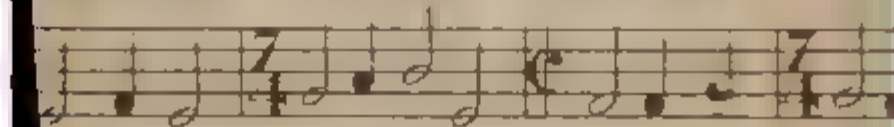


Loco & Lyra

ghla i as ar kha, Peithon tâ jh
 Every grief must end' Thence the Poet



nasin ha ghasikho ran hopo tan
 obey when shivering Chords with a tune



phrounion amvolas teu khes ele hzor
 al inspire Bosoms gently quivering Lo it



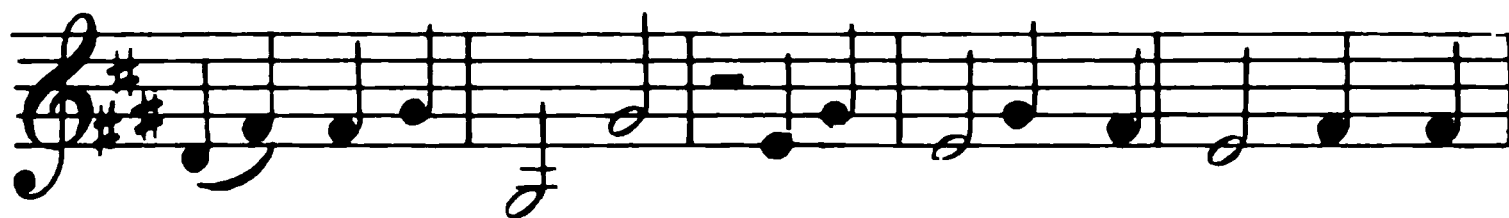
Hymn to Apollo.



Khio . novlepha . . roo pater Aoos, Rhodho.
Lovely father of snowy-browed Morning, Gol. den



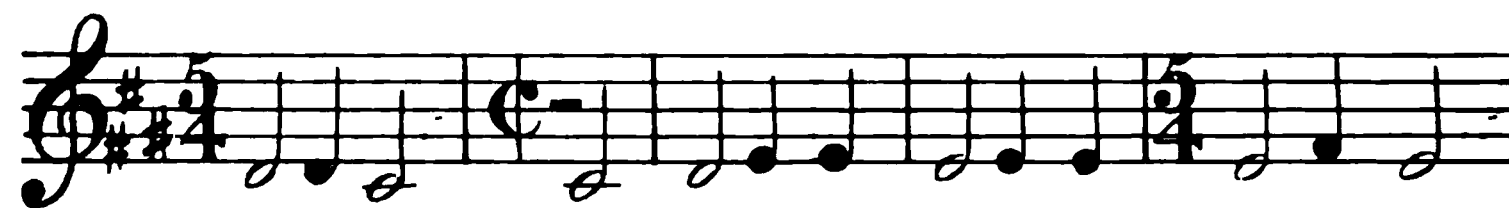
. . essan hos antu gha po . . lon Pta . . nois hup'i .
tresses thy shoulders a . . dor . . ning. By wing-footed



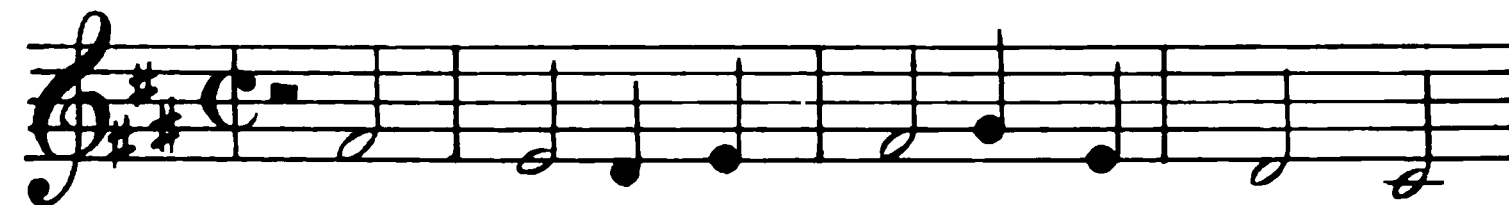
. . khnessi dhi . . okeis. Khruse . . asin a . . ghallome .
steeds thou art borne in Thy e . . theri . . al chariot of



. . nos komas. Peri noton a pei . . riton
roses, high On the measureless back of the

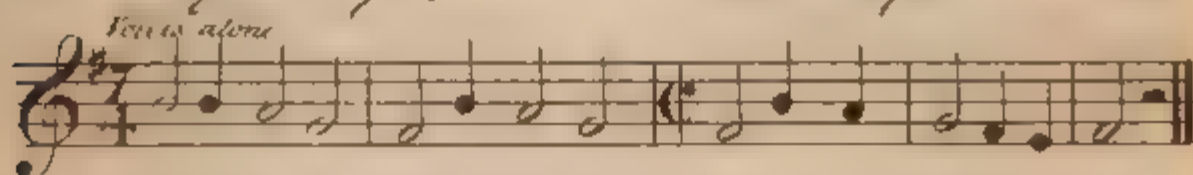


oora. noo: Ak tina po . lustrophon amplekon,
azure sky! Thou kistest each ray in a meshy tie,

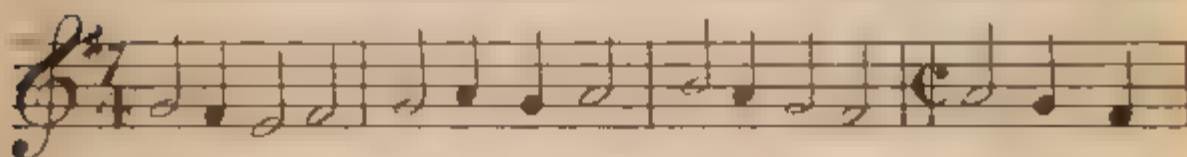


Â glas polu kerdhea paghan
And flingest the glistening fountain

The Spring of Pindar's First Pythian Ode.



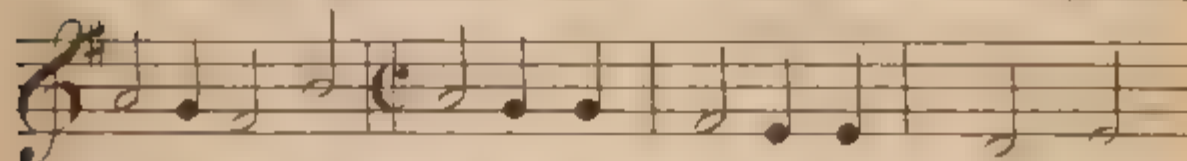
khrousea phorinnu Apollo nos ka i oploka men
Golden harp of young Apollo And of the Muses the friend'



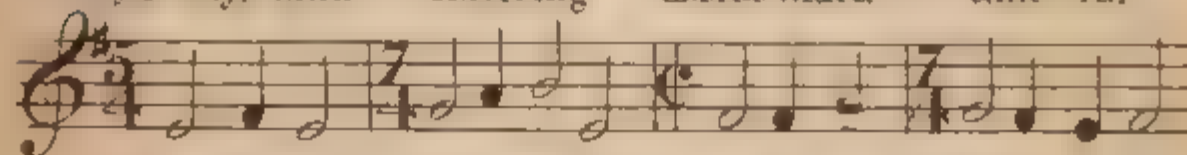
Sundhion moisan ktea non, tas akoo ei men vasis
Thce the hollow stampe of the bold dancers follow, Signal that



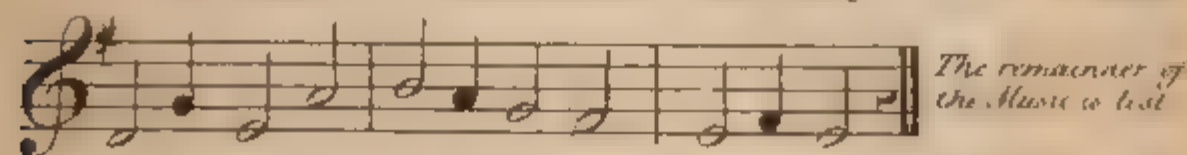
Aras & Lyris
aghlā i as ar kha, Perthon tā dhia oichoi
'e ve ry grief must end' Thce the Poets glancing



samasin ha ghesikho run hopo . tan ton
Eyes obey, when shivering Chords with a time ful



phromion anivolas teu khes ele lizome na.
zeal inspire Bosoms gently quivering Lo it is thou



*The remainder of
the Music is lost*

kā ton akhma tan keraunon svennucis, &c
slakst the lancing Thunderbolts e ter nal fire, &c.

Hymn to Apollo



Rho novlepha roo pater Apos, Rhodho
 Lowly father of snowy-browed Morning Gol den



essan hos anta gha po lon Pla .nois hup'i
 tresses thy shoulders a .dor ung By wing footed



knessi dhi okeis. Khruse asin a ghalome.
 steeds thou art borne in Thy o theri al chariot of



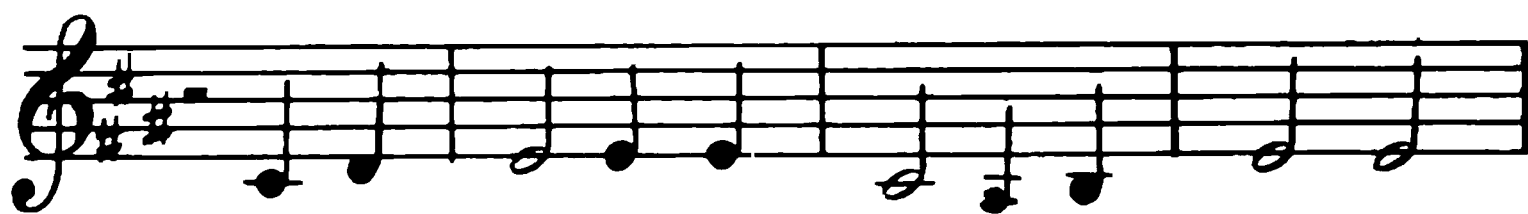
nos komas. Peri noton a per rton
 roses, high On the measureless back of the



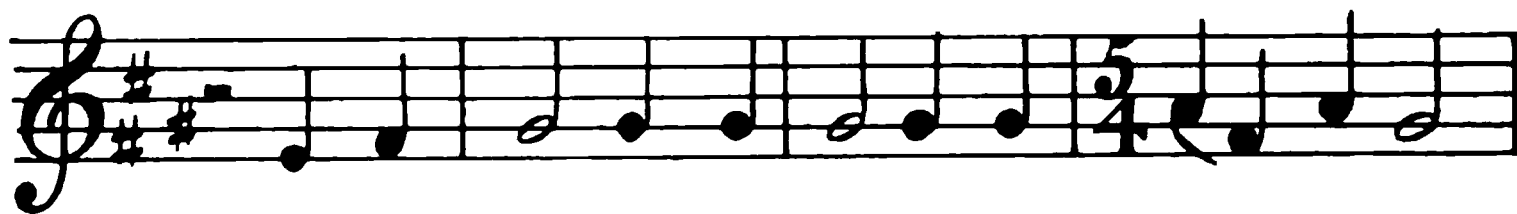
oora noo Ak tina po .lustrophon amplekon.
 azure sky Thou knittest each ray in a meshy tie,



Ä glas polu kerdhea paghan
 And flingest the glistening fountain



Peri ghâan ha....pa..san he....lisson;
Over ocean and valley and mountain;



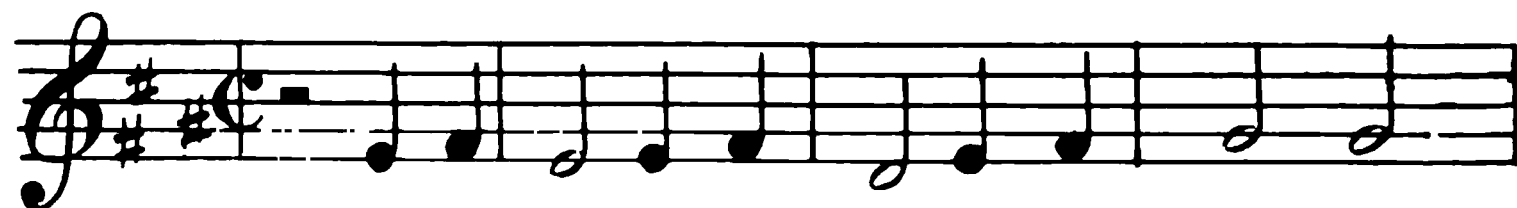
Pota . moi dhe se..then puros am.vro.toc
And the fi...e...ry torrents that round thee play,



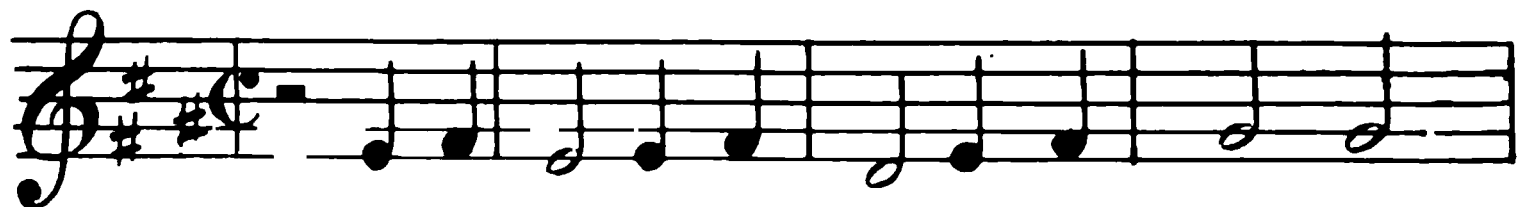
Tik ... too sin ep ... eraton haineran!
Pour forth from their bosoms im...mor.tal day!



Soi men khoros cudhios asteron
To thee the me . lo..di..ous starry band



Kat'O lmpou a....naktakho....reuei,
In the heavens are dancing and springing,



Ane....ton melos a'en a....eidhon,
and their lays ever liquidly singing,

four crotchets in a bar; and it is remarkable that this was the most ancient kind of time used in Greece, being that of the epic poems of Homer and his successors. Afterwards, when modern innovations began to prevail, the trochaic and iambic times were introduced, each containing originally six crotchets in a bar, though by a licence which must appear especially strange to modern musicians, they were at a later period allowed to contain indifferently either six or seven, whichever the musician-poet chose. The metres known to scholars by the names of the Anapestic, the Choriambic, and the Ionic a minori, and a majori, were precisely similar. They each contained, properly and originally, six crotchets in a bar, but were afterwards occasionally allowed, with more or less frequency, the liberty of admitting seven. The Cretic or Pæonic metre, on the contrary, was rigidly restricted to *five* crotchets, as the Anapestic was to *eight* in a bar; which last bore the same relation towards the Dactylic metre, that the ancient pure Trochaic does to the modern triple time, being exactly its double. Thus the Greeks may be said to have employed the four following times:

Dactylic	or $\frac{4}{4}$ or common time.
Cretic or Pæonic	$\frac{5}{4}$.
Trochaic, Iambic, Anapestic, Choriambic, } and the two kinds of Ionic }	$\frac{6}{4}$ or $\frac{7}{4}$ indifferently.
Anapestic	$\frac{8}{4}$.

In the ancient and most simple form of Grecian music, that which it had assumed in the days of Homer, and retained for some centuries afterwards, the time was never changed in the same composition: for Plutarch tells us, in his *Dialogue on Music*, that "the compositions of Terpander, and other old masters, were set to hexameters chiefly of Homer," that is, they were in regular common time; and the change and intermixture of rhythms, or times, is here spoken of as the innovation of modern artists. But in what are generally known to scholars by the names of choral metres, nothing is more frequent than this change; and we shall find it repeatedly occur in the specimens shortly to be submitted to our notice. Why it should have been so, and how such a perpetual alteration could have gratified the Greek ear, are questions which it is now very difficult to answer; but the fact is as indisputably made out, as that Milton's *Paradise Lost* is written in blank verse, and Spenser's *Fæerie Queene* in rhyme. It appears, however, from a note in the work of Burney, already so often referred to, (I. p. 101,) that in the serious French operas the time is changed frequently, every two or three bars, from common to triple time; which, although no explanation, may yet be considered as some sort of an illustration of the ancient Grecian usage.

Here follow the pieces of poetry, the music to which has fortunately come down to us in part, side by side with an English translation, and attended each by a few observations.

ληθούσα θε πτερ ποδο βαιρεῖς		Though seen not, thou doggest the naughty
γαυρουμένον σύχονο κλίνειτ	10	Thou bowest the neck that is haughty.
ὑπὸ πῆχυν ἡε βίοντον μετρεῖ		By the cubit thou measurest life's brief space,
οὐρεῖ, δ' ὑπὲρ κολπῶν αἰε κατω [φρονι],		And though in thy bosom thou hid'st thy face,
ζυγόν μετ' ἡ χεῖρα κρατύνουσα		The scales in thy clutches are caught aye
[ἡ λυθῆ, μετὰ κείρα θεκασπῶλε,		
ἡ μεσεῖ πτερυσσῶ βίου μοῦσι	15	
ἡ μεσιν θεόν ἡδόμεν αὐθιγὰν		
ἡ μερτα καὶ πρὸς ἡμῶν Δεκά,		
ἡ δασὺ τανυσσῶ πτερων, τινὲς βίον,		
ἡ τιν μετὰ λαοφάναν βρατῶν,		
ἡ μεσσεῶν αὐφῶν καὶ τανυσσῶν]	20	

This and the two following odes were first published from an ancient MS. along with the musical notes, in Galilei's *Dialogues upon Ancient and Modern Music*, Florence, A. D. 1581. They were afterwards edited, likewise from a MS., at the end of the Aratus before mentioned, printed at Oxford in 1672, and, finally, from a MS. in the King's Library at Paris, by M. Burette, in the *Mémoires de l'Acad. des Inscriptions* V. A. D. 1720. pp. 184—193.

They are stated in the Oxford MS. to have been written by Dionysius; but who this Dionysius was is quite uncertain, as there were so many poets of the name. The "Ode to Nemesis" is, however, attributed to a poet of the name of Mesodmes, or rather Mesomedes, by a writer who lived about A. D. 527—565. (See M. Burette's *Observations*, p. 188.) This last piece cannot be later than A. D. 412, as lines 9—11 of it are quoted by Synesius, a Father of the Church, who lived at that period.

In line 12 of the Ode to Nemesis, *δφρον* is evidently a scholium which has crept into the text, as the metre points out. In line 13 read *ζεῦγος* instead of *ζυγόν*, for the sake of the metre; the word is used in the same sense in the *Feastresses*, line 811, as will be shown hereafter. The last seven lines are manifestly spurious, as appears from their general inferiority, and from their being only found in the Paris MS.

ODE TO CALLIOPE.

Ἄειδε, μοῦσά, μοι φέλη,	Fair Muse, my first and latest love,
μουσῆς δ' ἡμῶν κατ' ἄρχον,	Begui the invocation.
αἴρη δὲ σῶν ἀπ' ἡλστων	And fill, by breezes from thy grove,
ἡμῶν φρονεῖς δυνεῖται.	My soul with inspiration
Καλλιόπεια σὸφ' εἰ,	Lovely Calliope, come,
μουσῶν προκαταγῆτι τερπνῶν.	Bright queen of the Nine, and do thou, too,
καὶ σοφῆ μυστοδοῦα	Delian Phoebus by whom
λατοῖς γονε, Δηλῆς Παιαν,	Is given the impulse we bow to,
εὐμένεις παρῆστε μοι.	Urge along the steeds of song

The same observation applies to this elegant little trifle, as to the passage of Pindar given above; the verses have been split into two for the sake of suiting the translation. Lines 1 and 2, like lines 3 and 4, make up together an iambic tetrameter; lines 5 and 6 compose a common hexameter, as also do lines 7 and 8.

ODE TO APOLLO

<p> Ἰ. φημεῖται πῶς αἰθρᾷ ὤρεα τέμνωσ' οὐρανῷ, Γῆ καὶ πύξιν εὐαί περὶαῖ, Ἥλιος, φθόγγου τ' οὐρανῶν. Μάλα δὲ πρὶν ἥκει βίνεεν Φοῖβος ἀπερσέει μῶς, ἔχεται Χρυσὸν Ἰασηρὸν κίτερ' ἄλκας Ροδοσσάν ης ἄντυγα πῶλλον Πύρινε υἱ' ἵχνοςσε διώκει, Χρυσόμασιν ἀνιπλόμενος κόμῳ, 10 Περὶ νότον ἀπερσίνου οὐρανῶν Ἀστὴρ πολυστροφῶν ἁμπέλεκων Αἰθλα πολυπρὸς παύσας Περὶ γαίης ὠπείαν εἰσώων Νόταμος δὲ σείθιν πυρὶ ἀμρμότων 15 Τάτοισιν ἐκπρὸτον ἡμέρον Ζεῦ μὲν ἔρηρ' εὐδίου ἀστέρων Κεῖ Ὀλύμπῳ ἡνιόχευ χόρευσ', Ἀετὶν μέλας αἰγῶν πεδίων, Φοῖβῳ δὲ τερπόμενος ἁίρῃ 20 Γαίῃ δὲ παρὸς θεὸς σέλευσθαι Ἰννοσ' ὥρην ἀγέρμεναι Ἰννοσ' ὥρην ἀγέρμεναι Γαίῃ δὲ τε Φοῖβον εὐμαίης Πολυμήνῳ κοσμοῖν ἐλίσσων. 25 </p>	<p> Lovely father of snowy-browed Morning, Golden tresses thy shoulders adorning, By wing-footed steeds thou art borne in Thy ethereal chariot of roses, high On the measureless back of the azure sky! Thou kistest each ray in a meshy tie, And flingest the glistening fountain Over ocean and valley and mountain, And the fiery torrents that round thee play Pour forth from their bosoms immortal day To thee the melodious starry band In the heavens are dancing and springing, And their lays ever liquidly singing, And sweeping the lyre with delighted hand While leading the van of the chorus— In her season pale Luna before us By snowy white huffers is whirled on, Overflowing with mirth, as around the earth The harmonious discord is huddled on. </p>
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The first six lines are not in the Florence or Oxford copy, and though apparently ancient, yet do not seem to have any connexion with the body of the ode. In line 11 the Oxford MS. has ἀπείρατον, the French MS. ἀπείρητον, but M. Boivin very properly proposes to read ἀπείριτον. In line 13 the Oxford MS. has πολυδερχέα. In line 16 the Oxford MS. has ἀπήρατον. In line 21, both the French and the Oxford MSS. have παρ' οὔτε, which is nonsense; but the former gives πάροιθε in the margin as a various reading. In line 25, the Paris MS. reads πολυέλμωνα, which M. Burette adopts, observing, that derivatives from ὄλμος end in -ος, not -ων, as δύποιμος, πάροιμος. It is certainly true, as far as the usage of the classical writers goes; but as we are now dealing with a poet who wrote at a late period, and as πολυέλμωνα would give rather a strange sense, it will perhaps be better to retain πολυήμιμονα. Should any one, however, prefer the former, it will be easy to translate the two concluding lines in the following way, with a reference to the ever-changing phases which the moon assumes:—

* Overflowing with marth, as around the earth

Her costume ever-changing is buried on

The reader shall now judge for himself of the merit of these solitary fragments of ancient music, which have been rescued from the greedy maw of

old father Time. It is to be hoped that he will not conclude with the scientific Dr. Burney, that with all the advantages of modern notes and modern measure, if he had been told that they came from the Cherokees or the Hottentots, he should not have thought them any thing extraordinary even from such a set of uncivilized barbarians.

REFERENCE.		ERRATA.		CORRECTION.
Page	xx, line 11 from bottom.	thy invention		your invention
.....	xliii, note 30, line 1.	Tauroméium		Tauroménium
.....	lvi, line 2 from bottom.	, inextricably		inextricably,
.....	lxxx, ... 19.	Ἀντιστροφή		'Ἀντιστροφή
.....	lxxxili, ... 15.	And sweeping		Thou sweeping
.....	5, ... 12.	Khasslá		Khassíá
.....	15, note 14, line 3.	Nankin		Nankin !
.....	16, line 5.	salt-seller		salt-cellar
.....	117, ... 7 from bottom.	σόν.		σόν.
.....	119, ... 15	"to-morrow "		to-morrow "
.....	120, ... 2.	ῥ		ῥ
.....	185, ... 10.	Crates,		Crates,77
.....	204, ... 3.	PEOPLE.		BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.
.....	283, note 14, line 9.	" perhaps		perhaps
..... 10.	" the former		the former
.....	312, line 9.	case .		case
.....	346, note 103, line 3.	499.		499.)
.....	365, ... 124, ... 4.	old true		true old
.....	419, line 10.	Δι		Δι'



THE ACHARNIANS.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

DICÆÓPOLIS, *an Attic Farmer.*

A CRIER, *or Public Herald.*

AMPHÍTHEÛS.

COMMITTEE-MEN.

ATHÉNIAN AMBASSADORS *from the King of Persia.*

PSEUDÁRTABAS, *the King's Eye.*

THEÓRUS, *an Athénian Ambassador from the King of Thrace.*

CHORUS *of Achárnian Old Men.*

WIFE *of Dicæópolis.*

DAUGHTER *of Dicæópolis.*

XÁNTHIAS *and* ANOTHER SLAVE *of Dicæópolis, both dumb Characters.*

SLAVE *of Eurípides.*¹

EURÍPIDES, *the Tragic Poet.*

LÁMACHUS, *the Military Officer.*

A MEGÁRIAN PIG-JOBBER.

HIS TWO DAUGHTERS.

AN INFORMER.

A BÆÓTIAN MARKETMAN, *with Attendants, &c.*

NICÁRCHUS, *an Athénian Informer.*

SLAVE *of Lámachus.*

A FARMER.

A BRIDESMAN.

A BRIDESMAID, *a dumb Character.*

MESSENGERS, &c.

(1) Elmaley has well observed, that this slave could not have been Cephísophon, as the MSS. have it, because Cephísophon was any thing but the kind of name usually given to this unfortunate class of beings. For a notice of the celebrated friend of Eurípides, who was so called, see *Frogs*, l. 944.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ACHARNIANS.

THE Achárnians, or men of Achárnæ, from whom this comedy takes its name and its Chorus, inhabited the richest, the most extensive, and the most populous parish in all 'Attica. Situated to the northward of Athens, it adjoined the roots of Mount Parnes, from the thick forests of which they manufactured large quantities of charcoal—a commodity not only much used by the Greeks in their houses, which it is well known had no chimneys, but also in great demand for the smelting of the Laurian silver ores. It is a curious circumstance, that this trade is carried on to the present day by the inhabitants of two villages in the very same part of 'Attica,—Khassió and Menidhi,—who burn their charcoal, as of old, on the mountain, and convey it on asses' backs to Athens for sale. Achárnæ is supposed by Col. Leake to have been a little to the south-east of the latter place.'

~~The aim of the poet in this drama, is to put a stop to the ruinous war in which his country had embroiled herself, by setting before her the delights of that rustic~~

(1) *On the Dema of Attica. Trans. Royal Soc. Liter.* Vol. I. Part 1 pp. 134—135. Boeckh seems to have considered that there were two parishes of this name, "the little village of the charcoal burners," and "a more considerable town, which was celebrated for the heroism of its ancient inhabitants," but apparently without any foundation—*Publ. Econ. of Athens* I. p. 348.

repose which, as we learn from Thucydides, was so congenial to the ancient Attic temper. The plot, if plot it can be said to be, may be explained in very few words. Dicæópolis is one of the unfortunate farmers who have been compelled to migrate to the town by the Spartan incursions. He comes grumbling and growling, — as farmers in all ages have been notorious for doing, — to the Pnyx, the usual place of assembly. We are then entertained, by way of episode, with some burlesque satire on the way in which state affairs were carried on at Athens; after which the honest husbandman, in despair of persuading his countrymen to arrange their differences with Sparta, declares that he will have a private peace for himself and family; for which purpose the author has previously introduced a very convenient personage, one Amphitheus, a sort of poetical cement to make the loose bricks of the comedy stick together. This worthy, who professes to have a touch of divine blood in his veins, declares that the gods have given him full powers to do all that Dicæópolis wants, and is accordingly despatched by him to Sparta, whence he returns in a most miraculously short time, no doubt by the assistance of his heavenly ancestors, with the required peace. We are next introduced to the Chorus of Achárnian old men, who come on in a great rage, determined to stone the peace-makers to death. A long colloquy follows, after which it is finally arranged that the traitorous husbandman shall speak in defence of his conduct with his pericranium on a butcher's chopping-block; it being understood, that, if his tongue fails him, his head is to pay the penalty. As usual in these political comedies, there is a great deal of humorous buffoonery, both before and after the serious appeal to the audience, in order to sweeten the nauseous dose for

the Athénian palate. The result is, of course, that the orator is pronounced victorious by the Chorus, and the ADDRESS follows. And here, according to our modern ideas, the play would be considered to end, the ADDRESS supplying the place of our EPILOGUE.

But an Attic appetite was not so easily surfeited. We are presented with three more Acts, in which, according to the ancient taste, the effects of the peace which has been made are exhibited in various attractive lights, and strongly contrasted with the miseries and calamities of war. To modern gastronomists this will no doubt form the most attractive part of the play, as Aristóphanes seems to have considered it as an axiom, that the high road to an Athénian's head lay through his stomach. Accordingly dainties of various kinds are exhibited on the stage, as the fruits of the successful negotiation, some of which will no doubt rather shock the prejudices of the *artiste* and the *amateur*—for instance, moles, jackdaws, and hedgehogs. Such persons, however, should bear in mind that these facts tell rather in favour of, than against, Athénian cookery. Any bungler, it is notorious, can make good meat palatable; but the genius which could shine in fricasséeing a fox, or tossing up a ragoût of cats, must have been truly sublime! The whole winds up by the hero of the piece appearing on the stage in that state of glorious elevation which was considered, as we learn from Plato, the duty of every good and pious citizen during the Bacchanálian carnival, and attended also, I am sorry to say, by some ladies of rather doubtful character, although the audience have had ocular proof of his being a married man. And to exhibit the contrast in as strong a light as possible, the braggadocio general, who embodies the poet's conception of the war party, is brought in at the

some time in a most wretched plight, from an excursion in which he has been wounded, and entertains the audience by lamenting his hard fate in whining, whimpering songs, according to the most approved receipt of Greek tragedy and Italian opera.

This drama was represented at the Lenæan Feast of Bacchus, in the sixth year of the Peloponnesian war, (February, B.C. 425.)¹ It was the third composition of the author's,—two previous plays, the *Banqueters* and the *Babylonians*, having been unfortunately lost,—and, like these two, was exhibited in the name of another person, who, as was usual, took the first part in the piece. It was very well understood, however, who was the real composer, although, either from a feeling of diffidence, or an aristocratic repugnance to expose himself to the popular gaze, he chose to make use of his friend Callistratus as his substitute.² Aristophanes is recorded to have gained the first prize, Cratinus and Eupolis obtaining respectively the second and third.

(1) Clinton's *Fasti Hellenici*.

(2) This is clear from comparing this comedy (l. 377—382) with that of the *Wasps* (l. 1284—1291), which was represented in the name, not of Callistratus, but of Philonides. We find the Chorus speaking in the character of the author in both these passages of a certain squabble between Cleon and himself. It follows, therefore, that the person understood to be alluded to could not have been either Callistratus or Philonides, and must consequently have been Aristophanes. See also on this subject *Knights*, 512—519, and *Clouds*, 528—533.

THE ACHARNIANS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens.*

[*The Scene presents the usual range of houses in front, the centre one of which belongs to DICÆOPOLIS, and those on the right and left to LAMACHUS and EURIPIDES, while the little door on the extreme right will afterwards figure as the country house of the hero of the piece. The movable triangular scenes are painted to imitate the Pnyx. See Note 7.*]

Enter DICÆOPOLIS.

DICÆOPOLIS.

How many things have worried my poor heart !

I've had four puny, *very* puny, pleasures,

While my vexations were sand-numerous.¹

Let's see, what pleasure had I worth "rejoicement?"²

I know what sight it was gladdened my soul !—

5

(1) Though Dicæópolis here talks of *four* pleasures which he has experienced, yet we shall find afterwards that he only enumerates *two*, leaving the rest to be supplied by the fancy of the reader.

(2) Aristóphanes here makes use of an affected, out-of-the-way word, which had most probably been coined by Eurípides. We shall see afterwards from the plays of the *Feastresses* and the *Frogs*, how fond the bard of comedy was of ridiculing and parodying his tragic brother.

The fifteen hundred pounds disgorged by Cleon.³
 How this delighted me ; and how I love
 The Knights for causing it ! “ ’Tis good for Greece.”⁴
 But then I had a tragical vexation :
 When I was waiting, with my mouth wide open,
 For one of Æschylus’s tragedies, 10
 The crier bawled, “ Commence your play, Theógnis ! ”⁵
 This made my heart quake—you can’t think how much.
 I felt great pleasure, when Dexítheüs,
 The harper, came on, after stupid Moschus,
 To play a piece in the Bœótian style ;
 But then this year I was half killed with wrath,
 And my eyes squinted when I saw the piper 15
 Chæris start forth to play some lofty music.⁶
 But never yet, since I began to bathe,
 Have my eyes smarted so much with the soap,

(3) We learn from the Greek notes, on the authority of Theopónipus, that Cleon had received a bribe of 1500*l* from the Islanders, under a promise that he would persuade the Athenian people to reduce the contributions exacted from them ; and that he was prosecuted by the Knights, and condemned to refund the money in the shape of a fine. According to the strict law, he would either have been capitally punished, or mulcted in ten times the amount of the bribe. The misdeeds of this demagogue form the subject of the comedy of the *Knights*. His character is admirably and impartially drawn by Mr. Thirlwall, in his *History of Greece*, III. pp. 185—187.

(4) A quotation from the *Télephus*, a lost play of Euripides. The Greek note supplies us with the entire line—

“ Then may he perish ! It is good for Greece ! ”

(5) Theognis composed tragedies in such a frigid vein, that he was nicknamed “ Snow.” In the 149th line of this play, the Athenian envoy slyly insinuates that the frosty weather he had met with in Thrace was owing to the representation of one of these tragedies at Athens.

(6) This unfortunate piper gets two additional raps on the knuckles in the *Peace* (l. 951), and the *Birds* (l. 858) “ Lofty ” music was a particular style, but we know too little on the subject to say exactly what was its nature.

As now, when an Assembly should be held
 By law at dawn, and yet the Pnyx,⁷ you see, 20
 Is empty, and the citizens are prating
 I' the Market-place, and running up and down,
 To get away from the vermillion'd rope.⁸
 Even the Committee-men are not yet here ;
 They'll come behind their time, and, rushing down
 In a body, jostle one another strangely 25
 For the first bench.⁹ But as for making peace
 They do not care a straw. O Athens, Athens !
 Now *I* get always first to an Assembly,
 And sit me down. Then, finding I'm alone,
 I groan, I gape, I stretch myself, I belch, 30
 I think, I scrawl, I pluck out hairs, I reckon,
 And looking towards the country, sigh for peace,

(7) The Pnyx was the usual place of assembly at this period. Two beautiful views of the remains of its semicircular area may be seen in Mr. Wordsworth's *Athens and Attica*.

(8) In order to force the attendance of the citizens at the Assemblies, it was usual not only to clear the stalls of all vendibles, and to shut up all roads but those which led to the Pnyx, but also to sweep the market-place with a rope covered with vermillion or ruddle. The sprinkling the loiterers with ruddle and water was a later invention. (See *Debutresses*, l. 378.) The Greek *antidote* tells us that those who were found marked were subject to a small fine. It is more probable that the only penalty they paid was that of being made a butt for the wit of their more fortunate brethren. Historians record, I believe, that a mob of seditious Frenchwomen was once dispersed by playing upon them with fire-engines filled with soot and water. It was not till towards the close of the Peloponnesian war that pay was allowed to all citizens who attended an Assembly. This was the most effectual way of doing the thing, *pro tanto*.

(9) It has been conjectured, that the Committee-men sat on the stone steps, which are still in existence, around the old marble *hastings* in the Pnyx. The word in the original, however, which means not merely a *bench*, but a *troudden bench*, seems decisive that they did not — unless, indeed, the Athenians had *troudden benches* made of stone, as we have *mule-stones* made of iron.

And hate the town, and long for my own parish,
 Which never said, "Buy vinegar! buy charcoal!
 "Buy oil!" Nor did I know such words as "buy;" 35
 For it produced me every thing but *buy-words*.
 So now I'm come fully prepared to bawl,
 To interrupt, and to abuse the speakers,
 If they discourse of any thing but peace.

SCENE II. *The Same.*

*Enter the COMMITTEE-MEN, CRIER, AMPHITHEUS, and
 Citizens.*

DICÆOPOLIS.

See! here is the Committee, now 'tis noon! 40
 Did I not say so? Just what I foretold!
 Each man is jostling for the foremost seat.

CRIER.

Come to the front, come to the front, I say,
 That you may be within the cleansing-offering!¹⁰

AMPHITHEUS.

Has any one spoken yet?

CRIER.

Who wants to harangue? 45

(10) At every Assembly it was usual to slay a young porker, and sprinkle a portion of its blood in a circle around the Pnyx. This was considered to purify all the parties enclosed. It must be confessed that the holy water of the Roman Catholics is a far more cleanly thing to use for such a purpose, and no doubt equally efficacious.

AMPHITHEUS.

I do.

CRIER.

Your name ?

AMPHITHEUS.

Amphítheüs.¹¹

CRIER.

What, a god ?

AMPHITHEUS.

Yes, I'm immortal : for Amphítheüs
Was son of Ceres and Triptólemus ;
And Céleüs son of Amphítheüs,
Which Céleüs espoused Phænárete
My grandmother, from whom was born Lycínus,
From whom I claim my immortality,
Being his son.¹² To me the gods have granted
Leave to make peace with Sparta by myself.
But, though I am immortal, gentlemen,
I've got no money for the journey there ;
For the Committee will not give me any.

50

COMMITTEE-MAN.

Constables there !

(11) The word Amphítheüs means "a god on both sides." Hence the question of the Crier.

(12) This long genealogy, the Greek note tells us, was intended to ridicule an equally absurd one which commences a play of Eurípides still extant :—

" Tantálian Pelops, having reached fair Pisa
" In swift-paced chariot, weds Œnómaüs' child ;
" From whom sprung Atreus ; and from Atreus rose
" Great Meneláüs, and the mighty king,
" Imperial Agamémnon, who begat
" Me, whom mankind Iphigenía call,
" The daughter of the maid of Tyndarus." (Iph. Taur. 1. 1.)

AMPHITHEUS.

Triptólemus and Céleüs, 55

Will you allow me to be treated thus ?

DICÆOPOLIS.

Committee-men, you wrong the Assembly much,

If you attempt to eject the man who wants

To make a peace for us, and hang our shields up.

[AMPHITHEUS *is ejected by force.*

COMMITTEE-MAN.

Sit down, and hold your tongue.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Not I, by Phœbus,

Unless you put the question about peace. 60

CRIER.

The Ambassadors returned from the King of Persia !

DICÆOPOLIS.

Pshaw ! I am weary of Ambassadors,

And peacocks,¹³ and such pompous fooleries !

Enter AMBASSADORS in most magnificent costume.

CRIER.

Be quiet !

(13) Peacocks were very scarce in Athens, and had probably been recently imported from the east by some of these Ambassadors. Being such strange-looking creatures, they seem to have considered them not to come under the general term of birds. At least Evélpides asks the Hoopoe, in the play of the *Birds*, (l. 102,) "Whether he is a bird *or a peacock.*" Conversely, they considered bats as birds. (See the same play, l. 1296.) The English custom of calling lobsters and crabs *fish* is about as rational. But what shall we say of the doctrines of the Wateeoans, in the Pacific ? "The inhabitants," says Captain Cook, "were afraid to come near our cows and horses, nor did they form the least conception of their nature ; but the sheep and goats did not surpass the limits of their ideas ; for they gave us to understand that they knew *them* to be birds."

DICÆOPOLIS.

O Ecbátana!¹⁴ what figures!

AMBASSADOR.

You sent us, when Euthýmenes was Ruler,¹⁵ 65
To the Great King, and gave us, as our salary,
Two shillings each *per diem*.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Ah! those shillings!

AMBASSADOR.

And so we were tormented cruelly
In travelling through the plains of the Caÿster,
With tents and well-stuffed carriages to lie in, 70
Being half killed.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Yes! It was *I* lived well,
Who lay on straw to guard the battlements!

AMBASSADOR.

And being entertained by force, we drank,
From crystal cups and golden chalices,
Sweet unmixed wine.

(14) Ecbátana was one of the residences of the Persian king, the capital of Media. The exclamation is just as if an honest English rustic were to call out, upon seeing a nabob dash past in his chariot and four, "Pekin and Nankin "What a swell he cuts!"

(15) Euthýmenes was Ruler twelve years before the representation of this play. However, though the time consumed by the Ambassadors was excessive, and evidently moves the bile of Dicæópolis, he certainly has no right to quarrel with the largeness of the salary. From eightpence to a shilling a day was the pay of a heavy-armed infantry soldier amongst the Athénians, finding his own provisions; so that two shillings for an Ambassador does not seem out of the way.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Thou city of the rocks ! 75

Don't you perceive that they are hoaxing you ?

AMBASSADOR.

For the barbarians think those only *men*
Who can devour and drink a precious deal.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Aye, but *we* think them whoremongers and blackguards !

AMBASSADOR.

In three years' time we got to the King's palace ; 80
But he was gone with a great armament....
To purge himself, and worshipped Cloacína
For eight whole months upon the Golden Mountains.

DICÆOPOLIS.

And how soon was his royal rump relieved ?
At the full moon ?

AMBASSADOR.

Then he came home again,
And feasted us, setting before us oxen 85
Whole from the oven¹⁶—

DICÆOPOLIS.

Who has ever seen
Baked oxen ? What a pack of pompous lies !

(16) " It is the custom of the Persians to pay more respect to the day on which they were born than to any other, and to provide a larger banquet than on any other occasion. The rich men set upon table an ox, a horse, a camel, and an ass, all baked whole in ovens; the poorer sort content themselves with lean sheep." (*Heródotus* I. 133.)

AMBASSADOR.

Besides a bird, by Jove, three times as big
As is Cleónymus,¹⁷—whose name was CHOUSE.

DICÆOPOLIS.

'Twas thus you *choused* us out of your two shillings! 90

AMBASSADOR.

And now we've brought with us Pseudártabas,
The Great King's Eye.¹⁸

DICÆOPOLIS.

Would god a crow might strike
At the *Ambassador's*, and knock it out!

SCENE III. *The Same.*

Enter PSEUDARTABAS with attendant Eunuchs.

CRIER.

The Great King's Eye!

(17) This unfortunate individual forms a standing-dish for the readers of Aristóphanes. He is described as a great hulking fellow, who made a point of always stuffing himself as full as he could hold, when he was invited to a party, and always throwing away his shield and taking to his heels, when he met the enemy on the field of battle. We are told also that he pursued the much-vilified trade of an informer, and was not at all scrupulous about doing a little in the way of perjury.

(18) The King of Persia had certain officers who were called "his Eyes," "his Ears," "his Feet," and "his Hands." "There is something," as Mr. Mitchell well observes, "truly oriental and magnificent in this office, which, while it left the monarch secluded like a divinity in his superb palace and domains, represented his eyes as traversing the whole extent of his immense dominions, for the purposes of inspection and superintendence." Pseudártabas makes his appearance on the stage in a ridiculous mask, which represented his face as nothing but one huge eye, carved out in the shape of the rowlock of an Athénian galley. This, of course, gives occasion to some nautical jokes, which were always peculiarly acceptable to the Athénians—a people, like us, devotedly attached to the sea.

DICÆOPOLIS.

O Hércules ! For god's sake,
Art looking navies, my good sir, or steering 95
Around a point in search of a dry-dock ?
Why, you've a rowlock-leather round your eye !

AMBASSADOR.

Come now, Pseudártabas, tell the Athénians
What you were sent here by the King to say.

PSEUDARTABAS.

Him justeynow began to pitchoney 100
Unzound.

AMBASSADOR.

D'ye understand what 'tis he means ?

DICÆOPOLIS.

Not I, by Phœbus !

AMBASSADOR.

He declares the King
Will send us gold.

(*To PSEUDARTABAS.*)

Say " gold " louder and plainer.

PSEUDARTABAS.

No gettey goldey, charlatan Athénau !

DICÆOPOLIS.

Confound the thing, how plain !

AMBASSADOR.

What does he mean ? 105

DICÆOPOLIS.

He says you are a charlatan Athénian,
To promise to get gold from the barbarians.

AMBASSADOR.

Not he ! He says he'll send *chaldrons* of gold.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Pshaw ! Chaldrons ! Nonsense ! You're a lying braggart !

Be off with ye ! I'll try him by myself ! 110

Come, answer plainly what I ask, for fear

I take your measure for a suit of scarlet.¹⁹

Will the Great King of Persia send us gold ?

[PSEUDARTABAS and companions shake their heads.

Then are we choused by the Ambassadors ?

[PSEUDARTABAS and companions nod their heads.

The fellows nodded Greek ! They must be Grecians ! 115

And I know who one of the eunuchs is !

'Tis Clisthenes,²⁰ Sibýrtias's son.

" O thou that own'st a most hot-blooded " rump,

What, have you come to us dressed as a eunuch,

" With such a " beard " as this, you ugly ape ? "— 120

But who is t'other ? Surely 'tis not Straton ?"

(19) That is to say, beat you till your skin is nothing but a mass of red wales, or perhaps, flay you alive

(20) This Clisthenes seems to have been in as bad odour as Cleorymus. The usual practice at this period was to *clip* the beard, Clisthenes and a few other young men were guilty of the abomination of *shaving* it with a razor. Hence he is continually sneered at as an effeminate, beardless youth, fit only to ply the shuttle amongst the women. In the comedy of the *Feastresses* he makes his appearance on the stage as the close ally and confidant of the fair sex. The two lines in inverted commas are parodies, the first of Euripides, the second of Archilochus —

" O thou, that own'st a most hot blooded heart !"

" With such a rump as this, you ugly ape "

(21) Of Straton we know very little, except that he also was guilty of taking up the shaving heresy, and was consequently roasted in due form in the flames of comic satire.

CRIER.

Silence ! Sit down ! The Senators invite
The Great King's Eye to dine in the Town-hall.

[Exeunt PSEUDARTABAS, AMBASSADORS, and attendants.]

DICÆOPOLIS.

Now is not this as bad as any halter ? 125

I am to keep on dribbling here forsooth,
And *they* 're to find the Town-hall always open
To feast their friends in ! I will do a deed
Of dreadful daring. Where's Amphitheüs ?

Enter AMPHITHEUS.

AMPHITHEUS.

See, here am I.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Take these eight shillings, then, 130

And go and make a peace with Lacedæmon
For me alone, my children, and my spouse.

[Exit AMPHITHEUS.]

Do you, ye gaping fools, continue sending
Ambassadors !

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

CRIER.

Now let Theórus enter,
The envoy come back from Sitálces.²²

(22) Theórus was a real character, a lickspittle of Cleon's. He had no doubt procured this appointment by the influence of that demagogue. Sitálces was

Enter THEORUS.

THEORUS.

Here !

DICÆOPOLIS.

Now there's a second liar introduced. 135

THEORUS.

We shouldn't have stopped so long a time in Thrace—

DICÆOPOLIS.

If you'd not had so long a salary.

THEORUS.

If the whole land had not been covered with snow,
And the rivers frozen, at the very time
At which Theógnis' play was acting here. 140
So all this while I guzzled with Sitálces,
Who's quite possessed with an Athénian mania,
And loves you dearly, actually scribbling
On the house-walls "The Athénians for ever!"
His son, whom we have made a citizen, 145
Longed much to taste of one of the blackpuddings
We eat upon the Apatúrian feast,

King of Thrace, and his son Sádocus, the Athénian citizen, is mentioned in Thucýdides, as having apprehended some Lacedæmónian ambassadors, who were travelling through his father's territory to Persia, and delivered them up to his adopted countrymen. The Athénians cruelly put them to death to retaliate upon the Spartans, who, it seems, had seized upon the crews of every ship they could get hold of at the beginning of the war, no matter whether friends or foes, and murdered them in cold blood. The extent of territory over which this Sitálces ruled was very great, and his revenues enormous. "Thucýdides," says Mr. Thirlwall, "remarks as a peculiar feature in the Thracian customs, which distinguished them from those of the Persians, that among the Thracian tribes it was the fashion for the great to receive, and for their inferiors to pay. To a modern reader the remark must appear more singular than the custom."—*Hist. Greece*, III. p 160.

And begged his father to assist his country.
 On which the monarch poured out a libation,
 And swore that he'd assist it with an army
 So large that the Athénians should cry,
 "What a great lot of locusts coming here!" 150

DICÆOPOLIS.

Curse me, if I believe a word of all
 That you have said, except about the locusts!

THEORUS.

And he's now sent you the most warlike tribe
 Amongst the Thracians.

DICÆOPOLIS.

This is plain, at last.

Enter THRACIANS in a strange outlandish dress.

CRIER.

Come here, you Thracians, that Theórus brought! 155

DICÆOPOLIS.

What are these rogues?

THEORUS.

An Odomántian army.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Pooh! Odomántian! Tell me what they are.
 How came the Odomántians' noses cropped?

THEORUS.

If you give these two shillings each *per diem*,
 They'll overrun Boeótia with their targets. 160

DICÆOPOLIS.

Two shillings for these paltry, crop-nosed dogs?

The bold top-oarsmen," who uphold the country,
Would groan at this!

[*The THRACIANS attack DICÆOPOLIS, and rob him.*

Consume it, I'm undone
By these curst Odomántians! They have stolen
My garlie. Put my garlie down, you knaves! 165

(23) An Athenian seaman's pay was from sixpence to a shilling a day, finding his own provisions. Naval wars at this period were conducted by long light galleys, which were always propelled by oars alone during an engagement. They carried a large square sail, but of course from their build could only sail with a wind on the quarter. The rowers were arranged in three ranks, not vertically, man over man, but in a sloping direction, thus —



Thucydides expressly tells us that the "top-oarsmen," (i. e. those who pulled at the highest tier,) had higher wages, as the work was more severe on account of the length of the oars. The object aimed at was to drive the beak into the enemy and thus sink him. The usual number of men in each galley was 200, but we do not exactly know how many of these rowed. Methomius takes them at 180, Boeckh at 130 or 140. I should prefer the former estimate, as Thucydides informs us that the Athenians considered the use of any great number of marines old fashioned and useless. Of course it need not be supposed that the whole 140 were always at their oars when the ship was rowed, but only during an engagement, when the greatest possible speed was required. At other times part might be employed in managing the sail, &c. The naval wars of the Romans were carried on in larger galleys of five banks of oars and upwards. M. Leroy (*Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, T. XXXVIII. p. 567, &c.) has attempted to show that in these vessels there was more than one man at each oar, and that they took the name of seven banked, ten banked, &c. but from the rows of oars, but from the rows of men, I will just mention two arguments which disprove his position, and then leave this question for the future. Polybius, in his first book, calculates the number of rowers in each five-banked galley at 300, exclusive of the marines. Now Silus Italicus (book I l. 367) says that the Carthaginian admiral's ship "struck the sea with 400 oars." Therefore, although this vessel was, of course, one of the largest ships, it would not be reasonable to suppose that it had more than 400 rowers to pull the 400 oars (i. e. one-third more than the usual complement), and thus gives just one man to each oar.

THEORUS.

You foolish fellow, don't go up to them,
When they've been crammed, like fighting-cocks, with garlic.²⁴

DICÆOPOLIS.

Do you permit me to be treated thus
In my own land, and by barbarians too?
I deprecate the holding an Assembly
About the Thracians' pay, and I declare 170
That there's a tempest, and a drop has struck me.²⁵

CRIER.

You Thracians must retire. Be here the day
After to-morrow. The Assembly's over.

[*Exeunt* COMMITTEE-MEN, THEORUS, CRIER, *citizens*, &c.]

SCENE V. *The Same.*

DICÆOPOLIS.

Consume it! what an olio I have lost!

(24) The Athénians, who were great cock-fighters and quail-fighters, used to feed the birds on garlic to make them more fierce; some English trainers administer port-wine for the same purpose. Dodwell gives a curious account of the penetrating effects of this plant. "As the men began to be heated with rowing, we found ourselves almost overpowered by the nauseous smell of garlic, which they exuded from every pore, so that it infected even our clothes. Nothing is so penetrating and diffusive as the smell of this root. *If it is put in the shoes of a person, the breath is tainted with it in a short time*, and, when eaten, the perspiration, and even the hands, smell strongly of it." (*Travels in Greece*, I. p. 14.) The "olio" mentioned shortly afterwards in the text, was always seasoned strongly with garlic.

(25) The Assemblies being held in the open air, it was always customary to break them up on the approach of a storm.

But here's Amphitheüs from Lacedæmon.

175

Enter AMPHITHEUS.

Amphitheüs, how d'ye do?

AMPHITHEUS.

Not very well,

Till I can leave off running. I'm obliged

To fly from the Achárnians for my life.

DICÆOPOLIS.

What is the matter?

AMPHITHEUS.

I was hurrying here

To carry you a peace, when I was nosed

By some Achárnian old men, wiry chaps

With oaken hearts, tough Marathónian warriors, 180

And rough as any maple. All of whom

Bawled out at once—"What? Are you bringing peace,

"You scoundrel, when our vines have been cut down?"²⁶

And picked up stones, and put them in their aprons.

And so I fled, and they pursued with shouts. 185

DICÆOPOLIS.

And *let* them shout. But have you brought the peace?²⁷

(26) This is an allusion to the incursions of the Peloponnésians into Attica, and the ravages they committed. During these invasions, which generally took place once a year, the Athénians shut themselves up within their walls, by the advice of Péicles, and retaliated by sending out galleys to lay waste the enemy's coasts.

(27) The word here translated "peace" literally signifies "libations," or "pourings-out," because it was usual to make a libation when a pence was ratified. Hence the "three samples" are naturally enough represented by three vessels of wine.

AMPHITHEUS.

I have—three samples. This is for *five* years.
Take it and taste it.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Bah!

AMPHITHEUS.

Why, what's the matter?

DICÆOPOLIS.

I do not like it; for it smells of tar
And rigging galleys out.

AMPHITHEUS.

Then take this one,— 190
Which is for *ten*,—and taste it.

DICÆOPOLIS.

This, too, smells
Most strong of embassies sent to our towns,
And, as it were, delay amongst the allies.

AMPHITHEUS.

But here's a peace for *thirty* years for you,
And both by sea and land.²⁸

DICÆOPOLIS.

O feast of Bacchus! 195
This smells of nectar and ambrosia,—
Not of providing rations for three days,²⁹—
And tells one in the mouth, “Go where you like.”

(28) The peace that was actually made four years afterwards, though never strictly observed, was for *fifty* years.

(29) When an Athenian army was sent out, the soldiers were usually required to meet at a particular spot with provisions for three days.

This I receive. From this I make libation.

This I will now drink up, and bid good morning 200

To the Achárnians. I shall go within,

And, free from wars and evils, celebrate

The Rural Festival of jolly Bacchus.

[*Exit* DICÆOPOLIS.

AMPHITHEUS.

And I shall run away from the Achárnians.

[*Exit* AMPHITHEUS.

Enter CHORUS *hastily*.

CHORUS.

Follow, follow, and unravel here

Where the fugitive is gone,

Asking every passing traveller 205

If he's met with such a one.

We shall serve the state by seizing

On this peace-purveying slave.

You that know what corner he's in,

Tell us where to find the knave!

But he's fled and got away.

O my years! O welladay! 210

In my youth, when I kept pace

With Phaýllus in the race,³⁰

(30) Phaýllus was a celebrated runner, who had gained the prize at the Olympian games. The Greek note furnishes us with the following epigram upon his prowess:—

“ Fifty-five feet,—to fill us

“ With wonder,—were leapt by Phaýllus ;

“ Aye, and (tremendous exploit !)

“ Ninety-and-five by his quoit.”

We have the authority of Professor Wilson for the fact, that the best modern

Though I bore a load of black
 Solid charcoal on my back, 215
 He'd not 'scaped so readily,
 Had he been pursued by me ;
 Nor had this peace-bearer then
 Skipped away and gained his den.
 Now, however, that my ankles
 And my shins are stiff and hard,
 And the frost of ages rankles
 In my legs, my speed is marred, 220
 And he's gone. But we must journey on !
 Never let him laugh and speak
 Of escaping an Achárnian
 Band, although so old and weak.
 For, ye gods and father Jove,
 He is now on terms of love 225
 With the enemies whom I hate
 For their injuring my estate,
 And shall always do so till,—
 Of revenge to take my fill,—
 I have pierced the robber-horde
 Like a reed sharp, painful,....oared," 230

leapers can only clear twenty-three or twenty-four feet on level ground. Moreover, the Greek foot is a trifle longer than the English. The reader,—if he is inclined to be sceptical,—can disbelieve the fact, which is a never-failing remedy for every difficulty ; if otherwise, he must exclaim with the translator,—“ Now “ in those days there were giants upon the earth.”

(31) Isaiah xxxvi. 6. “ Lo, thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed, on “ Egypt ; whereon if a man lean, it will go into his hand and pierce it. So is “ Pharaoh, king of Egypt, to all that trust in him.” It seems probable that the “ reed” spoken of in Aristóphanes had rows of sharp spikes along its sides, like the great American aloe, although neither Theophrástus nor Dioscórides

To deter their serried lines
From the trampling down my vines.
Now then make investigation
For the rascal all around,
And pursue him from one nation
To another till he's found, 235
Steering straight for *Porto Pelto* ;
For I should enjoy his groans
Wonderfully, if we fell to
Pelting him to death with stones.

mention the circumstance in their descriptions of the plant. Hence the epithet "oared," which of course is meant to allude also to the injuries intended to be inflicted on the Spartans by the Athenian galleys.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*[The side scenes represent a rural view, supposed to be the farm of
DICÆOPOLIS.]*

*Enter DICÆOPOLIS, his WIFE, and DAUGHTER, and two
Slaves, bearing the preparations for the Bacchanálian
rites.*

DICÆOPOLIS.

Use no ill-omened, no ill-omened words !

CHORUS.

Silence all ! Pray did you hear him

Words of omen good implore ?

Now at last we have got near him

Whom we have been looking for.

This way all, my hearties ! Budge on

Where we shall not meet his eyes !

As it seems the old curmudgeon

Is come out to sacrifice.

240

DICÆOPOLIS.

Use no ill-omened, no ill-omened words !

You basket-bearer,³² come a little forwards.
Let Xanthias raise the Phallus³³ up on high.

WIFE.

Put down the basket, daughter, and we'll offer
The first-fruits.

DAUGHTER.

Mother, give me up the ladle! 245

I want to pour some porridge o'er the cake.

DICÆOPOLIS.

All is most good. O Bacchus, my dear master,
May this procession be agreeable to you,
And may I sacrifice with my domestics,
And celebrate thy Rural Feast with luck, 250
Having got rid of war! And may the peace
For thirty twelvemonths turn out well with me!

WIFE.

Come, pretty daughter, bear the basket prettily,
And with a country damsel's look. How happy
Will be the man who weds you, and begets
Upon your body other little pussies, 255
To caterwaul like you at break of day!—

(32) The fairest and noblest Athenian maidens were selected to perform the office of bearing the holy basket at public sacrifices. The colossal statue of the Etruscan Ceres, preserved in the vestibule of the public library at Cambridge, represents the goddess with such a basket on her head.

(33) The Phallus was the mysterious emblem of active productiveness amongst the ancients. Whatever we, with our fantastical modern ideas of propriety, may think of the public exhibition of such a symbol, the Greeks certainly attached no more impure ideas to it, than Englishmen do to the departs made by the *figurantes* at the Italian Opera.

Go on, and pray be careful in the crowd,
That no one nibbles at your golden trinkets.³⁴

DICÆOPOLIS.

You, too, good Xánthias, mind and hold the Phallus
Upright behind the basket-bearer's back. 260
I'll follow you, and sing the Phallic hymn.
You, wife, must act spectator from the roof.³⁵

[Sings, and during the Song, exeunt WIFE, &c. in solemn procession.]

O Phales, Bacchus' friend, with whom
I love to stray about at gloom
Of night, in drunken revels!
Thou fornicator! Thou gallant! 265
At last I sing thy jovial chant
After six years of evils.
I've got to my own farm-house doors,
And made a separate peace for us
Alone, and rid myself of wars,
And woes, and men like Lámachus.³⁶ 270

(34) This certainly does not speak much in favour of the police of the Attic republic. The constables seem to have been pretty nearly as manageable as our ancient watchmen, if we may judge from a specimen of the corps who will be presented to our notice in the *Feastresses*.

(35) This custom of having the roofs of houses flat, and passing a good deal of their time upon them in the open air, still prevails very extensively in Greece and other parts of the Levant.

(36) Lámachus was a brave soldier, who was afterwards one of the three generals in the expedition against Sicily, where he perished, fighting courageously, in an assault made during the siege of Syracuse. He is attacked by the poet as belonging to the war party, and makes his appearance in a sufficiently ridiculous plight in the latter part of this play. See his character sketched in Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III. p. 369.

O Phales, Phales! It is far less sweet
 To stab the flying foeman, than to meet
 Friend Strymodórus's young Thracian maid
 Filching some wood from Phelleus'³⁷ holy glade,
 And then to catch her by the waist,
 Lift her, and throw her down, and taste—
 O Phales, Phales!—her plump charms,
 Clasp'd in the melting damsel's arms. 275

If you will drink with me, when your head's torn
 With racking pains, dear Phales, the next morn,
 I'll give ye a good bowl.... of peace to sup;
 And 'midst the sparks we'll hang my buckler up.

SCENE II. *The Same.*

CHORUS (*coming forward*).

There's the rogue for whom we ask all! 280
 Pelt him, pelt him, pelt him, pelt him!
 Strike, O strike the precious rascal!
 He shall have a floorer dealt him!
 [*They pelt him.*]

DICÆOPOLIS.

What's the matter? Why so hot?
 You will smash this earthen pot.³⁸

(37) Leake supposes that this mountain "was probably no other than the "highest ridge of the hills which extend from the plain of Márathon to that "of Orópus."—*Dissertation on the Demi of Attica*, p. 118.

(38) The Greek note says, that the worthy farmer makes himself extremely ~~amusing~~ *amusing* here, by leaving his head unguarded, and appearing anxious only to protect the pot from the stones which the Achárnians shower on him.

CHORUS.

You scoundrelly knave, spare your breath!
 We will stone you directly to death. 285

DICÆOPOLIS.

Why?—I shall not try to blarney,—
 O ye old men of Achárnæ!

CHORUS.

Can you ask the thing you have?
 Impudent, abandoned knave!
 You've betrayed your country, and
 Are the only man i' the land, 290
 Blest with peace; and yet you now
 Stare at me with shameless brow.

DICÆOPOLIS.

But you do not know, I fear me,
 Why I made the peace. So hear me.

CHORUS.

What? Hear *you*? We'll break your bones,
 Covering you with heaps of stones. 295

DICÆOPOLIS.

Don't, O don't, until you've heard me!
 Stop a bit, before you beard me!

CHORUS.

Stop I'll not. So do not prate
 Any longer; for I hate
 Even Cleon less than you— 300
 Cleon, that rascalion true,

Whom I'll cut up, liver and lights,
Into shoe-soles for the Knights."³⁹
I'll not hear you say by heart a
Lengthy speech that you have writ.
You have made a peace with Sparta,
And I'll punish you for it.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Leave poor Sparta altogether
 Out o' the question, my good blade ; 305
 And attend and judge of whether
 You approve the peace I've made.

CHORUS.

Why about approval palter,
When you've made a peace, we find,
With a set whom neither altar,
Pledge, nor solemn oath can bind ? "

DICÆOPOLIS.

Sure I am, that even the Spartan
Nation, which we cry down so,
Did not meddle or take part in
Certain causes of our woe. 310

(89) This passage evidently indicates that the poet had his comedy of the *Knights* already upon the stocks. It was represented just one year afterwards. Cleon is to be cut up into *shoe-soles*, because he was a tanner and currier; the reader will have plenty more of this kind of wit hereafter.

(40) The Athénians and the Spartans, like the Carthaginians and the Romans, and, in more modern times, the English and the French, were perpetually accusing one another of a want of political honesty. The real truth might be shortly expressed in the vulgar proverb,—“ There’s just six of one, and half a dozen of the other.”

CHORUS.

Did not meddle? O you scoundrel!
 Dare ye openly avow
 Things like *this*, and think they sound droll?
 Shall I spare your carcase *now*?

DICÆOPOLIS (*loudly*).

Did not meddle! Did not meddle!—
 Nay, I'll prove before your face
 We have heaped upon its head ill
 Treatment in a lot of ways.

CHORUS.

You'll inflame my indignation
 Soon, and make my stomach rise, 315
 If you dare speak an oration
 To defend our enemies.

DICÆOPOLIS.

But,—in case you find this said peace
 All ideas of justice shock,—
 I will speak, sir, with my head-piece
 On a butcher's chopping-block.

CHORUS.

Why not pelt his pate and crack it?
 Why not quickly stone the brute?
 Let us go and dust his jacket....
 Till it turns a scarlet suit.⁴¹ 320

(41) See Note 19.

DICÆOPOLIS.

How the smouldering coal—O dear!—then
Hissed and blazed up in your heart!
Won't you hear then, won't you hear then,
Sweet Achárnians, jokes apart?

CHORUS.

No, we will not hear ye, lad.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Then you'll treat me very bad.

CHORUS.

May I perish if I do!

DICÆOPOLIS.

Dear Achárnians, don't say so.

CHORUS.

We are going to kill ye now.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Then I'll serve ye out, I vow.

325

To revenge my life and lost age,

I will kill your dearest dear,

Whom I've seized on as a hostage.

Yes, I'll take and slay him here.⁴²

(42) We are told in the Greek note that this scene is a parody on one in the *Télephus* of 'Æschylus, where the hero is represented as seizing on the youthful Oréstea, the son of Agamémnon, in order that he may obtain from the fears of the king what his compassion had denied him. In the *Feastresses* there is another fling at the same tragedy. Mnesílochus, who is consigned to death by the infuriate ladies, snatches an infant out of one of their arms, with which he retreats to the altar. After threatening to slaughter it, if they will not release him unharmed, and finding that the enemy remains unmoved, he proceeds to strip the child in order to execute vengeance; when, lo and behold! it turns out to be nothing but a wine-bag, which they have brought with them to carouse on, disguised as a baby. The denouement is about as grotesque in the present instance.

CHORUS.

What's this vengeance that he threatens?

Has he got in some stronghold
Any child of ours—to fret one's
Heart? or why is he so bold?

330

DICÆOPOLIS.

Stone me, sirs! and all is over

With your pet; I will not spare.
We shall very soon discover

Which of you for . . . charcoal care.

[Produces a hamper of charcoal, dressed up as a baby.]

CHORUS.

We are done for! For that hamper
Is my fellow-parishioner.

Do not kill him, pray, nor tamper
With my feelings, dearest sir!

DICÆOPOLIS.

Know that I will kill your dear.

Bawl away! I will not hear.

335

CHORUS.

You murderer, will ye then end
The days of my charcoally friend?

DICÆOPOLIS.

Yes. For *I* too just now could not
Meet with mercy. Hear you would not.

CHORUS.

Well, then, go on at your ease,
And assert whate'er you please,
Praising Sparta, for as long
As you fancy, right or wrong.

For I never will expose
This poor hamper to his foes. 340

DICÆOPOLIS.

First of all,—your faith to sound, sirs,—
Throw your stones upon the ground, sirs.

CHORUS.

Look ! they all of them are floored ;
So do you put down your sword.

DICÆOPOLIS.

I'm afraid some small and taper 'uns
Are concealed within your aprons.

CHORUS.

They are emptied on the ground.
See ! we're shaking them around !
Therefore, pray, sir, no excuse ! 345
Put your weapon down, you goose !
As we nimbly dance about,
All the stones are shaken out.

DICÆOPOLIS.

So, then, you all just now were going to shake....
Shouts at my head, and some Parnésian⁴³ charcoal
Was nearly put to death, all through the folly
Of his own loving fellow-parishioners.
The hamper was in such a mortal fright,
That he evacuated in my hands 350
A lot of ashes, like a cuttle-fish.⁴⁴

(43) Mount Parnes was close to the parish of Achárnæ, and supplied the wood for the manufacture of charcoal.

(44) The power which the cuttle-fish possesses of ejecting a black inky fluid, to protect and conceal itself from its enemies, is well known.

'Tis really terrible for men to have
 Such sour-grape tempers, that they pelt and shout,
 And won't hear any thing . . . mixed half-and-half;⁴⁵
 For I was willing to recite my speech
 In favour of the Spartans, with my head 355
 Upon a butcher's chopping-block; and yet
 I love my life as much as any man.

CHORUS.

Why don't you fetch, then, from within
 A chopping-block, and so begin, 360
 And speak your all-important speech,—
 Whatever it may be,—poor wretch?
 I have a great desire to know
 What are the thoughts you cry up so.
 Bring here the chopping-block and speak the oration;
 The penalty is fixed by your own arbitration. 365
[Exit DICÆOPOLIS, and re-enter with a chopping-block, &c.]

DICÆOPOLIS.

Look here! This is the chopping-block, and this
 The man that is to speak, though small as this.
 By Jove, I will not arm me cap-a-pie,
 But will defend the Spartans as I choose.
 And yet I'm horribly afraid. I know 370

(45) The Greeks commonly drank their wine mixed with water. Half-and-half was strong tipple; three parts water to two parts wine was more usual. A drinker of neat wine at Athens was considered as debauched a fellow as a drinker of neat brandy in London. Thus we see half-and-half was equivalent to what seamen call a sou'-wester, that is to say, half rum and the rest rum-and-water.

The boors are hugely pleased, when any liar
 Praises the town and them, through thick and thin ;
 And thus they unawares are bought and sold.
 I know the old men look to nothing else, 375
 But how to kill and worry by their verdicts.⁴⁶
 And then again I know how I myself
 Was mauled for last year's comedy by Cleon.⁴⁷
 The rascal lugged me in the Senate-house,
 And slandered me, and spit out lies at me, 380
 And drowned me with his muddy eloquence,
 And made a jest of me, till I almost
 Was done for by the crafty muddle-business.
 So now allow me, sirs, before I speak,
 To dress myself as a most wretched wight.

CHORUS.

Why do you twist and wriggle, pray,
 And sport these tricks and seek delay ? 385

(46) A great part of the poorer classes at Athens gained their subsistence by sitting on juries in the courts; the old men were particularly fond of this occupation. Every member of an Attic jury—which consisted of an indefinite number, generally about 500—had sixpence allowed him as his pay.

(47) Dicæopolis here identifies himself with his author, Aristóphanes. This interchange of individuality is very frequent in the old Greek comedy; shortly afterwards we shall find the old gentleman three persons at once,—himself, Aristóphanes, and Télephus. The "last year's comedy" in the text was the *Babylónians*, now unfortunately lost, in which he attacked the officers of state, the Senators, and especially the demagogue Cleon. This person, who was not to be ridiculed with impunity, summoned him before the Senate; but it appears from a passage in the *Wasps* (l. 1284—1291), that he humbled himself in rather a degrading manner, or, to use his own phrase, "played some apish tricks," and was thus reconciled to his adversary. However, if he did knock under then, he certainly paid him off his old score, and with interest too, in the bitter satire contained in the *Knights*.

... depends on us,
 ... to ask Hierónymus⁴⁸
 ... to wear,
 ... shaggy-matted-hair ; 390
 ... arts to hit off.
 ... this trial will admit of.

SCENE III. *The Same.*

DICÆOPOLIS.

... procured a patient spirit ;
 ... and see Eurípides.—
 ... to the door of EURIPIDES'S house, and knocks.

SLAVE OF EURIPIDES (*from within*).

Who's there ?

DICÆOPOLIS.

Is Eurípides at home ? 395

Enter SLAVE.

SLAVE.

... at home, if sense is yours.⁴⁹

⁴⁸ Hierónymus was a bad writer of Dithyrambic poetry, and he had
 himself distinguished by wearing his hair of an extravagant length. The
 ... was supposed to confer invisibility ; hence the Chorus bids the
 ... Hierónymus for a head-dress, which, like his own shaggy, trailing
 ... conceal the countenance. Long compound words were
 ... the Dithyrambic poets, and are frequently introduced in
 ...

⁴⁹ ... particularly fond of this kind of seeming contradiction ;
 ...

DICÆOPOLIS.

How can he be at home, yet *not* at home ?

SLAVE.

I'm right, old man. His mind, which is collecting
Small verselets out of doors, is *not* at home ;
But he himself is writing tragedy
With feet reposed on couch, and *is* at home.

400

DICÆOPOLIS.

Thrice-blest Eurípides, when e'en thy slave
Explains so wisely !—But go call him out !

SLAVE.

But 'tis impossible.

DICÆOPOLIS.

But still you must ;
For I will not be off, but keep on knocking.—
Eurípides ! Euríppy !
Attend to me, if ever you attended
To any man. 'Tis Dicæópolis,
Of parish Chóllidæ, who's calling you.

405

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

EURIPIDES (*from within*).

But I've no time.

DICÆOPOLIS.

But let them wheel you round.⁵⁰

" I trust my mother and distrust her too."—(*Phœn.* 297.)

" She both exists and yet exists no more."—(*Alc.* 521.)

" You may pronounce her both alive and dead."—(*Alc.* 139.)

" He being willing and unwilling too."—(*Hec.* 564.)

" My woes have made me die before I'm dead."—(*Hec.* 431.)

(50) "To wheel-round" had a technical meaning on the Attic stage. It signified to make the front of a house turn upon hinges in such a way, that the

EURIPIDES.

But 'tis impossible.

DICÆOPOLIS.

But still you must.

EURIPIDES.

But I will let them wheel me round; for I've
No time to leave my couch.

[EURIPIDES *appears, lying on a sofa, with sundry suits
of rags, &c. suspended in various parts of the room.*

DICÆOPOLIS.

Eurípides!

EURIPIDES.

What sayest thou?

DICÆOPOLIS.

D'ye write with feet reposed 410

On couch, when you might put them on the ground?

'Tis not without good cause you sing lame men.⁵¹

But why these tragic rags, this sad attire?

'Tis not without good cause you sing of beggars.—

Eurípides, for god's sake, I entreat,

floor of the interior apartment, with every thing on it, was exposed to the view of the audience. When the good people indoors were not wanted any more, they were "wheeled-in" again. We have another instance in the *Feastresses*, line 102. I would recommend this very convenient manœuvre to the serious consideration of the managers of our theatres, whether they patronize the legitimate or the illegitimate drama.

(51) Both Bellérophon, Philoctetes, and Téléphus, in the lost tragedies which took their names from them, were represented by Eurípides as lame; now lame men lay their legs up on sofas, when they have got sofas to lay them on; therefore, says Dicæópolis in a mock-serious tone, you are lame yourself, and that is the reason you sing of lame men. In the next twenty lines, the names of all those tragedies, in which Eurípides had introduced distressed virgins or old gentlemen in reduced circumstances, are maliciously recounted.

SCENE IV.]

THE ACHARNIANS.

45

Give me a raglet out of your old play.

415

For I have got to speak a lengthy speech

Before the Chorus, which if I speak badly

'Twill cause me to be capitally punished.

EURIPIDES.

What tatters? Do you ask for those in which

My Ceneus there, the illstarred grandsire, played?

[Pointing to his suit of rags.]

DICÆOPOLIS.

Not Ceneus's; a still more wretched man's.

420

EURIPIDES.

Blind Phoenix's?

DICÆOPOLIS.

No, no! not Phoenix's.

There was a man more wretched still than Phoenix.

EURIPIDES.

What shredded garments does the wight require?

Mean'st thou the rags of beggar Philoctetes?

DICÆOPOLIS.

No. He was far more beggarly than he.

425

EURIPIDES.

Mean'st thou the robings evilly begrimed,

Which my Bellérophon out there possessed?

[Pointing to his rags, &c.]

DICÆOPOLIS.

No, not Bellérophon. Though *he*, too, was

Lame, prating, wordy, and a mendicant.

EURIPIDES.

I know him—Telephus.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Yes, Téléphus ! 430

Give me, I beg of you, his swaddling-clothes.

EURIPIDES.

Boy," give him Téléphus's rags ; they lie
Above Thyéstes's, just on this side
Of Ino's tatters.

SLAVE.

Take them ! Here they are.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Thou Jove that see'st both through and o'er the world, 435
O may I dress me as a wretched wight !—
Eurípides, you've granted me *one* favour ;
So give me something else to match the rags—
The Mysian cap to wear upon my head.
'Tis needful that I seem to-day a beggar— 440
Be what I am, but don't appear to be ;
And that the audience know well who it is,
While all the Chorus stand, like blockheads, by,
For me to humbug them with quirks and quibbles.⁵³

EURIPIDES.

I'll give it ; for you grandly scheme in trifles. 445

(52) Slaves in 'Attica, like the riders of post-horses in England, were always called " boys," however old they might be.

" Why, what's the matter, boy ? for *boy* 'tis just
To call him, though he's old, who gets a thrashing."—*Wasps* 1297.

(53) A Greek Chorus was always polite enough not to hear or see more than the author wished it ; just as an English actor never spies out a person who is hid, or listens to a speech that is spoken aside, though he must be both as blind as a bat, and as deaf as a post, not to do both one and the other.

DICÆOPOLIS.

“ God grant you luck, and Téléphus—my thoughts ! ”⁵⁴
 Bravo ! How full of quibbles I am getting !
 But I must ask you for a beggar’s staff.

EURIPIDES.

Take it, and from my stone-built station go.

DICÆOPOLIS.

My soul, thou see’st I’m driven from the house, 450
 Albeit in want of many articles !
 So now be obstinate and beg and tease !—
 Eurípides, give me a basket, pray,
 That has a hole burnt through it by a lamp !

EURIPIDES.

What need of this possesses thee, poor wretch ?

DICÆOPOLIS.

No need at all ; but still I want to get it. 455

EURIPIDES.

Know thou art wearisome, and leave the house.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Alas !

God give you luck, as once he did your mother !⁵⁵

(54) The Greek note quotes a line from the *Téléphus* of Eurípides :—

“ Heaven send me luck, and Téléphus—my thoughts.”

that is to say, all the ill-luck which I wish him privily in my heart. There certainly does not seem much force in the parody, unless there is some by-play connected with it, of which we are now ignorant. The previous verse, as well as a great deal of what follows, seems to come from some Euripidéan tragedy ; it has all the characteristics of that poet’s style.

(55) Eurípides’s mother, as we learn from several passages of our poet, sold water-cresses at Athens. The aristocrat Aristóphanes is always particularly unmerciful upon low-lived, vulgar people, who are base enough to live by their honest industry. See, for instance, below, lines 853—859.

With its lip broken.

EURIPIDES.

Take it, and go hang!

Know thou art troublous to the house.

DICÆOPOLIS.

By Jove,

You see not yet what mischief you are doing
To your own self!—My sweet Eurípides,—
This is my last request;—give me a pipkin
That has a hole in't stuffed up with a sponge!

EURIPIDES.

Fellow, you'll steal my tragedies piece-meal!
Take it, and get you gone.

DICÆOPOLIS.

I now am going.—

And yet what *shall* I do? I want one thing,
Which if I do not get, I am done up.—
Hear me, my sweetest friend Eurípides!
When I've got *this*, I'll go and come no more.
Give me some withered stalks and leaves to put
Into my basket.

For I perceive I'm very troublesome,
 " Albeit not thought to hate the chieftainry."⁵⁶—
 Confound it! I am done for! I forgot
 The thing on which my whole success depends.—
 My sweetest, dearest, darling love, Euríppy, 475
 Deuce take me if I ask another favour,
 Except this single one, this one, this one!
 Give me the water-cress your mother left you!

EURIPIDES.

The man insults me! Shut the palace fastenings!

[EURIPIDES *disappears*, and exit SLAVE.

DICÆOPOLIS.

My soul, we must proceed sans water-cress!⁵⁷ 480
 Know'st thou how great's the cause thou soon wilt plead,
 By speaking in defence of Spartan men?—
 Now forwards, soul! Here is the starting-place!—
 Dost thou stand still?—Advance! Thou hast devoured
 Eurípides!—That's excellent!—Come on, 485
 My wretched heart, and walk out there, and then
 Present your head and say whate'er you choose!
 Go! Venture! March!—What a courageous heart!

(56) This is from the *Æneus* of Eurípides.—*Greek note.*

(57) The following speech of Dicæópolis is a parody, and by no means a gross one, on some absurd lines in Eurípides, which, however, with all their absurdity, one cannot help admiring; that is to say, *in the original*. They occur where Medéa is about to slaughter her own children; those who have witnessed the classically elegant performance of this character by Madame Pasta, will have a very good idea of the spirit of the Greek model:—

" Do not, my soul; oh do not act like this!

" Leave them alone, you wretch, and spare the children!

" They'll live with us abroad and please thee much.—

" By the infernal Furies of the Grave,

What *will* you say? What is your
Thou art a shameless, son, man,
To offer to the citizens thy neck,
And with thy single voice against them

SECOND HALF-CHORUS.

He's not afraid nor out of heart.—
Since you yourself desire it, start!

DICÆOPOLIS.

“Do not be angry,” gentlemen spectators,
“Though I a beggar” am about to speak
Amongst the Athénians about state-matters

“It *shall* not be, that I my babes give up
“To be insulted by my bitter foes!”—(*Med.* 1052—1051)
• • • • •
“Haste, arm thee, heart! For why do we delay
“To do the terrible necessity!
“Come, wretched hand of mine, take, take, the sword;
“Approach the miserable goal of life;
“And do not yield, nor recollect thy babes,
“How loved they were, and how thou brought'st them
“But for this brief, brief, day forget thy children,
“And weep them afterwards. Though thou shalt slay
“Yet were they dear,—and I a wretched woman!”—(1

Here we have Medea's consideration . . .

In comic language. Even comedy
Well knows what's just, and what I'm going to say 500
Is sad, but just. For surely now at least
Cleon will not accuse me of abusing
My country when the foreigners are present.⁵⁹
We're by ourselves, at the Lenæan feast,
Nor are the foreigners as yet arrived ;
And neither is the tribute nor the troops 505
Come from the towns, but we are all alone
At present—husked and shelled ; for I should call
The Sojourners⁶⁰ the chaff o' the Citizens.
Now I, sirs, hate the Spartans bitterly,
And may Tænárian Neptune send an earthquake, 510
And overwhelm them all beneath their houses ;⁶¹
For they cut down *my* vines as well as *yours*.
Still,—none but friends are present now to hear me,—

(59) One main point upon which Cleon rested his accusation against Aristophanes, was the fact of the *Babylónians* having been produced, not at the Lenæan feast, but at the great festival of Bacchus, when the theatre was crowded with strangers, and the *scan. mag.* was likely to have a wide circulation throughout all Greece.

(60) The "Sojourners" were aliens, resident in Athens, but not naturalized. There were great numbers of them, as the mild spirit of the Athenian law offered them great advantages, which were not possessed in other states, except by the native citizens. Many of them, who falsely assumed the full rights of citizenship, are reviled on that account by the poet.—See ten lines below.

(61) "The Lacedæmónians formerly dragged some suppliant Helots from the temple of Tænárian Neptune, and took them away and put them to death ; and it is on this account that they themselves believe that the great earthquake at Sparta happened to them."—(*Thucýdides* I. 128.) There were great numbers of slight earthquakes just about the beginning of the Peloponnésian war, as we learn from the same author, which gives a natural occasion to Dicæópolis's wish. The "great earthquake," Pausánias tells us, did not leave a single house upright in Lacedæmon.—See Thirlwall's *History of Greece*, vol. III. pp. 7 and 111.

... for this?

... state.

515

... state.—

... wisely-coined,

... to inform

... ;⁶²

... cloaks at Mégara. As the poet
... led to the Peloponnésian war, and
... and Athens, it may be as well to
... drawn from the great contem-

... Athénian alliance, having revolted
... Corinthians made war upon them con-
... their territory. And the Athénians
... the Corinthian gulf], with a garrison."
... place shortly after 455 B.C.

... Eubœa revolted from the Athénians;
... over into it with an army, word was
... and the Peloponnésians are going to
... *garrison has been put to the sword by*
... *escaped to Nisæa*; and that the
... introducing a party of Corinthians,

... naturally expect that the Athénians
... against the murderers of their countrymen,
... made a decree to prohibit any Megárian
... any harbour within the Athénian empire."
... reproached them with the severity of
... was probably the true motive, but accused
... were holy land, and receiving some runaway
... slavery." (I. 139.) The decree continued

... of "informing" against the Megárian
... to be offered for sale in Attica, and were
... were found.

... of the odd story in the text, about Aspásia
... with the quarrel between Athens and Sparta, we
... we shall find, however, that the poet gives an
... cause of the war in the *Peace* (l. 605—611),
... inclined to attribute much weight to the idea
... between the Athénians and Megárians certainly
... the Athénian garrison by the Lacedæmónian
... incursions were made at least twice every

And if they saw a cucumber, or hare, 520
 Or pig, or garlic-head, or salt in lumps,
 They were Megárian, and were confiscated,
 And sold that very day. And these, indeed,
 Were trifles, and the custom of the country.
 But then, besides, some drunken-gambling youths
 Purloined from Mégara the whore Simætha ; 525
 And the Megárians, blistered with vexation,
 Stole, in revenge, two of Aspásia's whores;
 And thus rose matter for a war between
 All Greece, just through a leash of prostitutes.
 Then, in a rage, the Olýmpian Péricles 530
 Lightened and thundered," and mixed up all Greece,
 And carried laws, worded like drinking-songs,
 " That the Megárians shall neither haunt
 " Market, nor earth, nor sea, nor dry land either." "

year during the war into the territory of the latter republic by their victorious neighbours, for the cruel purpose of destroying their crops in a green state, and hewing down their fruit-trees.—*Thuc.* IV. 66.

(63) The burning oratory of Péricles is here eloquently compared to the thunder and lightning of the Olýmpian Júpiter. There is a speech of his *reported* in Thucýdides, as the historian tells us, not *written for him*, like the rest in that author, which certainly gives us a very high idea of his powers.

(64) The drinking-song alluded to was by Timócreon of Rhodes. and runs as follows :—

" O that, Wealth, you haunted neither
 " Earth, nor sea, nor dry land either ;
 " But had dwelt in Tártarus,
 " Or the Acheróntian river !
 " All the evils felt by us
 " Rise from thee, thou blind deceiver ! "

Some wicked Athénian wags seem to have laughed at the poor Rhódian bard for repeating the same idea twice over. " Neither *earth*, nor sea, nor *dry land*" is the same as if one were to say, " Neither town, nor country, nor London."

Then the Megárians, when they waxed hungry
 Step after step, requested of the Spartans, 535
 That the decree made through the prostitutes
 Might be reversed; and though they frequently
 Implored it, we would not consent to this.
 And then arose a clattering of shields.
 You'll say—'twas wrong. But just say what was right. 540
 Come, if a Spartan sailor had informed
 Against a puppy-dog of the Seríphians,⁶⁵
 And sold it; would you have sat still at home?
 Far from it! You would certainly have launched
 Forthwith three hundred galleys, and the town
 Would have been full of bustle with the troops, 545
 Shoutings about the captains of the ships,
 Pay being issued, figure-heads regilding,
 Piazzas groaning, victuals measuring,
 Wine-skins, oar-leathers, purchasers of jars
 For liquor, garlic, olives, nets of onions, 550
 Garlands, sprats, piping-women....and black eyes.
 The dock-yard, too, would have been crammed with spars
 Cutting to oars, pins sounding, leathers putting
 To bottom-oars,⁶⁶ pipes, boatswains, calls, and whistles.

Aristóphanes has not failed to transfer the absurdity to the speech he puts into the mouth of the honest farmer. The same song is again parodied in the *Knights* (l. 609), and there is the same redundant eloquence again to be observed, though in a different form. We there have, "Nor deep, nor land, nor sea," instead of "Neither earth, nor sea, nor dry-land." This kind of phraseology reminds one—I quote Lord Byron's words from memory—of Charley Incedon's usual exordium, when people came into the tavern to hear him sing, without paying their share of the reckoning, "If a mon, or any mon, or any other mon," &c.

(65) Seríphus was a small island in the Ægean sea, always subject to Athens.

(66) See note 27. The "oar-leather" was a strap by which the oar was

I know you would have done so. “ And d’yc think....

“ That Téléphus will not ? Your sense is gone.”⁶⁷ 556

FIRST HALF-CHORUS.

Are you in earnest, you accursed rascal ?

Do you, a beggar, dare say this of us,

And throw a few informers in our teeth ?

SECOND HALF-CHORUS.

Yes, by great Neptune. Every thing he says 560

Is just, and not a word of it is false.

FIRST HALF-CHORUS.

Suppose ’twere just. Ought he to mention it ?

But he shan’t say this with impunity.

SECOND HALF-CHORUS.

Where are you running ? ‘ Stop ! For if you strike

The man, you shall yourself soon get a fall.”⁶⁸ 565

FIRST HALF-CHORUS.

Holloa there ! Lámachus ! O thou

That lookest lightnings from thy brow.

Succour us quick at our behest,

Great hero of the Gorgon crest ;

fastened to the rowlock to prevent its slipping out-board ; it is still used, especially in gun-boats, in the Mediterranean. The same purpose is answered in river oars, by what is technically termed “ the button.” A very clear delineation of the contrivance may be seen in the *Ionian Antiquities*, vol. II. plate 53. As the bottom-oars were the smallest, they would be soonest finished, and ready for the leather.

(67) This is another quotation from the *Téléphus*, and of course was delivered by the actor with abundance of grotesque buffoonery, in order to put the audience into a good humour after so much dry politics.

(68) Athletic exercises forming a principal part of the education of every Greek, and a wrestler or boxer, who had gained the prize at the Public Games, being looked upon as an ornament and an honour to his country ; it is not surprising that we find perpetual allusions to “ the noble art of self-defence ” in the Greek writers. We have another instance ten lines afterwards.

Holloa there ! Help me, if you can,
 My friend, my fellow-county-man !—
 And let each general and captain,
 And every mortal that is apt in
 Defending walls, assist in haste ;
 For I am grappled round the waist.

570

SCENE VI. *The Same.*

Enter LAMACHUS from his house, with an enormous crest on his helmet, a shield with a terrible Gorgon's head on it, &c. &c. and followed by Attendants.

LAMACHUS (*much in the vein of Ancient Pistol*).

Whence comes the warlike clamour that I hear?
 Where must I carry aid? Where strike confusion?
 Who roused the Gorgon from my buckler-case?

DICÆOPOLIS (*affecting terror*).

Heroic Lámachus, what crests and cohorts !

575

FIRST HALF-CHORUS.

Oh, Lámachus! our country's been abused
 By that curmudgeon for this long time back.

LAMACHUS.

Sirrah, do you, a beggar, dare talk thus ?

DICÆOPOLIS.

Heroic Lámachus, pray pardon me,
 If I, although a beggar, spoke and prated.

LAMACHUS.

What said you of us? Speak!

DICÆOPOLIS.

I know not yet; 580

I'm giddy with alarm at all these arms.

But, I entreat you, take away the bugbear.

LAMACHUS.

Look!

[LAMACHUS turns away the shield from him.]

DICÆOPOLIS.

Now, then, place it upside down before me.

LAMACHUS.

There!

[LAMACHUS puts the shield upside down before him.]

DICÆOPOLIS.

Give me now the plume out of your helmet.

LAMACHUS.

Here is the feather.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Now, then, hold my head, 585

That I may spew; the crests have turned my stomach.

LAMACHUS.

What are you at? D'ye mean to use the feather
To make you puke?

DICÆOPOLIS.

What? Is it, then, a feather?

Tell me, what bird's? Is it a braggart-bladder's?

LAMACHUS.

I'll kill you!

DICÆOPOLIS.

God forbid, dear Lámachus! 590

'twould be beneath your strength! And if you're strong....
Why don't you circumcise me? You're well armed.

LAMACHUS.

Do you, a beggar, talk thus to the general?

DICÆOPOLIS.

What, am I then a beggar?

LAMACHUS.

Then what are ye?

DICÆOPOLIS.

A virtuous citizen, no seek-commander, 595
But, since the war began, an army-fighter;
And you, since it began, a pay-commander.

LAMACHUS.

Yes, for I was elected—

DICÆOPOLIS.

By three cuckoos!

So I've made peace from hatred of such things,
Seeing old grey-haired men still in the ranks, 600
While striplings, such as you, have run away;
Some with three shillings salary to Thrace,
Precious Tisámenus-Phæníppus'es,
And rogue-Hippárchides'es,—some to Chares,—
Some to Chaónia, Dioméan-boasters
And Geres-Theodórus'es,—and others 605
To Camarina, Naxus,⁶²....aye and *Taxus*.

LAMACHUS.

Yes, for they were elected.

(62) This last allusion is to a squadron of twenty galleys, which was at the siege of Sicily, under the command of Laches, whom we shall afterwards find

DICÆOPOLIS.

What's the reason
That *you* are always going somewhere or other
With salaries, and never *one of these*?
Hast thou, Marílates,⁷⁰ old as thou art,
Been on an embassy as yet, in which—? 610

[*Touches his pocket significantly.*

He shakes his head, and yet he is discreet
And diligent. Then has Euphórides,
Or has Dracýllus, or has Prínides?
Has one of *you* been to Ecbátana,
Or the Chaónians? They answer no.
It is the son of Coésyra⁷¹ that has,
And Lámachus; who some short time ago
Were so involved by dinner-clubs and debts, 615
That all their friends,—as if 'twas night, and they
Were pouring dirty water out of window,—
Called out to them, “Stand off, or you will catch it.”

LAMACHUS.

Thou great democracy, can this be borne?

DICÆOPOLIS.

No, not if Lámachus receives no pay.

introduced in the *Wasps* in the character of a dog. Of the names in the preceding lines history tells us nothing.

(70) Dicæópolis here addresses individuals in the Chorus by fictitious names, which, like all Greek names, had a meaning. Marílates, Euphórides, Dracýllus, and Prínides, come respectively from words which denote—“ashes,” “a good carrier,” “a spier-out,” and “an evergreen-oak.”

(71) Who this son of Coésyra was is not very clear; the Greek note-writer tells us that it was Mégacles, to which Elmsley objects that he was an elderly man, while the person alluded to is evidently a youth. All that we know is, that there was a Coésyra notorious for her luxury, who lived about a hundred years before this period, and who was an ancestress of Mégacles; and as Greek

LAMACHUS.

I'll fight with all the Peloponnésians . 620
For ever, and annoy them everywhere
With fleets and armies with my utmost strength.

DICÆOPOLIS.

And I'll let all the Peloponnésians
And the Megárians and Bœótiens too
Come freely to my house to buy and bargain ;
But Lámachus I won't. This I proclaim. 625

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

CHORUS.

'The man has his terrible foe on the hip,
And his speech in defence of the peace takes
With the people. But now let us instantly strip
And begin the loud anapæstics."⁷²

THE ADDRESS TO THE AUDIENCE.

From the time that our poet first brought on the stage
His comic productions, he never
Has made his ADDRESS assert that he's sage,
And his writings are witty and clever.
But being accused by his foes, among
You Athénians famous for hasty 630
Decisions, of wagging a scurrilous tongue
'To ridicule, banter, and baste ye ;"⁷³

names ran in families, it is most probably the son of some kinswoman of his, who is here aimed at. (See *Clouds*, l. 46.) Perhaps the reader will think this large note on a little bit of Athénian scandal might very well have been spared.

(72) The Chorus put off their upper garments in several of the other plays, in order to dance with greater vigour. The metre in which these verses are written, is called "anapæstic," and it is generally used in the "ADDRESS."

(73) Another allusion to the comedy of the *Babylónians*, and the scrape the poet got into with Cleon.

He wants to defend himself *now*, before
 You Athénians famous for fickle
 Decisions, and says you must lay to his door
 That you're in such excellent pickle.
 It is he who prevents you from being cajoled
 By each alien's eloquent story,
 And from liking the flattering lies you are told,
 And from being puffed up with vain-glory. 635
 The envoys sent from the towns all around
 Before this, in order to cheat your
 Assemblies, would call you all "violet-crowned ;"
 And as oft as some impudent creature
 Repeated the phrase to you poor silly clowns,
 In the course of his cunningly-lipped tale,
 You became so delighted, so vain of the "crowns,"
 That you sat all the time upon tip-tail.
 But if he called Athens "anoointed," with art
 In sycophant language unerring,
 His "anoointed" would grant him the wish of his heart
 For receiving the praise of a herring." 640

(74) 'Attica was a rocky country, and by no means fertile in corn ; but as the olive-tree flourished there, the natives consoled themselves by boasting of their *oil*, instead of their *flour*. As it was usual to besmear the whole body in these days, nothing could be more natural than to call Athens and the Athénians "anoointed." We have a fragment of one of Pindar's Dithyrambic Odes remaining :—

and another —
 " Violet-crowned, anoointed Athens !"
 " Athens ! fair anoointed town !
 " Whom the Muses never cease
 " Loudly hymning ! prop of Greece ! "

for which the bard is said to have been fined by his countrymen, the Thebans, who considered that he would have been better employed in singing the fer-

By all this the poet has served you, he knows,
 And by laying aside hypocrisy,
 And showing you clearly, how great are the woes
 Your allies undergo from democracy.
 The very envoys who'll come from your towns
 To cash up the tribute they owe at
 The Exchequer, will knit up their brows into frowns,
 If they don't see the excellent poet,
 Who in spite of all dangers has dared to make known
 What is rightful and just to the nation. 645
 To such a great distance already has flown
 The fame of his bold desperation.
 Nay, even the Persian king, when he tasked
 His wits to acquire a notion
 Of the Greeks from the Spartan ambassadors, asked,
 First, which were the lords of the ocean,"
 And secondly, which were often reproved
 By this poet for wicked behaviour;
 For these, as he said, must have surely been moved
 To become much better and braver, 650
 And would have by a deal the best of the fight,
 With the bard as a faithful adviser.

tility and power of his own country. The Athénians, however, much to their credit, not only sent him double the sum in which he was mulcted, but set up a bronze statue of him in their city. The story unfortunately is rather apocryphal, which is the only objection, being found in some spurious epistles attributed to the orator Æschines.

(75) "The *naïveté* of this question must not a little have amused the audience. It is somewhat as if the present Schah had inquired of Sir Harford Jones Brydges, which river in England had the greatest number of vessels upon it; the Thames, the Isis, or the Cam."—*Mitchell*.

And this is the reason the Spartans invite

A peace, now their rulers are wiser,
And demand back Ægína;⁷⁶ not that they care
One straw for the island—I know it
Is merely contrived to empower them to tear
From his Athens this excellent poet.

But never do you give him up; for as long

As you're true to the jovial chap, he
Will tell you what's just in his comedy song, 655

And instruct you, and render you happy;
Not fawning, nor throwing out hints about pays,
Nor daring to cheat and desert you,
Nor tricking, nor daubing you over with praise,
But teaching you every virtue.

And therefore let Cleon exhibit his spite,
And contrive what he pleases against me; for right 660
And justice and goodness will be my allies,
To defend me from cunning assault and surprise.
And ne'er will the dire accusation be found real,
That *I* am, as *he* is, a cowardly scoundrel.

SONG.

Vigorous Achárnian Muse,
Come to us and give full loose

(76) The Athénians had divided the lands and tenements of Ægína amongst a certain number of their citizens.—(Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III. p. 129.) Aristóphanes was one of those who had thus obtained a settlement in the island. We know from Thucydides, that the Spartans demanded before the war, that Athens should give up all claim to Ægína, as one of the conditions of the continuance of peace. (I. 139.)

To thy burning blazing ire,
 Armed with all the strength of fire. 665
 Let thy song be made of stuff
 Fierce and loud and rude and rough,
 As the sparks which upward start
 From the charcoal's oaken heart,
 Roused by bellows' stormy blast,
 When the fish have just been placed,—
 Dressed for the coals with many a crumb,—
 By the brasier's side ; and some 670
 In the rush-girt flask with joy
 Mix the greasy Thasian ~~soy~~,
 Some on rolls their hands employ. } 675

We old fellows think we're cheated
 By the country ; for we ought
 To be nursed and kindly treated
 For the naval fights we've fought.
 Yet, instead of this, you lug us
 Into trials, and permit
 Stripling orators to drug us
 With their rude insulting wit ; 680
 Though we've now lost all conception
 Of such matters, and are deaf
 And un-mouthpieced, and our Neptune
 The Preserver....is a staff.
 At the Bar we stand up, mumbling
 Nonsense at an old man's pace,
 Blind as bats, and dully fumbling
 At the shadow of the case.

Whilst the youth, who's learnt a myriad

Of the tricks of a barrister,

685

Strikes the prisoner quick with period

Rounded off and joined with care.

Then he drags him up, propounding

Questions put by way of trap,

Tearing, wearing, and confounding

The infirm old worn-out chap ;

Who's so aged that he slobbers

As he speaks, and when he's found

"Guilty," goes and sobs and blubbers

To his friends, who stand around

690

Waiting for him in the offing,

And exclaims with piteous whine—

"What I'd saved to buy a coffin,

"I must spend to pay my fine !"

SONG.

Is it right or just, in short,

Thus to drag before a court

Aged men with hoary hair,

That you may undo them there ?

They have often toiled with you,

Wiping off the manly dew

695

From their brows, nor would they yield

On the Marathónian field.

When we were at Márathon,

We made prisoners every one ;

Now we're prisoners *ourselves*,
 Made so by abandoned elves,
 And must pay our ransoms too. } 700
 Who can say this is not true?
 Babbling Márpsias, can you?" }

Ought a man as old as Thucýdides,"
 Aye, and back-bowed, to be sued
 And abused to death, and chid at ease
 By that "Scythian solitude,"
 Talkative Cephisodémus,
 The abandoned barrister?" 705

(77) Márpsias was a quarrelsome, trifling, and noisy orator.—*Greek note.*

(78) The Thucýdides here meant is not the celebrated historian, but another person of that name, who belonged to the ancient aristocratical party, and was "ostracised," or sent into honourable banishment for ten years, by the means of his opponent Périclea, *a. c.* 444. Mr. Thirlwall concludes, that the banished statesman must have returned to Athens a little before the full term of his exile was expired, because a Thucýdides, who could not have very well been the historian himself, is mentioned by his name-sake, the historian, as commanding certain galleys at the siege of Samos, *a. c.* 440. The Greek note on this passage, however, as well as that on the *Wasps*, l. 947, enumerates a third Athénian of the name, who belonged to the parish Gargétus; and there seems no reason why we should not suppose that he was the person who commanded the galleya. Thucýdides the historian was not a Gargétian, but a Halimúsian, as he is described in the epitaph contained in his *Life* by Marcellinus. Thucýdides, the statesman, was an Alopecénsian, as the Greek note on the *Wasps*, above referred to, informs us. There was also another Athénian named Thucýdides, a poet, who was an Acherdúsian; but as he flourished during the latter half of the Peloponnesian war, we have nothing to do with him here. He is mentioned in Marcell. *Life Thuc.* in Leipzig ed. Thuc. II. p. 725.—Compare Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III. p. 45, and III. p. 53, Note 1.

(79) We know nothing about this worthy gentleman, except from this passage. He appears to have had some Scythian blood in his veins. The corps of "conatables" (or rather *gens d'armes*) at Athens, was composed of Scythian and Thracian slaves, purchased and maintained by the state; hence Cephiso-

Oft I thought it did'n't beseem us
 To maintain so vile a cur,
 When I saw a scoundrel constable
 Making a poor old man's knees
 Quake,—whose tottering limbs were *once* stable,
 When he *was* Thucydides,
 And who would not then, by Ceres,
 Have knocked under at a word
 Even to Ceres; ten such deer as
 Rogue Eváthlus" first he'd floored, 710
 And with his vociferations
 Made three thousand constables tramp,
 And be-constabled the relations
 Of the father of this scamp.—
 As the old endure denials
 Of repose and sleep from you,
 Pass a law that all the Trials
 Shall be put in classes two;
 That the old man's prosecutor
 May be old, with grinders none; 715

demus himself is considered as a Scythian, and a "scoundrel constable," and the corps of constables are called "the relations of the father of this scamp." "Scythian solitude" was a proverbial expression for "extreme destitution," drawn from the vast desert plains, or *steppes* of Scythia—the modern Tartary; here Aristóphanes has him again for the odious crime of being a poor man.

(80) Eváthlus was a fawning demagogue, who was also accused by the poet, in a lost comedy, of having rather too close a connexion with the "constables." In a city like Athens, where the rights of citizenship were so jealously watched, it is not surprising that the least flaw in a poor wretch's genealogy should be carefully nosed out. Accordingly we find numberless instances in our author of persons accused of being aliens—not in religion and in language, but simply in blood.

And the young man's one—astuter
E'en than Clínius's son.⁸¹
Thus you'll banish bad and bold men,
And teach cowards wholesome truths⁸²—
Old men by the means of old men,
Young men by the means of youths.

(81) The celebrated Alcibiádes—whom the Romans decided to be the cleverest Greek who had ever lived.

(82) An action for desertion and cowardice was a very common one at Athens. Where no distinction was made between the law of the land and martial law, of course this is what we should expect.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Same.**Enter DICÆOPOLIS from his house.*

DICÆOPOLIS.

THESE are the boundaries of my market-place.

Here I allow the Peloponnésians 720

And the Megárians and the Boeótians

To bargain, on condition that they sell

Their goods to me ; but Lámachus I don't.

The Clerks o' the Market are by lot⁸³ decidedTo be these three good thongs from leprous oxen.⁸⁴

Here let no base informer dare to come, 725

(83) The members of the Athénian Senate, as well as many other public functionaries, were chosen *by lot* from the mass of the citizens. This may seem strange at first sight to us, who are accustomed to a very different method of election, in the case of our House of Commons, than that of leaving the affair to be decided by mere chance ; but if we look at the constitution of our Upper House, we shall find the very same principle prevailing there, except so far as the chance of birth differs from the chance of the ballot. An English hereditary legislator is certainly, as far as mere theory goes, as anomalous a being as an Athénian lottery Senator.

(84) " The hides of leprous oxen are said to be particularly strong."—*Greek note.*

Nor any other man from *Quibbleford*.—
 Now then I'll go and fetch the marble column,
 On which the terms of peace have been engraved,
 And set it up within my market-place. [*Exit DICÆOPOLIS.*]

SCENE II. *The Same.*

Enter from below a MEGARIAN PIG-JOBBER, with his two young Daughters.

MEGARIAN.

Guid mornin' to ye, dear Athénian market,
 Luved by Megárians.⁸⁵ By the Jove o' Friendship,
 I greetit for ye, as ye'd been my mither. 730
 Unhappy bairns o' a maist luckless father,
 Gang up and speir an ye can hae some bonnock.
 Tak tent now, an' to a' I say gie . . . wame;
 Will ye be sell't awa, or will ye starve?⁸⁶

(85) In the original, the Megárian, as well as the Brótian, who is afterwards introduced, talks in a very broad provincial dialect. I have ventured to make use of "guid braid Lallans" in my translation, to supply its place, because that is the only dialect of the English language which has assumed a permanent literary existence. While the poetry of Burns, and the prose of the Scotch novels and the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* exist, an Englishman who has not mastered the peculiarities of the Northern idiom, must be either very ignorant, or very indolent—or both.

(86) The reader has been already partly informed of the miserable state of destitution, to which Mégara was reduced by the persevering enmity of Athens. The present scene, though full of the most laughable humour, yet occasionally gives us such touching and pathetic glimpses of the condition of this unfortunate people,—mixed up at the same time with the drollest buffoonery,—that one hardly knows whether to be merry or sad. The vein which runs through the whole of it, reminds one forcibly of that inimitable piece of acting—the *Story of Monsieur Mallet*, by the late Mr. Matthews.

GIRLS.

Sell't awa! Sell't awa!

735

MEGARIAN.

An' I agree wi' ye. But wha's sae doylt

As to buy *you*, wha'd bring mair scaith nor gain?

But, hoolie! I've a douce Megárian plan.

I'se dress ye up as pigs, and say 'tis pigs

I bring to sell. Pit on your nieves thae cloots,

740

An' seem the bairntime o' a buirdly sow!

For by the meikle deil, an ye gang hame,

Fient haet a bit o' bread ye'se hae to eat.

An' pit upon your gruntles too thae snouts;

Syne gang into the sack, like cannie weans.

745

An' tak guid heed ye grumph and say, "Koĩ!"

An' raise sic noises as the haly pigs

Bred to be kill't i' the Muckle Mysteries.—

Now I'se mak proclamation to find out

Whare's Dicæópolis.—Dicæópolis!

SCENE III. *The Same.**Enter* DICÆOPOLIS.

MEGARIAN.

Hae ye a min' to buy a wheen sma' pigs?

DICÆOPOLIS.

What do you want, Megárian?

MEGARIAN.

My guid chiel,

750

We're come to niffer.

DICÆOPOLIS.

How do you get on?

MEGARIAN.

We sit by the ingle-side a' day an' starve.

DICÆOPOLIS.

By Jove, that's jolly work to the sound of music!

What else are you Megárians at just now?

MEGARIAN.

What else? When I left hame a gran' committee

Were takin' counsel for the town, to find

755

What gate we'd gang the quickest to the deil.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Then you will soon get rid of all your troubles!

MEGARIAN.

Weel, sir?

DICÆOPOLIS.

And what's the news at Mégara?

What is the price of corn?

MEGARIAN.

Wi' us the corn

Is like a man's ain life—'tis unco *dear*.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Do you bring salt, then, with you?

MEGARIAN.

Hoot awa!

760

Hae ye not got the saut-pans at commaun'?

DICÆOPOLIS.

Nor garlic either?

MEGARIAN.

Garlic! Haith, indeed,

When ye invade our countra, like feal-mice,
You howk up a' the roots o't wi' a preen.

DICÆOPOLIS.

What do you bring then ?

MEGARIAN.

Pigs to sacrifice
I' the Muckle Mysteries.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Bravo! Let's see them!

MEGARIAN.

They're maist braw pigs. Just haud it up to ettle 765
The weight o't. 'Tis a grushie, bonnie pig.

DICÆOPOLIS.

What's this concern here ?

MEGARIAN.

Haith, sir, 'tis a pig.

DICÆOPOLIS.

What's that you say? What countryman's this pig?

MEGARIAN.

Of Mégara. What, isna this a pig?

DICÆOPOLIS.

To *me* at least it does not look like one.

MEGARIAN.

This is maist shamefu'! What an infidel 770

He is! He says this is nae pig ava!

Weel, an ye like, I'sc wad some thymit saut,
That this wee thing is ca'd a pig in Greek.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Yes, 'tis a human creature's pig, I know.

MEGARIAN.

Aye, frien', 'tis mine. Whase did ye think it was? 775
Hae ye a min' to hear their voices?

DICÆOPOLIS.

Yes,

For god's sake, yes.

MEGARIAN.

Quick, pig, and mak a noise!
Deil tak ye baith, ye maunna haud your tongues;
Haith, an ye do, I'se tak ye hame again.

GIRLS.

Koī! Koī! 780

MEGARIAN.

Guid sir, is this a pig?

DICÆOPOLIS.

It seems one now;
But in five years 'twill grow into a woman.

MEGARIAN.

It will be unco like its mither, frien'.

DICÆOPOLIS.

This pig's not such as can be sacrificed.

MEGARIAN.

Weel, sir, and wharefore no?

DICÆOPOLIS.

It has no tail. 785

MEGARIAN.

It is too young. As soon 's it gets a sow,
'Twill hae a muckle ane, lang, red, and grushie.
So, gin ye choose 't, here's a braw pig for ye.

DICÆOPOLIS.

How much they're like each other in all parts!

MEGARIAN.

They're frae ae mithers and ae fathers too. 790

When they've grown't grushie and gat towzie coats,
They'll be braw pigs to offer up to Venus.

DICÆOPOLIS.

But pigs are never offered up to Venus.

MEGARIAN.

What? No a pig to Venus? 'Tis to her

Alane o' a' the deities they're offered.

An', wow! the meat o' thae wee chuffie pigs 795

Is unco gusty when 'tis on the spit.

DICÆOPOLIS.

But can they eat without their mother yet?

MEGARIAN.

Haith, yes, sir, and without their daddie too.

DICÆOPOLIS.

What do they eat?

MEGARIAN.

Whate'er ye gie them. Speir

Your ainsel at them.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Pig!

FIRST GIRL.

Koĩ, Koĩ! 800

DICÆOPOLIS.

Can you eat tares?

FIRST GIRL.

Koĩ', Koĩ', Koĩ'!

DICÆOPOLIS.

What, and dried figs?

FIRST GIRL.

Koĩ', Koĩ', Koĩ'!

DICÆOPOLIS.

What, and can *you* eat figs?

SECOND GIRL.

Koĩ', Koĩ'!

DICÆOPOLIS.

How loud you call out, when I talk of figs!

Let some one step within, and fetch some figs 805

To feed the little pigs.⁸⁷

*[Some figs are brought out and scattered amongst
the people.]*

Now will they eat them?—

O Hércules! Good gracious, what a smacking

They kick up with their jaws! Where were they born?

I think it must have been at *Eton*, friend!

But they have not yet *eaten* all the figs.

MEGARIAN.

Nae, nae; for I claught up this single ane. 810

(87) It was a common method of securing the favour of an Athénian audience to scatter fruit and nuts amongst them from the stage. We have several other instances in our poet. In an English theatre, on the contrary, instead of the actors pelting the people with oranges and apples, the people very often take the liberty of pelting the actors.

DICÆOPOLIS.

By Jove, the beasts are very well-behaved.

What must I give you for your pigs? Just say.

MEGARIAN.

For ane o' them a single rape o' garlic ;

For tither, an ye like, a pint o' saut.⁸⁸

DICÆOPOLIS.

I'll buy them. Stop you here.

MEGARIAN.

I'se do sae, frien'. 815

[*Exit* DICÆOPOLIS.

Thou Mércury o' merchants, may I sell

My wife this gate, and my ain mither too !

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

Enter an INFORMER.

INFORMER.⁸⁹

What is your counfry, sirrah ?

(88) " The Megarian both wittily and pathetically asks the very articles of " Dicæópolis, with which his countrymen used formerly to supply other nations." —*Greek note.*

(89) We have now a new character introduced, on which the brawny arm of Aristóphanes delighted to inflict the scourge. Informers, like usurers, have been held up to popular odium in almost every country and every age. The absurd prejudices against the former class of men are now pretty well exploded ; but the latter are still as obnoxious as ever. Now the parties, who inflame and exasperate this feeling, ought to reflect, that wherever informers become a nuisance, it is the fault of the government for enacting foolish laws, not of the informer for putting them into execution ; and that in very many cases they are of the most essential service to the community. Who would take the

MEGARIAN.

Mégara;

I'm a puir fallow come to sell thae pigs.

INFORMER.

Then I'll inform against these pigs and you,
For being our enemies.

MEGARIAN.

The vera thing!

820

He's playin' us the pliskie owre again,
Which was the origin o' a' our dool!

INFORMER.

I'll serve you out for taking up the cause
Of Mégara! Sirrah, let go the sack!

MEGARIAN.

O Dicæópolis, Dicæópolis,
I am informed against by some doure chiel!

Enter DICÆOPOLIS.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Who is the man? Clerks of the Market there,
Why do you let informers come in here?—

825

*[Takes up the thongs and beats him.]*How can you think of lodging *informations*

trouble to prosecute the proprietors of public conveyances, for endangering the lives of passengers by carrying more than their licensed number, if the office were left to that most indolent fellow, *Mr. Anybody*? The real reason why informers have stunk in the nostrils of every nation, is that every nation has been addicted, more or less, to over-legislation. Enactments are made, which cannot possibly be observed; and when tradesmen are teased and annoyed by vexatious informations, they very naturally lay the blame upon the immediate author of the nuisance, instead of ascending at once to its ultimate source—the busybody, meddling spirit of the legislature.

Against your neighbours, when on every subject
You are yourself entirely *uninformed*?

INFORMER.

What? shall I not inform against the foe?

DICÆOPOLIS.

You'll catch it, if you do, unless you seek
Some other place, and play the informer there.

[*Exit* INFORMER.]

MEGARIAN.

What muckle scaith thae creaturs cause at Athens!

DICÆOPOLIS.

Cheer up, Megárian! Here's the salt and garlic, 830
For which you sold your pigs. So fare ye well.

MEGARIAN.

What? *I* fare weel? 'Tis no our countra's custom.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Then may god grant, for my impertinence,
The "farewell" may return to me and mine!

MEGARIAN.

My bonnie pigs, ye now maun try and learn,
An ye can get a farl, to dip it down
Into the saut, withoutten your auld father. 835

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

CHORUS.

I.

O happy fellow! Don't you trace
The progress of your measure?
You'll squat down in your market-place,
Enjoying every pleasure.

And if base Ctésias⁹⁰ comes in,
 Or any other vile and wretched
 Informer, to create a din, 810
 He'll certainly catch it!

II.

You won't be balked of dainties nice
 By purchasers anonymous,
 Nor stained by Prepis's⁹¹ black vice,
 Nor jostled by Cleónymus;
 But with your great-coat clean and neat
 You'll tread this scene of sweet attractions; 845
 And no Hybérbolus⁹² you meet
 Will cram you with actions.

III.

You will not now be made the butt
 Of Crátinus,⁹³ prince of quizzers,
 Who wears his hair i' the rakish cut,
 And always clipped with scissors,

(90) We know nothing more of this respectable gentleman, than what we can pick out of this passage.

(91) Prepis was a wretch, who maintained himself by the same abominable trade, as the celebrated orator Æschines followed in his younger days.

(92) This person was a manufacturer of lumps, and succeeded, after Cleon's death, to the office of chief demagogue of the Athenian mob. He was attacked by Eúpolis, in his comedy called "*Máricas*," in the same way as Cleon by Aristóphanes in the *Knights*, and apparently with equally successful results. We are told by our poet, that he made a large fortune by his political profligacy—but probably the lamp-trade helped. We have had an instance in our own days, of a man's making use of his popularity with the lower orders to promote the sale of his matchless blacking, and there is no reason why Hybérbolus's lumps should not have been puffed in the same manner. We shall hear a good deal more of him afterwards. He eventually fell into the trap which he had prepared for Alcibiades and Nicias,—in the former of whom he was pretty certain to catch a Tartar,—and was sent into "honourable banishment."

(93) The Cratinus here spoken of must be carefully distinguished from

Whose soul with every vice is mad, 850
 Whose songs for headlong haste are noted,
 Whose armpits stink as if his dad
 Belonged to St. *Goathard*.

IV.

Nor will you in your market-place
 Be slanged by blackguard Pauson ;⁹⁴
 Nor by his parish's disgrace—
 Callistratus ⁹⁴—that whoreson 855
 Rogue died ingrain in misery,
 Who's cold and starved and lean and dirty,
 Out of each month that passes by,
 Days upwards of thirty.⁹⁵

Aristóphanes's great rival, concerning whom see the *Knights*, (l. 526.) He was an obscure writer of songs, and, like some modern poets, a little too much addicted to dandyism to please the severe taste of our author. Hence he is selected below (l. 1173) by the Chorus, as the mark for a very unsavory kind of missile, which would be peculiarly offensive to a man of his delicacy and refinement.

(94) The characters of these two individuals seem to have been very similar. They were both low-lived, ungentlemanly fellows, and both most wretchedly poor. Of the latter, we have an anecdote in the *Wasps*, (l. 787) :—

PHILOCLEON.

“ That wag

“ Lysistratus played me a scurvy trick :—

“ We had a shilling given us between us

“ The other day, and so we went to change it

“ In the Fish-market for some silver pennies ;

“ And there he palmed six mullet's scales upon me.

“ I put them in my mouth, thinking them pence ;

“ But—scenting them—I spit them out half-sick,

“ And collared him.

“ BDELYCLEON.

“ And what said he to this ?

“ PHILOCLEON.

“ He said, I had the gizzard of a cock ;

“ ‘ For you digest hard money quick ! ’ says he.”

(95) The wit is the same as if one were to say of a very studious person, that he read twenty-five hours a day.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter a BŒOTIAN MARKET-MAN, with his slave ISMENIAS, both bearing various kinds of birds, beasts, fish, &c. They are followed by a troop of noisy Pipers.

BŒOTIAN.

'Fore Hércules ! My shouter's sair forjesket ! 860
 Pit down the penny-royal cannilie,
 Isménias ! An' a' you croonin' pipers,
 Wha come frae Thebes, may haud awa to hell,
 An' blaw the droddum o' the meikle deil.

Enter DICÆOPOLIS.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Deuce take you, stop ! Get from my doors, you wasps !
 Where do these cursed humming-piper sons 865
 Of Chæris⁹⁶ come from, who have flown up here ?

[Drives them away unmercifully.]

BŒOTIAN.

By Ioláüs, ye're a sonsie chiel !
 Thae fallows hae been blawin' at my curpin

(96) See Note 6.

A' the hale gate frae Thebes, and dirl't the flowers

O' my braw penny-royal on the groun'.

But, an ye like, buy ony o' the things

870

I bring; I've baith how-towdies, frien', and locusts.*

[G.] Dodwell tells us, "that Lebadea, in Boeotia, as well as most parts of Greece is infested by locusts, which destroy great part of the produce of the land"—*Travels*, Vol. I. p. 213. The following illustrations of the use of these destructive insects as an article of food, are from Kirby and Spence's *Entomology*, I. p. 364.—

"Hasselquist was informed, that at Mecca, when there was a scarcity of corn, as a substitute for flour, they would grind locusts in their hand mills, or pound them in stone mortars, that they mixed this flour with water into a dough, and made their cakes of it which they baked like their other bread. He adds, that it is not unusual for them to eat locusts when there is no famine; but then they boil them first a good while in water, and afterwards stew them with butter into a kind of fricassee of no bad flavour. Sparmann informs us that the Hottentots are highly rejoiced at the arrival of the locusts in their country, although they destroy all its verdure, eating them in such quantities as to get vastly fatter than before, and making of their eggs a brown or coffee-coloured soup. They appear even to have been an article of food offered for sale in the markets of Greece, and on a subject so well known, to quote no other writers, Jackson observes, that when he was in Barbary in 1769 dishes of locusts were generally served up at the principal tables, and esteemed a great delicacy. They are preferred by the Moors to pigeons, and a person may eat a plateful of two or three hundred without feeling any ill effects. They usually boil them in water half an hour, (having thrown away the head, wings, and legs,) then sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and fry them, adding a little vinegar." From this string of authorities, you will readily see how idle was the controversy concerning the locusts which formed part of the sustenance of John the Baptist, agreeing with Hasselquist, that they could be nothing but the animal locust, so common a pest in the East, and how apt even learned men are to perplex a plain story from ignorance of the customs of other countries.

Whatever we may think of the taste of the Moors in preferring these insects to pigeons, it is certain that the Greeks considered them a very indifferent kind of food. They are mentioned, towards the end of this play, (l. 1116) as the equivalent to thrushes, a great delicacy both amongst the Athenians and the Romans, and highly esteemed by the experienced English schoolboy, as the Translator can testify from his own avowed recollections.

* The Rev. B. Hanparth once sent me some large English grasshoppers which he cooked in the way here recommended, they cost him, but not for vinegar, and found them very good.

DICAËPOLIS.

O how d'ye do, my little bonnock-eating
Bœotian ! What d'ye bring along with you ?

BŒOTIAN.

A' the guid things Bœotia can produce : —
There's marjoram, penny-royal, matrasses,
Wicks, deuks, laes, daker-hens, lang-crestit plivers, 875
Wrens, didappers—

DICAËPOLIS.

You've brought *foul-weather* with you !

BŒOTIAN.

Forbye geese, maukins, tods, and moudiworts,
Hurchions, cats, brocks, otters, Loch-Copæ eels⁹⁸— 880

(98) Fish were particularly admired by the Athenian gourmands, and amongst fish eels, and amongst eels those which came from the Lake of Copæ, in Bœotia. The following passage from Mr Hughes, shows that they still retain their ancient reputation — "The weather being at this time very mild, I felt my health improved by the ramble, and was able at dinner to partake of some fine eels of an extraordinary size, which had been sent us by the Greek primates of the city ; they were caught in the Lake Copais, which, as in ancient times, still supplies the country around with fish and wild-fowl. One of these eels weighed seven pounds, though they are often caught as heavy as twelve or fourteen. They are firm in flesh, and of a delicious flavour. Great quantities are salted, and find a ready sale at Constantinople and other marts of Greece."—*Travels in Greece*, &c Vol. I p. 33. This excellent person's intimate acquaintance with Greece and Greek seems to have betrayed him into a very classical idiom in the last sentence. "Constantinople and other marts of Greece" is just like Xenophon's "1,000 slaves, 2,000 oxen, and 10,000 other sheep," which aforesaid sheep must certainly have been *Irish bulls*. (P. 318, l. 18, ed. Basil.) To return once more to these very celebrated fish :—"The monks of Skripû are fully aware of the excellence of those eels, so renowned among the ancient Athenians, which they describe as large, white, of delicate flavour, and light of digestion. They are taken in considerable numbers by the people of Toposm, in the permanent part of the lake near that town, from whence, either fresh or salted, they are carried for sale throughout the surrounding country, especially in the time of Lent. When both Attica and Bœotia were rich and populous, the Cephissus, and other lakes of Bœotia, furnished the people of this province with the means of

DICÆOPOLIS.

O thou that bring'st a fish most sweet to men,
Let me address the eels, if eels thou bring'st!

BCEOTIAN.

Brawest o' fifty virgin Cópáids!⁹⁹
Gang out o' the creel to sair the sonsie birkie!

DICÆOPOLIS.

Beloved damsel, long desired by me, 885
Thou com'st acceptable to comic actors,
And dear to Mórychus!¹⁰⁰ What ho, attendants!
Bring out the brasier and the bellows here!

Enter SLAVES.

Behold, my boys, the admirable eel,
Lost for six years to us, but come at last! 890
Speak to her, children! I will furnish you

"a constant and advantageous traffic with Attica, which possesses not a single trout stream, nor a lake, except that of Mārathon, which in the summer is reduced to such small dimensions, that a Bœótian eel could hardly exist in it."—Leake's *Travels in Northern Greece*, Vol. II. p. 157.—"Agathárchides says, in his Sixth Book on Europe, that the Bœótians crown the biggest of the Lake Copæ eels, just as if they were victims, and praying over them, and throwing barley upon them, sacrifice them to the gods; and that if a stranger is puzzled at the absurdity of the usage, and inquires the cause of it, the Bœótians will reply that they only know one thing, and say that they are bound to retain the customs of their ancestors, and that they are not required to defend them to the rest of mankind."—*Athenæus*, p. 297. There are other people besides the Bœótians, who have made use of this convenient method of bringing the absurdities of their grandfathers to excuse their own.

(99) A parody on a line of Æschylus, as we learn from the Greek note—

"Mistress of fifty banded Nércids!"

(100) Mórychus was a great gastronomist, and specially fond of these eels. We find him mentioned in connexion with them again in the *Peace*. He was also, we are informed in the Greek note, a composer of tragedies, but this is doubted.

— for hisel's sake.

—e'en when dead,—

with beet-root garnished!

— *with the eel, in mock pomp.*

BEOTIAN.

Bring for the fish ! 895

DICÆOPOLIS.

— market dues.—

— other goods ?

BEOTIAN.

DICÆOPOLIS.

For how much money ?

— for cargo back ?

BEOTIAN.

— that you Athénians

— Beotians haena got. 900

DICÆOPOLIS.

— some sprats from Port Phalérum,

— crockery ?

BEOTIAN.

Sprats or crockery ? Nae !

— I maun tak something

— wi' us and routhie here.

— The speech is a quiz upon the tragic writers; the concluding line is from the *Alcétis* of Eurípides, l. 374 :—

“ Ne'er may I, —e'en when dead,—

— get of thee, my only faithful friend !”

DICÆOPOLIS.

I have it! You shall pack up an informer,
Like crockery, and take him off to Thebes! 905

BÆOTIAN.

By the twa gods,¹⁰² I'se do't! For, an I tak him,
I'se get a pickle siller by the beastie,
By shawin' him like some wanchancie ape.

DICÆOPOLIS.

By Jove, here comes Nicárchus to inform!¹⁰³

BÆOTIAN.

He's sma'!

DICÆOPOLIS.

But all there is of him is bad.

SCENE II. *The Same.**Enter* NICARCHUS.

NICARCHUS.

Whose goods are these?

BÆOTIAN.

'Fore Jove, lad, they are mine, 910

An' come frae Thebes.

(102) "The two gods" in the mouth of a Bæotian mean Amphion and Zéthus, the founders of Thebes; in that of a Lacedæmónian, Castor and Pollux, the tutelary divinities of Sparta.

(103) Respecting Nicárchus the Greek note merely tells us that he is satirized as an informer, which we knew already.

NICARCHUS.

Then I inform against them,
As being our enemies'.

BŒOTIAN.

How hae they scaithed ye,
That ye maun war and fecht wi' wee bit burdies?

NICARCHUS.

And I intend to inform against you too.

BŒOTIAN.

How hae I wranged ye?

NICARCHUS.

I'll explain to you
For the bystanders' sake. You're smuggling in 915
Wicks from the enemy.

DICÆOPOLIS.

So then, forsooth,
You are informing on account of *wicks*!

NICARCHUS.

This wick might set the Dock-yard all on fire.

DICÆOPOLIS.

A wick a dock-yard?

NICARCHUS.

Yes, it might.

DICÆOPOLIS.

And how?

NICARCHUS.

A Bœótian rogue might stick it in a cock-roach,¹⁰⁴ 920

(104) 'The Translator must ask pardon of any American lady, into whose hands this book may by chance fall, for making use of so vulgar a term.

Light it, and send the insect up a drain
Into the Dock-yard, when the wind was high.
And if the ships *once* caught a light, they'd be
In a blaze directly.

DICÆOPOLIS.

What, you cursed rogue,
In a blaze by means of a cock-roach and a wick? 925
[Seizes upon him.]

NICARCHUS.

I call you all to witness !

DICÆOPOLIS.

Stop his mouth !
Give me some straw that I may pack him up
Like crockery, and have him carried thus,
For fear he should get broken on the journey.
[Proceeds to stow him away.]

I.

CHORUS.

My dearest fellow, pray be wise,
And pack the stranger's merchandise 930
With care, for fear he break it

DICÆOPOLIS.

Leave that to me ; I see it rings
[Gives him a hearty kick.]
With a harsh jar, like fire-cracked things,
And gods and men forsake it.

"Cock-roaches" in the United States, as we are told by one of the numerous English travellers through that country, are always called "roaches" by the fair sex, for the sake of euphony.

CHORUS.

In what way will he use it? 935

DICÆOPOLIS.

In many, if he choose it.

'Twill be a *ruler*¹⁰⁵... of the rich,

A *poker*... of an action,

Snuffers... to scent a legal hitch,

A spoon... to stir up faction.

II.

CHORUS.

How could one ever use a vase 940

With confidence at home, which jars

[DICÆOPOLIS *kicks him.*

With such discordant croaking?

DICÆOPOLIS.

Its strength, good sir, is most complete,

And if 'tis hung up by the feet, 945

Head down, it can't be broken.

[NICARCHUS *being now completely packed up,*
DICÆOPOLIS *suits the action to the word.*

CHORUS.

Well, now you need not fear, sir.

BÆOTIAN.

I'se soon hae routh o' gear, sir.

(105) Our author here plays upon the difference between the strictly grammatical, and the vulgar and colloquial sense, of certain words. Some English purists maintain most fiercely, that the person who rules a line is *the ruler*, and the instrument he makes use of to direct his pen is *the rule*. By parity of reasoning the person who pokes the fire is *the poker*, and the iron rod is *the poke*; and we ought to talk of *nut-cracks*, *dusts*, *snuffs*, &c. instead of *nut-crackers*, *dusters*, *snuffers*, and so on.

CHORUS.

With this ally, where'er thou go'st,
 Thou need'st not fear to storm or
 Blockade, my dearest sir, the most 950
 Impregnable informer.¹⁰⁶

DICÆOPOLIS.

I had hard work to pack the cursed rogue up.
 Take off your crockery, my good Bœotian !

BŒOTIAN.

My wee Isménias, gang and pit your shouther
 Beneath the creel. I rede ye weel be tentie,
 An' carry hame the load wi' muckle caution. 955

DICÆOPOLIS.

You'll take a precious shakey bit of goods—
 But never mind. For if you make a gain
 By your fine merchandise, you'll live in clover
 As far as base informers are concerned.

[*Exeunt BŒOTIAN and Slave with NICARCHUS.*]

SCENE III. *The Same.*

Enter LAMACHUS's Slave.

SLAVE.

Hoy ! Dicæópolis !

(106) Sócrates recommended a wealthy friend of his, who was much annoyed by frivolous prosecutions brought against him for the sake of extorting money, to take a regular informer into his pay, and employ him to frighten away all others, as a dog frightens away the wolves. The idea seems pretty nearly the same in this passage, and again six lines below.

DICÆOPOLIS.

What is the matter?

Why are you bawling for me?

SLAVE.

Lámachus

Requests you'll let him have for this one shilling 960

Some of your thrushes for the feast of Gallons,¹⁰⁷

And for these three a Lake of Copæ eel.

DICÆOPOLIS.

What Lámachus is that who wants the eel?

SLAVE.

The dreadful, the enduring one, who shakes

The Gorgon, brandishing three shadowy crests. 965

DICÆOPOLIS.

He should not have it, even for his shield.

Let him go shake his crests against salt-fish.¹⁰⁸

(107) The second day of the Lenæan festival of Bacchus was so called, because it was part of the sports of the occasion to fill gallon measures with wine and water, and try which could get to the bottom of his cup the first. It must be confessed, however, in justice to the characters of the degenerate toppers of these modern times, that the Greek gallon was less than ours by rather more than a pint. We shall find, at the end of this play, that Dicæopolis boasts of filling his with *warm* wine, and flooring it at a draught; but that I take to be one of those operations which are so often accomplished on the stage, and so very seldom in real life. We get a sufficiently magnificent idea of the capacity of the Greek stomach, when we believe that it could contain considerably more than three English quarts, without saying any thing of the nature of the liquor. The following passage is quoted from Athenæus:—
 "Timæus says that the tyrant Dionysius proposed a golden crown as a reward
 "for him who drank up his gallon first at the feast of the Gallons, and that the
 "successful party was the philosopher Xenócrates." This sage was afterwards
 head of the Platonic school.

(108) Salt-fish was the fare of the vulgar; it was brought in great quantities to Athens from the Black Sea.

If he should squall and bawl and raise a bustle,
 I'll make the Clerks o' the Market turn him out.
 I shall take in these goods all for myself,
 To the tune of thrushes' wings and blackbirds' pinions. 970

[*Exeunt omnes.*

CHORUS.

I.

Did you view, O did you view,—
 Citizens, I speak to you,—
 The delicious merchandise,
 For the which this man so wise
 Is enabled now to trade
 By the peace that he has made ?
 Part is useful in the house,¹⁰⁹ 975
 And on part he will carouse.
 All the goods of life, in short,
 He obtains, unasked, unsought.
 Never will I entertain
 Horrid War at home again ;
 Never at my board shall he
 Sing Harmódios's glee.¹¹⁰ 980

(109) That is to say, the mattresses and wicks.

(110) This well-known song may be translated as follows :—

I.

" With myrtle wreathed I'll wear my sword,
 " As when ye slew the tyrant lord,
 " And made Athénian freedom brighten,
 " Harmódios and Aristogiton !

II.

" Thou art not dead—it is confessed—
 " But haunt'st the Islands of the Blest,—
 " Beloved Harmódios !—where Pelides,
 " The swift-beeled, dwells, and brave Tydides.

For he is a drunken rake,
 Thus to venture to attack,
 In his revelling roaming mood,
 Men possessed of every good,
 And to do them every harm,
 Fill their minds with dire alarm,
 Knock them down on their own floors,
 Turn them coolly out of doors,
 Fight them if they don't obey,
 And although they beg and pray—
 “ Come, sit down and drink, and take
 “ This one glass for friendship's sake!” — 985

III.

“ With myrtle wreathed I'll wear my sword,
 “ As when ye slew the tyrant lord
 “ Hippárchus, Pallas' festal night on ;
 “ Harmódios and Aristogíton !

IV.

“ Because ye slew the tyrant, and
 “ Gave Athens freedom, through the land
 “ Your flashing fame shall ever lighten :
 “ Harmódios and Aristogíton !

It was probably this song which gave rise to the vulgar belief alluded to by Thucydides, that Hippárchus was tyrant of Athens when he was assassinated by the patriot pair. The real facts were, that they intended to have slain Híppias, the elder brother of Hippárchus, who had succeeded his father Pisistratus in the tyranny, but suspecting that he had been informed of the plot, attacked the younger of the two, more especially as it was he who had given them the private and personal offense, which impelled them to take up the affair on public and patriotic grounds. They accomplished their attempt, but were both of them shortly afterwards slain by the adherents of Híppias. Instead, however, of tyranny being abolished in consequence of the conspiracy, it was not till more than three years afterwards, that democracy in its pure form was re-established at Athens.

Burn their stakes so much the quicker
In the fire, and spill the wine,—
Much as they wish to save the liquor,—
From each mantling, sparklingvine.

II.

Did you view the happy man
Rouse him to arrange the plan
Of his dinner, and display
How superb is his array,
Casting out before his doors,—
As a sample of the stores
Spent in jollity and sheer
Luxury,—these feathers here ?¹¹¹
Truce, O Truce, fair Venus' friend,
Whom the Graces aye attend,
What a lovely face thou'st got,
Though before I knew it not ! 990
Would to heaven some little Love,
With his garland and his dove,
Like the pictured god we see,¹¹²
Joined together you and me !

(111) A beautiful courtesan now makes her appearance on the stage, in the allegorical character of Truce, but, as was always the case in the Grecian theatre with the fair sex, merely acts in dumb show. We have several other examples of this practice in our poet ; for instance, in the *Peace*, where three of these damsels come on as Peace, Spectacle, and Harvest. We have retained the custom, I believe, in England, but the ladies now claim the privilege of using their tongues.

(112) The painter Zeuxis had painted a most beautiful picture of Cupid crowned with roses in the temple of Venus at Athens.—*Greek note.*

Or would you perhaps look cold,
 Thinking I am far too old?
 If I gained you as my bride,
 I should gain three things beside.
 First, I'd plant a long, long line
 Of the cuttings of the vine;
 Secondly some tender twigs
 Of the tree that bears us figs;
 Thirdly, though so old, I'd poke
 In the trench a shoot of oak;
 Placing round the garden olives,
 So that you and I, at worst,
 Might anoint us, for our whole lives,
 Once a month, upon the 1st.¹¹³

995

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

Enter CRIER and DICÆOPOLIS, with Slaves, &c.

CRIER.

O yes, O yes! The people are to drink

1000

(113) The Acharnian old gentleman's ideas seem to coincide pretty closely on the subject of certain little domestic arrangements with those of Mr Shandy — "My father was, I believe, one of the most regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of business or matter of amusement, that ever lived. As a small specimen of this extreme exactness of his, to which he was in truth a slave, he had made it a rule for many years of his life, on the first Sunday night of every month throughout the whole year,—as certain as ever the Sunday night came—to wind up a large house clock, which we had standing on the backstairs' head, with his own hands—and being somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age at the time I have been speaking of, he had likewise gradually brought some other little family concerns to the same period, in order, as he would often say to my uncle Toby, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and pestered with them the rest of the month."—*Tristram Shandy*, Book I chap. 4.

The gallons, when they hear the trumpet sound,
According to the customs of their fathers.
And he who first of all drinks up his gallon,
Shall gain the wine-bag¹¹⁴.... of fat Ctésiphon.¹¹⁵

DICÆOPOLIS.

Did you not hear, children and women all?
What are you doing? Don't you hear the Crier?
Stew! Roast! and turn! Take off the hares! Plait
garlands! 1005

Bring me the spits, that I may spit the thrushes!

[He proceeds to officiate as a cook on the stage.]

CHORUS.

How happy are you in your skill!
But happier in the banquet still,
Of which you now are boasting! 1010

DICÆOPOLIS.

What will you say then, when your eyes
Have gazed with liquorish surprise
Upon these thrushes roasting?

(114) The custom of preserving wine in bags made of goat-skins is still very common in Greece and the adjoining countries. Most readers must recollect Don Quixote's ludicrous encounter with these gormellied giants, and with what satisfaction to himself and discomfort to his worthy host he spilt their blood on the floor of his garret. It is well known that the word which is translated "bottles" in the following passage of the English New Testament ought to be "wine-bags," or "wine-skins."—"Nor do men put new wine into old bottles; for if not, the bottles are burst, and the wine is spilt, and the bottles perish, but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved."—*Matthew 17*. An excellent representation of a Bacchanal drinking out of what is literally the neck of one of these goat-skins filled with wine, may be seen in *Musées Peintures des Vases Antiques*, Vol. II. plate 65.

(115) Ctésiphon was a worthy Athenian gentleman, who, from being addicted to the pleasures of the table, had thrown out a very magnificent bow window in front. Hence his paunch, from being kept constantly full of good liquor, is facetiously called a wine-bag.

CHORUS.

I quite agree with you in this.
Who then could paint your state of bliss?

DICÆOPOLIS.

Go poke the fire, my beauties!

CHORUS.

Did'st hear with how much wit and glee, 1015
How cookishly, how dinnerly,
He manages his duties?

SCENE V. *The Same.*

Enter a FARMER, wringing his hands, &c.

FARMER.

Alas, alas!

DICÆOPOLIS.

O Hércules! Who's this?

FARMER.

A man of woe.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Then keep it to yourself.

FARMER.

My dearest sir, you are the only person 1020
Possessed of peace; so measure me a little,
Though only for five years.

DICÆOPOLIS.

What is the matter?

FARMER.

I'm ruined; for I've lost my pair of oxen.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Where₂from ?

FARMER.

The Bœótiens took them off from Phylè—

DICÆOPOLIS (*ironically*).

Poor wretched soul! Why are you not in black ?

FARMER.

Although, by Jove, I was maintained by them 1025

In the enjoyment of all kinds of.... dung.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Then what do you want now ?

FARMER.

I've spoilt a pair

Of eyes by weeping for a pair of oxen ;

So if you've any regard for Dércetes

Of Phylè, quick anoint these balls with peace.

DICÆOPOLIS.

You rascal, I am not the public surgeon !¹¹⁶ 1030

FARMER.

Pray do! Perhaps I may get back my oxen.

(116) It was the custom in Grecian towns to hire a surgeon at the public expense to attend any citizen who might require his services. The celebrated Hippócrates, who flourished about the time of Aristóphanes, is said to have been engaged in this capacity by the Athénians. Democédes, who lived about a century before, had '300*l.* a year at his native place Croton, 500*l.* at Athens, and afterwards 600*l.* from Polýcrates, the tyrant of Samos. We find complaints made in one of our Author's later productions—the *Wealth*—that both the science of physic and the pay of the physician had already grievously declined. However, we learn, from recent travellers in Greece, that the plan of paying the gentlemen of the lancet by the great, is still continued there in all its ancient vigour.—See *Dodwell and Hughes*. In the countries of western Europe the system is transferred from the physicians of the body to the physicians of the soul.

DICÆOPOLIS.

... and blubber

... FARMER.

FARMER.

... the single drop of peace

...

DICÆOPOLIS.

Not one single atom.

... ourself.

FARMER.

Alas, alas,

1035

... dear, little farming oxen !

[*Exit FARMER blubbering.*

CHORUS.

... friend's discovered by his schemes
How sweet is peace, and as it seems
Will give a bit to no man.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Now, boy, be ready at your post !

Your honey on the tripe, and toast

1040

The cuttlefish¹¹⁷ below, man !

CHORUS.

Why did you hear the lofty note

Coming in thunders from his throat ?

¹¹⁷ The cuttlefish and the cuttlefish constitute a chief part of the diet of the Greeks during such of their fasts as preclude them from eating flesh, and bloodless animals.—Hobhouse's *Travels in Greece*.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Now set the eels a-frying !

CHORUS.

You'll make me die of hunger, and
Those neighbours who live close at hand 1045
Of smells and noisy crying.

SCENE VI. *The Same.**Enter BRIDESMAN and BRIDESMAID.*

DICÆOPOLIS.

Fry them, and take great care to brown them well.

BRIDESMAN.

Dear Dicæópolis !

DICÆOPOLIS.

Who's that? Who's that?

BRIDESMAN.

This meat is sent you by a bridegroom from
The wedding-feast.

DICÆOPOLIS.

I'm much obliged to him, 1050
Whoever he may be.

BRIDESMAN.

And he requests,
That in return you'll pour one gill of peace
Into this gallipot, that he mayn't have
To go on service, but may stay at home
And kiss his wife.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Away, away with it!

I do not want your gift. You should not have
 a gill of peace even for five hundred pounds! 1055
 But who's this girl?

BRIDESMAN.

The bridesmaid; and she wants
 To give you a message from the bride in private.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Come, come; what is it? (*Whispers with the BRIDESMAID.*)

How absurd, good heavens,
 The favour is, which the bride begs of me
 So earnestly, in order to keep at home
 The source of all her chaste connubial pleasures!— 1060
 Bring me the peace! I'll give to her alone;
 For she's a woman, and unworthy war.—
 Hold out your perfume-pot! This way, my dear!
 D'ye know how you must use it? Tell the bride,
 When they're recruiting, she's to pour by night 1065
 A drop of this into her bridegroom's breeches.—

[*Exeunt BRIDESMAN and BRIDESMAID.*]

Remove the peace!—Bring me the ladle here!
 I'll take some wine and put it in the gallons.

CHORUS.

But here comes some one with uplifted brows,¹¹⁸
 Hurrying, as if to bring some dreadful news. 1070

¹¹⁸ The Greeks considered the habit of carrying the eye-brows raised a
 sign of anger.—See *Julius Pollux*, II. 49.

SCENE VII. *The Same.**Enter a MESSENGER.*

FIRST MESSENGER.

O toils and fights and Lámachus'es bold !

Enter LAMACHUS pompously, with attendants.

LAMACHUS.

Who round my brass-accoutred dwelling sounds ?

FIRST MESSENGER.

The Generals bid you take immediately

Your crests and cohorts, and march out to-day,

And in despite of snow-storms guard the defiles. 1075

Word has been brought to them that some Bœótiens

Mean to invade the land in search of plunder

During the feasts of Gallons and of Pots.¹¹⁹

LAMACHUS.

O Generals more numerous than brave ! 1080

DICÆOPOLIS.

'Tis a great shame I can't even hold a feast !

O battle-fighting Lamacháic troops !

LAMACHUS.

Confound it ! Are you making game of me ?

(119) The feast of Pots was celebrated the day after the feast of Gallons. It was so named from certain pots of vegetables which were offered up to the Infernal Mercury. Perhaps a diligent antiquarian might discover some connexion between the jovial rites of this day, and certain mysterious orgies annually celebrated at Cambridge during the Pot-fair.

DICÆOPOLIS.

D'ye want to fight with a four-crested giant?

*[Shews him a locust in derision.]*¹²⁰

LAMACHUS.

Alas, alas!

What a dire message did the Crier bring me!

DICÆOPOLIS.

Alas, alas!

What message is he running here to bring me?

[Enter another MESSENGER.]

SECOND MESSENGER.

O Dicæópolis!

DICÆOPOLIS.

What is the matter? 1085

SECOND MESSENGER.

Take up your meat-box and your Gallon, sir,¹²¹

And come to dinner quick. The priest of Bacchus

Requests your company. So stir your stumps.

The dinner has been staid for you this long time;

For every thing, excepting you, is ready.

We've sofas, tables, pillows, bedding, garlands, 1090

(120) The locust, like the rest of the grasshopper tribe, which are furnished with wings at all, has four of them. By exhibiting one of these insects in a ridiculous position, Dicæópolis takes occasion to ridicule the triple crest of Lámachus's helmet.

(121) A gentleman, who gave a dinner party at Athens, was not expected to provide the meat or the wine. These articles were brought by the guests, so that the feast in some respects resembled a modern pic-nic. In order to convey the different dishes, they made use of a box, which was sometimes heated by a pan of charcoal underneath it. Of what the host *was* expected to furnish we shall have a very copious list presently.

Scents, nuts and fruits, the courtezans are there,¹²²
 Cakes of bruised wheat, pies, sesame-puddings, short-bread,
 Fair dancing-girls' Harmódios's fancy :¹²³
 So pray make haste.

LAMACHUS.

How harshly am I punished !

DICÆOPOLIS.

'Tis your own fault ; the indictment you yourself
 Have *drawn* . . . upon your shield is a grim Gorgon. 1093
 Shut up my meat-box ! Get my dinner ready !

LAMACHUS.

Boy, boy ! Bring out my knapsack from the house !

DICÆOPOLIS.

Boy, boy ! Bring out my meat-box from the house !

LAMACHUS.

Bring some thyme-flavoured salt and onions, boy !

(122) This custom of inviting ladies of easy virtue to entertainments must necessarily prevail more or less in every country, where the modest part of the sex is secluded from general society. The company of woman is naturally so desirable to man, that, rather than be deprived of it altogether, he will accept the basest ore as a substitute for the pure virgin gold. We have instances enough in Aristophanes of the prevalence of this practice. My friend, Mr. Paddy, whose very learned and entertaining *Travels in Crete* are now in the press, informs me that it continues in the Levant to the present moment. On an occasion when the Bishop of Gortyna in Crete had invited a large party, both lay and clerical, to his palace, part of the amusements of the day consisted of a dance of prostitutes. If the reader will take the trouble to refer to a curious Latin note in Roscoe's *Life of Leo X.*, (Vol. I. Dissertation, p. 11,) he will find, that even popes have beguiled their leisure hours by certain strange exhibitions made by women of this description.

(123) This evidently alludes to some story of Harmodius's fondness for this class of females, who bore about the same character in Greece as the *filles d'opéra* in England. Whatever it might have been, we know nothing about it now.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Some fish for me ! I hate the smell of onions. 1100

LAMACHUS.

Bring me a slice, boy, of decayed salt-fish.

DICÆOPOLIS.

And me a slice, boy ; I will roast it there.

LAMACHUS.

Fetch me out here the two plumes of my helmet.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Fetch me out here the turtles and the thrushes.

LAMACHUS.

This ostrich-plume is beautiful and white. 1105

DICÆOPOLIS.

This turtle's flesh is beautiful and brown.

LAMACHUS.

Fellow, leave off laughing at my equipments.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Fellow, you'd best not stare so at the thrushes.

LAMACHUS.

Bring out the case that holds the triple crest—

DICÆOPOLIS.

Bring out for me the dish of roasted hare— 1110

LAMACHUS.

Unless the moths have eaten up my crest.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Unless I eat the giblets before dinner.

LAMACHUS.

Fellow, you'd best leave off addressing me.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Nay, but the slave and I have been disputing

This long time back. (*To slave.*) D'ye choose to stake your
money,

And let brave Lámachus determine whether 1115
Locusts or thrushes are the sweeter food ?

LAMACHUS.

What insolence !

DICÆOPOLIS (*To the slave*).

Locusts by far, he says.

LAMACHUS.

Boy, boy ! Take down my spear and bring it out.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Boy, boy ! Take off the tripe and bring it out.

LAMACHUS.

Come, let me pull the casing off my spear. 1120

Lay hold of it !

DICÆOPOLIS (*To his slave*).

Do you lay hold of this. (*Offering the spit.*)

LAMACHUS.

Bring me the easel that supports my shield.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Bring me the biscuit that supports my paunch.

LAMACHUS.

Fetch out my Gorgon-mounted rounded shield.

DICÆOPOLIS.

And me, boy, my cheese-mounted rounded cake. 1125

LAMACHUS.

Would not this taunt be found by all men bitter ?

DICÆOPOLIS.

Would not this cake be found by all men sweet ?

LAMACHUS.

Pour out the oil. I see upon my shield
An old man who'll be sued for cowardice.

[*Pretends to see the reflection of DICÆOPOLIS
in the surface of the oil.*]

DICÆOPOLIS (*To slave*).

Pour out the honey!

[*Points to the cake and burlesques LAMACHUS's gestures.*]

Here too may be seen 1130

An old man bidding Lámachus the son
Of Górgasus¹²⁴ to go and hang himself.

LAMACHUS.

Come, bring out here my warrior breastplate, boy.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Take up the Gallon as my breastplate, boy.

LAMACHUS.

In this I'll arm against the enemy.

DICÆOPOLIS.

In this I'll arm against the company.¹²⁵ 1135

(124) The real name of Lámachus's father was Xenophanes, he is here called the son of Górgasus by way of a joke upon his *Gorgon* shield. This seems very poor indeed to us, because it requires explanation, and, as the Frenchman said, no one laughs if it is necessary to tell him first why he ought to laugh.

(125) There is an allusion here to a bit of Athenian slang. When a man was tipsy—or, to use the corresponding modern phrase, "concerned in liquors," he was said "to have his breastplate on." There seems no subject on which the wit of the vulgar has been more often employed. The following list of phrases is taken from Ray's *Proverbs*, (p. 68, ed. 1768) all of which denote that a man is drunk. "He is disguised. He has got a piece of bread and cheese in his head. He has drunk more than he has bled. He has been in the sun. He has a jag or load. He has got a dish. He has got a cup too much. He is one and thirty. He is dagged. He has cut his leg. He is afflicted. He is top-heavy. The malt is above the water. As drunk as a wheelbarrow. He makes indentures with his legs. He's well to live. He is about to cast up his reckonings or accounts. He has made an example. He is concerned

LAMACHIUS

Boy, go and tie my bedclothes to the shield.
I'll take my knapsack up and carry it.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Boy, go and tie my dinner to the box.

LAMACHUS.

Now, boy, take up my shield and walk along.

DICÆOPOLIS.

I shall take up my coat and walk along. 1140

LAMACHUS.

It snows ! Good gracious ! 'Tis a stormy job !

DICÆOPOLIS.

Take up the dinner. 'Tis a merry job ! [*Exeunt omnes.*

CHORUS.

My fortune attend, as you leave your abodes !
You are marching, but oh ! on what different roads !
The former to shiver and watch at all hours 1145
Protecting a mountainous pass ;
The latter to drink with a garland of flowers,
And to sleep with a lovely young lass.

SONG.

I.

Antímachus, son of Drop, ¹²⁶ 1150
The scribbler of prose and of songs,
Will be sent to the devil, I hope ;
To the devil he surely belongs.

" He is as drunk as David's sow. He has stolen a manchet out of the brewer's basket. He's raddled. He is very weary. He drank till he gave up his halfpenny, i. e. vomited."

(126) Antímachus was a mean, disreputable fellow, who had a trick of sputtering in the faces of the persons he conversed with, whence he was nicknamed

For on Bacchus's feast-day the sinner,
Though Provider, would give me no dinner. 1155

I trust I still may see him leer

At some fried smelts, and that the dish
May coast the salt-seller and steer

To him, brimfull of hissing fish ;
And as he's going to take them, Tray 1160
May seize them all and run away !

II.

May this be one lesson he's taught !

May he meet with a second by night !
As he goes, with an ague he's caught,

To his home from a Knights' sham-fight, 1165
May a stout oaken cudgel his crest tease
In the hands of the raving Oréstes ;¹²⁷

And as he gropes all in the dark

To find a stone, may Providence
Send to the hand of this fine spark

A newly-born sir-reverence ; 1170
And with this jewel may his highness
Both miss his mark and hit Cratinus.¹²⁸

" Drop " Having once been called upon to discharge the office of Theatrical Provider, he shabbily refused to furnish the usual dinner for the chorus after the play was over. This of course excites the bile of the worthy dancers.

(127) This man is not to be confounded with the son of Agamémnon, who lived in the time of the Trojan war, and went mad after having slain his mother, Clytemnéstra, to avenge his father's death. There is, however, an evident allusion to the heroic Oréstes in the epithet " raving " The modern was a notorious foot-pad at Athens, and is mentioned in two other passages of our poet, in one of which he is called a " hero " for the same reason.

(128) See Note 93.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter a MESSENGER hastily, and knocks at LAMACHUS's door.

MESSENGER.

Attendants in the house of Lámachus,
Go heat, go heat, some water in a pot! ¹²⁹ 1175
Prepare lint, plaister, greasy wool, and splents
To bind his ancle up! A stake has wounded
The man, as he was jumping o'er a ditch,
And with a backward wrench he has squashed his ancle,
And broke his head by tumbling on a stone, 1180
And roused the sleeping Gorgon from his shield.
And the great Braggart-bladder's feather falling
Upon the rocks, he uttered dreadful notes—
“ Illustrious object! How that I have looked

(129) The whole of this speech is a manifest quiz on the long orations of the Messengers in Grecian Tragedy.

"Fare thee for the last, last time of all;
 'Leave this glare of day, I am no more.'" 1185
 Having said this, he rises from the ditch,
 And meeting with some robber runaways,
 He chases them, and routs them with his spear.¹³⁰
 But here's the man himself. Open the door!

 SCENE II.

Enter LAMACHUS wounded, limping, and supported by attendants.

LAMACHUS.

Alas! Alas! O sorrows great! 1190
 Mine is a ghastly horrid fate.
 I'm racked to death—O dear! O dear!—
 By blow received from hostile spear.
 But this is my chiefest misery,
 For which I weep, for which I sigh— 1195
 'That scoundrel Dicæópolis
 Will see me lame and wounded brought here,
 And in the midst of all his bliss
 Will crack his jests upon my torture.

(130) A noble occupation for an Athénian general! An English Aristocrat would represent the Duke of Wellington as personally engaged in chasing some pig-stealers during the battle of Waterloo.

*Enter DICÆOPOLIS half tipsy, with a lady "nothing loath"
on each arm.*

DICÆOPOLIS.

Alas! Alas! When shall I rest?

How hard and downy is this breast!

You little golden things, let's try 1200

And mix soft humid kisses—shall one?

Give me a sweet one, dear, for I

Was the first man that floored his gallon.

[Kisses the ladies very lovingly.]

LAMACHUS.

Alas, the miserable state

In which I am! Alas, the fate

That showered these grievous wounds on us! 1205

DICÆOPOLIS.

How are you, mighty Lámachus?

LAMACHUS.

I'm a poor wretch!

DICÆOPOLIS.

I'm a poor wight!

[Kisses him with affected commiseration.]

LAMACHUS.

Why do you kiss?

[Snaps at him with his teeth.]

DICÆOPOLIS.

Why do you bite?

LAMACHUS.

Alas, the club that gave this rub

With cruel iron talons! 1210

DICÆOPOLIS.

D'ye mean to say that any *Club*¹³¹
Dines on the Day of Gallons?

LAMACHUS.

O Pæan, Pæan! Thee I pray!

DICÆOPOLIS.

The feast of Pæan's not to-day.

LAMACHUS.

O take me by the leg—make haste,
Dearest boys!—to ease the smart.

1215

DICÆOPOLIS.

And do you take me by the waist—
Dearest girls!—to ease my heart.

LAMACHUS.

My head is giddy with the blow
I received; my thoughts are swimming.

DICÆOPOLIS.

DICÆOPOLIS.

And to the King¹³² and Judges¹³³ us.

The wine-bag, I beseech, sirs ! 1225

[He receives it, and refills his gallon.]

LAMACHUS.

My aching bones are pierced and split

By lance as keen as Bóreas.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Look here ! You see I've emptied it !

Hurrah ! I am victorious !

CHORUS.

Hurrah ! then, if you say that you

Have beat the enemy hollow.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Yes ; and I filled with *neat* wine too,

And gulped it at a swallow.¹³⁴

CHORUS.

Hurrah, my hearty ! March, and bring

Your bag—that prize so glorious. 1230

(132) The second of the nine officers called Rulers was denominated the King, because it was his duty to preside in certain religious ceremonies. In olden times the King of a Grecian tribe was also the High-priest, just as the King of England (or the Queen as it may be) is the head of the English Protestant Church.

(133) "Ostensibly the judges of the prize of drinking; covertly, I suspect, the judges of the theatrical prize. For undisguised addresses to these arbiters, see *Clouds*, l. 1115, *Birds*, l. 1102, *Debatresses*, l. 1154."—*Mr. Mitchell*.

(134) The ancients had a trick, which I believe is unfortunately lost in these days of innovation, of pouring wine in a continuous stream down their throats, without taking separate gulps. Horace calls this a Thracian custom. Athenæus mentions a fellow who was nicknamed "Funnel," from a practice he had of sticking a funnel in his jaws, and allowing his companions to pour liquor into him, as if he had been a cask.

DICÆOPOLIS.

Follow along with me, and sing

“ Hurrah ! He is victorious ! ”

CHORUS.

For your sake, then, we will not lag,

But sing, with shouts uproarious,

In praise of you and of your bag—

“ Hurrah ! They are victorious ! ”

[The Chorus leaves the Orchestra, and exeunt omnes.]

THE END OF THE ACHARNIANS.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE GREEK TEXT OF THE ACHARNIANS.

*. The numbers, both here and in the translation, refer to the lines of Brunnck's Greek text, which correspond accurately to those of the two texts published by W. Dindorf, viz. one in 1825 amongst the *LEIPZIG CLASSICS*, and one in 1830 on the *POETÆ SCENICI*.

L. 8.] The Scholiast reads solecistically in the passage from the *Telephus*,
κακῶς δλοῖτ' ἄν' ἄξιον γάρ 'Ελλάδι.

Elmsley substitutes δλοῖτην, by an oversight, although of course he must have been aware that the 2d aor. act. of this verb is not in use; and, if it were, could not very well bear a neuter sense. I should myself propose to read δλοῖτ' ἄρ' and have translated the line accordingly.

L. 13.] I have preferred making μόσχος a proper name, contrary to the opinion of Bentley in his *Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris*, p. 170 (255) 1st. Because "the calf," in familiar Attic Greek, would be τῷ μόσχῳ, and not simply μόσχῳ; just as, for instance, they would say ἔτυχε τῶν ἀριστέων, when there was only one prize, not ἔτυχεν ἀριστέων. 2dly. Because it is absurd to imagine that in these modern times a calf would have been offered as a prize to a successful musician, whatever might have been the case formerly. We know that the goat, from which Tragedy is supposed to have derived its name, had long ago given place to a more portable recompense; and it is but reasonable to conclude that pipers and harpers were remunerated in the same convenient way. No doubt, some two thousand years hence, the grammarians will discover, that a successful author at Covent Garden was rewarded with a wagon-load of cabbages.

L. 68.] Read ἐτροχόμεσθα διὰ Καύστριων Πεδίων, or, with the *Poet. Scen.* ἐτροχόμεσθα παρὰ Καύστριων Πεδίων. Παρὰ cannot be used with a genitive, unless with names of persons.

L. 93.] Read with Bekker, and the *Poet. Scen.* πατάξας τόν γε σ' ὦ.

L. 119.] Read ἐξευρημένε with Bekker. The ξυρὸν, or razor, could scarcely be applied to the πρῶκτός. Instead of being ἐξευρημένος, it was usually ἐξωστημένος.

MN. ἀτὰρ τι μέλλεις δοῦν μ'. ET ἀποξυρεῖν ταδί,
τὰ κάτω δ' ἀφένειν.—*Frausticulus*, l. 215.

L. 273.] Insert a comma after Θράτταν.

L. 273.] The first interpretation which the Scholiast gives of the word καταγυγάρτισαι—ἀντὶ τοῦ κατὰ τῶν γεωργικῶν γιγάρτων βαλεῖν καὶ διαμυρίσαι—is manifestly incorrect; for then the word καταβαλόντα is entirely superfluous. The true meaning is contained in the last explanation—καταβλήψαι, ἀπὸ μεταφορᾶς τῶν γιγάρτων. The term is nearly equivalent in its sense to ἐκποκιρίζειν, which signifies literally “to squash out the grains of a pomegranate,” as καταγυγάρτισαι does “to squeeze out the pips of a grape.”

L. 335.] Read ὥς ἀποκτενῶ. κέκραχθ' ἐγὼ γὰρ κ. τ. λ. ἴστε, or some such word, is to be understood before ὥς. So *Medea*, l. 609, ὥς οὐ κρηνοῦμαι τῶνδ' σοι τὰ πλείονα, where see the other passages indicated by Elmsley.

L. 338.] I much prefer the readings of the edition of 1825;

ἀλλὰ νῦν τοι λέγ', εἴ σοι δοκεῖ, τὸν τε Λακε-
δαιμόνιον αὐτὸν ὃ τι τῷ τρόπῳ σοῦσι φίλον

After αὐτὸν, the word λέγε is to be supplied from the preceding clause. It would not be sufficient to tell Diomedes that he was allowed to say “that the Spartans were agreeable to his ideas and habits” (ὅτι τῷ τρόπῳ σοῦσι φίλος); he requires permission to say a great deal more in defence of them, and, in fact, “whatever was agreeable to his mode of thinking on the subject” (ὃ τι τῷ τρόπῳ σοῦσι φίλον). The metre too would scarcely allow of a short syllable being made long in the middle of a word—Λακε—on account of the termination of the verse.

L. 347.] I cannot assent to Elmsley's interpretation of this line—“I thought I should make you hold your tongues!”—for four reasons. 1st. When μέλλω is used in this sense, it is always, as far as I recollect, in the first person; as in the *Clouds*, l. 1301, φεύγεις; ἐμελλόν σ' ἄρα κινήσειν ἐγώ. 2dly. ἀνασελεῖν means “to brandish in a threatening manner,” and cannot possibly be considered equivalent to ἀνιημι in the *Peace*, l. 318. 3dly. In familiar Attic Greek βοῆς would require the article, as we have it in the passage from the *Peace*. 4thly. Overruling these objections, the line makes rank nonsense with the context, when translated in this way—“I knew I should make you hold your tongues, and some Parnesian charcoal was almost destroyed”—which is as if one were to say, “I knew I should get safe to London, and I was almost upset on the road.” The Greek language would require ἀλλὰ instead of τε to connect the two lines, if they had this meaning.

The ἀνασελεῖν appears to refer to the words ἐκσέσεισται—σειόμενον—σειστός—in the preceding song. The lines are pronounced with a sort of bitter irony “So then, my fine fellows, you were going all of you,” &c. Hermann proposes to read ἀρ' ἀπαντῶντες in the Preface to his *Oedipus Coloneus*, p. 26; which does not appear to remove the difficulty.

L. 472.] I have taken Dindorf's reading of A. D. 1825, οὐ δοκῶν γε κοιραννοῦς στυγαῖν, for that of the MSS. the *Poet. Scen.* and Mr. Mitchell, οὐ δοκῶν με κοιραννοῦς στυγαῖν. These words could not very well bear the meaning which Mr. Mitchell gives to them—“Not considering that great lords cannot put up with me.” The proper signification of the verb δοκῶ is “I seem,” it is

equivalent to the Latin "videor." But in the same way as δίκαιός εἰμι ποιεῖν τι is frequently put for δίκαιόν ἐστιν ἐμὲ ποιεῖν τι, (v. Matth. Gk. Gr. § 296); so occasionally, instead of δοκεῖ μοι γένεσθαι τι, they say δοκῶ γένεσθαι τι. For instance,

καὶ γὰρ Ἡλέκτραν δοκῶ
στείχειν ἀδελφὴν τὴν ἐμήν.—Æsch. Chæph., l. 15.

εἰδόκουν δατόν * *
ἀναρπάσαντα τοῖς ὄνυξιν δαπνίδα
φέρειν.—Iliad, l. 15.

It is only in cases like these, where δοκῶ admits of being resolved into its impersonal form, that it can be translated "I think." In the case in the text it would be expounded by ἐπεὶ οὐ παρίσταται μοι, not by ἐπεὶ οὐ δοκεῖ μοι, in the sense which must be given to it, if we read με. Hence the necessity of the emendation.

L. 516.] Strike out the comma after γὰρ with Bekker and the *Post. Scen.*

L. 554.] Insert a comma after αὐλῶν, otherwise the whole rhythm of the line is ruined.

L. 610.] Both the interpretation of the Scholiast ἐν ἡ for ἐν ἡ δύν, and the emendation of Brunck ἐν ἡ οὐκ, appear to me bad Greek; the poet would have said μίαν, not ἐν, to agree with πρεσβείαν understood in πεπρέσβευκας. Elmsley's reading, which is also that of the *Post. Scen.*, πολὺς ὢν; ἐνί, is entirely without any authority, as there is no such word as ἐνί used instead of φη, the original of the Latin ἐn. Hoepfner's conjecture is scarcely worth noticing—ἡ δὲ πεπρέσβευκας σὺ πολὺς ὢν ἔτι. There remains Hermann's interpretation, πολὺς ὢν ἐνῆ; "thou who wilt be hoary-headed the day after to-morrow?" We ought at all events to read ἐνῆς or ἐνῆς, which is the form of *Debatresses*, l. 796; but to put that out of the question, as well as the harsh use of ὢν for ἐσόμενος—the sense seems to show that this could not have been the author's meaning. "Thou who wilt be hoary-headed the day after to-morrow," has no force here, unless it can be shown that the Greeks ever used "the day after to-morrow" to signify "in a short time."

It would be rash to force my nostrum down the throat of a patient, who has been treated unsuccessfully by so many and such skilful physicians; but if I may be allowed to offer a conjecture for the consideration of the learned, I would propose to read ἐν ᾗ— with a break in the sense after the pronoun, and interpret as in the translation; or if any one should prefer it, we may suppose that a line has been lost and supply its place in some such way as the following:—

ἤδη πεπρέσβευκας σὺ πολὺς ὢν, ἐν ᾗ
ᾗθησθα μισθὸν δημόσιον ὥς ἡδὺς ἦν;

The similarity of the beginnings of the two verses may have led the copyist into the error of omitting the second.

L. 646.] Read Οὕτως . . . ἤκει, with Elmsley.

L. 724.] Read τοὺς λαχόντας τοῦτοδ', ἱμᾶντας ἐκ λεπτῶν, with Bekker

L. 748.] Read Δικαιοπολίην ᾗπα.—and in the next line Δικαιοπολί, ἡ λῆς, with

Bekker and the *Poet. Scen.* The construction is what is generally called Attic; it is equivalent to ἐγὼ δὲ καρυξῶ σε [καὶ ἦ] Δικαιοπόλιν.

L. 750.] Expunge the note of interrogation after τί, with the edition of 1825.

L. 753.] Place a (.) after οἶα δὲ, with Bekker.

L. 879.] None of the old writers supply us with the least hint as to the animal denoted by the word πυκτίς; but from the meaning of the term—"a female boxer"—and from the company the lady here keeps, it is not improbably a "brock" or "badger." There is, I believe, no other Greek word for this quadruped, which is an additional argument in favour of the supposition.

L. 880.] Expunge the comma after ἰκτιδας, with Brunck, and Dindorf's edition of 1825, so that the two words ἰκτιδας ἐνύδρων may mean "aquatic weasels" or "otters," which are still eaten on fast-days in Roman Catholic countries. Nobody, who had ever gone through the disgusting task of skinning a weasel or a stoat, could ever imagine that an animal of that family would be eaten by any but the inhabitants of a besieged town.

L. 882.] Insert a comma after φέρεις.

L. 956.] Read with the *Poet. Scen.*

——— ἀλλ' ὁμως
κἄν τοῦτο κερδάνης ἄγων τὸ φορτίον,
εὐδαιμονήσεις συκοφαντῶν γ' οὐνεκα.

L. 988.] Two cretics are wanting at the beginning of this antistrophe, to make it correspond exactly with the strophe. The Ravenna MS. reads, ταί τ' ἐπὶ τὸ δεῖπνον ἄμα. I have translated as if the poet had written εἶδετ' οὖν, ὡς ἐπῆρται τ' ἐπὶ τὸ δεῖπνον ἄμα, which would supply the deficiency both in the metre and in the sense, as will be seen at once.

Strophe. εἶδες ὦ, εἶδες ὦ πᾶσα πόλι, τὸν φρόνιμον ἄνδρα, τὸν ὑπέροσπον,
οἷ' ἔχει σπείσμενος ἐμπορικὰ χρήματα διεμπολῆν;

Antistrophe εἶδετ' οὖν, ὡς ἐπῆρται τ' ἐπὶ τὸ δεῖπνον ἄμα, καὶ μεγάλα δὴ φρονεῖ,
τοῦ βίου δ' ἐξεβαλε δαῖγμα τάδε τὰ πτερὰ πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν;

L. 994.] Read προσλαβεῖν with Reiske.

L. 1126.] All the commentators take πλατὺς to mean "broad;" as it is opposed to γλυκὺς, it would be more rational that it should signify "brackish" or "bitter." It is opposed in the same way in Aristotle. For this use of the word see Casaubon on Athenæus, II. 4, and Wesseling on Herodotus, II. 108, the former of whom ingeniously conjectures that it arose from a false interpretation of the Homeric πλατὺς Ἑλλήσποντος.

L. 1128.] Put the full stop after τοβλαιοιν instead of χαλκίῳ, with Elmsley and the *Poet. Scen.*

L. 1136—1140.] These verses ought to be arranged according to the best MSS. in the following order, as Bekker exhibits them—1, 3, 2, 5, 4. I have translated accordingly.

L. 1187.] Read with Bekker, ξυναντᾷ δραπέταις Λησταῖς ἐλαύνων. The construction is the same as l. 686. εἰ τάχος παλεῖ συνάπτων στρογγύλοισι τοῖς δῆμασι, the verb fighting for a dative and the participle for an accusative, and the former getting the best of it.



THE KNIGHTS.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

FIRST SLAVE, *intended to represent DEMÓSTHENES, the Athénian General.*

SECOND SLAVE, *intended to represent NÍCIAS, another Athénian General.*

A BLACKPUDDING-SELLER,¹ *whose name turns out to be AGORÁCRITUS.*

A HIDE-SELLER or TANNER, *intended to represent CLEON the Athénian Demagogue.*

CHORUS *of Athénian Knights.*

PEOPLE, *an old fellow who personifies the Athénian People.*

(1) As this worthy has been generally called "a sausage-seller," it may be proper to state why he now makes his appearance in a different profession. If the reader will turn to line 208, he will find that the things which he manufactures, are said "to drink blood." Now, since this could not be predicated of sausages, there seemed a manifest necessity for changing the appellation of the dish in which he dealt. (See also the Greek note on l. 198.) As the translator once conversed with a young English nobleman, who had never either tasted, seen, heard of, or read of, such an article of food as "black puddings," it will be as well to mention, that they are made by stuffing a mixture of groats, chopped bacon, hog's blood, spices, &c. into the intestines of a hog, whence they are frequently called "blood puddings" in the West of England. Altogether they have very much the appearance of a corpulent sausage in mourning.

INTRODUCTION TO THE KNIGHTS.

THE demagogue Cleon, as has been already mentioned,¹ had been satirized by Aristóphanes in the Comedy of the *Babylónians*, in common with the leading statesmen of the day, and had revenged himself upon the poet by summoning him before the Senate, on a charge of bringing the contempt and hatred of the whole Grecian nation upon his country. But our author was not a man to be attacked with impunity. Before twelve months had elapsed, we have seen him expressing his determination to cut up his enemy —

" Into shoe-soles for the Knights."²

and exactly one year after that, the play upon which we are now about to enter, was brought on the stage—perhaps the most daring, the most witty, and the most virulent piece of political writing, that has ever made its appearance in the world.

At the period in question, in consequence of certain events to be now narrated, Cleon had risen to a degree of importance, both as a statesman and as a soldier, which he himself could scarcely have expected to attain. In the course of some operations, which had been carried on during the previous summer by an Athénian fleet under the orders of Demósthene, a body of Lacedæmónians, many of whom

(1) *Acharnians*, note 47

(2) *Acharnians*, l. 301

were Spartans of the first families, had been shut up in a small island, which lies opposite to Pylus, the modern Navarino, on the western coast of Messénia.' But, from the mountainous and woody character of the ground, there occurred a most vexatious and unexpected delay in the process of bringing these troops to terms. At length, by a lucky accident, nearly all the thickets which formed the main obstacle to any direct attack, were burnt down; and, to the great delight of the army, the numbers of the Lacedæmónians were seen to be far more considerable than had been expected. Demósthene*s* immediately determined upon making a descent on the island, but was probably delayed for some time by the want of light troops, which were essentially necessary in so hilly a country. At this crisis, an Assembly being held at Athens to consider the state of affairs, we are told by Thucýdides, that Cleon made a violent attack upon Nicias, one of the ten generals, and sneeringly remarked, "that it would be an easy matter, "if the generals were *men*, to sail to the island, and seize "upon the Spartans; and that he himself, if he had been "in office, would have done so." The conclusion of the dispute had better be related in the words of the great contemporary historian.

"On the Athénians raising a murmur against Cleon for
"not offering to sail himself, if he thought it so easy a
"matter, Nicias, feeling the sneering reproaches that had
"been thrown out, bade him take whatever force he
"pleased, as far as the generals were concerned, and make

(3) For a full account of these proceedings, see Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III 233—244. The Demósthene*s* here mentioned must not be confounded with the celebrated orator, who was not born till more than forty years afterwards. He was a spirited and talented general, and perished in the Sicilian expedition.

“ the attempt. To this proposal Cleon assented at first,
“ thinking that he did not mean what he said; but after-
“ wards, when it became clear that the offer was made in
“ earnest, drew back, and said that it was not he, but the
“ other, who was general; for by this time he had got in
“ a fright, as he never thought that his adversary would
“ yield the point to him. Nicias then again bade him
“ make the experiment, and vacated his command as far
“ as regarded Pylus, and called the Athénians to be
“ witnesses of the act. And the more Cleon endeavoured
“ to avoid the voyage, and drew back out of what he had
“ said, the more did the people, (as usually happens with
“ tumultuous assemblages,) encourage Nicias to deliver up
“ his office, and shout out to the other to put to sea. Thus,
“ not having any possible means of getting out of what he
“ had asserted, he undertakes the voyage, and, coming
“ forward, says that he is not afraid of the Lace-
“ dæmónians, and will sail without taking with him any
“ citizens, but merely those Lemnians and Imbrians who
“ happened to be at Athens, and some Ænian targeteers,
“ and 400 bowmen of other tribes; and with this force,
“ in addition to the army at Pylus, that he will, within
“ twenty days, either bring the Lacedæmónians alive to
“ Athens, or slay them in the island. The Athénians
“ could not help laughing at his absurd vanity; but still
“ the moderate party were pleased with the plan. For
“ they reckoned that they were certain of obtaining one of
“ two good things—namely, that they should either get rid
“ of Cleon, which they rather expected, or if this opinion
“ should turn out wrong, that he would master the Lace-
“ dæmónians for them.

“ When the necessary formalities had been gone through
“ in the Assembly, and the Athénians had passed a decree

“ that Cleon should sail, and he had chosen Demóstheneſs,
 “ one of the generals at Pylus, as his colleague, he put to
 “ sea immediately. His motive for selecting this person, was
 “ because he had heard that he contemplated the descent
 “ on the island; for the soldiery were distressed by the
 “ difficulties of the place, and were rather the besieged than
 “ the besieging party, and so were inclined to risk a battle;
 “ and moreover the burning of the thickets on the island
 “ had strengthened his hands.”

The second day after the demagogue's arrival at Pylus, a completely successful attack was made on the Lacedæmónian forces; 292 prisoners were taken, of whom 120 were of noble birth, and, as the historian remarks, “ Cleon's
 “ promise, though that of a madman, came about; for, as
 “ he engaged, he brought the men home within twenty
 “ days.”

I think it is tolerably clear from the *facts* related in this account, leaving the imputed *motives* to shift for themselves, that Cleon's conduct all through the affair was guided by the deepest cunning; and that, when he entered the Assembly, he had previously made up his mind to procure for himself the credit of the great victory, which any body, with his means of information, must have seen was about to be so cheaply and easily gained.

We are expressly told by Thucýdides that, at the time of the Assembly being held, Cleon was aware of Demóstheneſs's intention of attacking the island; and he must consequently have been likewise aware, both of the fortunate circum-

(1) Thucyd IV. 28, 29

(5) Thucyd. IV. 39. There is good reason for thinking that Thucýdides was banished his country through the machinations of Cleon, and therefore, in spite of himself, he must have felt a disposition to view the character of the demagogue rather on the unfavourable side than otherwise

stance upon which that intention was founded, and of the greatly increased probability which it afforded of the attempt's succeeding, and also of the splendid and unexpected prize which would be certain to fall into the hands of the victors. Nothing, therefore, appears more likely, than that he should have thought of turning the course of events to his own advantage, and coming in for a large share in that harvest of glory, which he saw was just ripe and ready for the sickle. This view of Cleon's character seems quite in accordance with what we are told of him in the earlier part of this play, (l. 74—76),

"But nought can 'scape the Magabean's notice.

"He looks to every thing himself, and plants

"One leg at Pylus, t'other in the Assembly," &c.

Nor is it possible to conceive, that a man so utterly devoid of talent, as some writers have chosen to represent him, could have maintained the commanding influence which he did amongst that intellectual people, the Athénians. In all the cases where we have the means of forming a judgment from their existing remains, the Athénian demagogues may be shown to have been men, many of them utterly devoid of principle, but all possessed of a most superabundant share of the national acuteness. That Cleon was a cold-blooded, heartless politician, is proved by the bloody decree which he carried through in the debate concerning the punishment of the Mitylenæans.⁶ That he was accessible to bribes, we have already seen, on the authority of Theopompus.⁷ That he was both a vile poltroon, and entirely devoid of military talent, may be learnt from the concluding scene of his life—the defeat before Amphípolis.⁸ That his father was guilty of the atrocious

(6) Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III. p. 187.

(7) *Achæmans*, Note 4

(8) Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, pp. 303, 304.

crime of keeping a tanner's yard, and that he himself in early life had had something to do with the business, is agreed by all authorities on the subject. But that he was a ranting braggadocio, indebted to mere chance for the brilliant success which he met with on one occasion, and guided in political life by nothing but the impulse of the moment, cannot, I think, be concluded from any historical facts with which we are acquainted. His having chosen the very kind of troops in the Assembly, which were principally needed, and afterwards became of the most essential service,—his fixing a definite period for the accomplishment of his undertaking, one of the most dangerous things possible for any prophet to attempt to do off-hand,—and his selecting Demóstheneſ as his colleague in the command, unquestionably the very ablest officer he could possibly have named,—all tend to show, that when he commenced his attack upon Nicias, he had already concocted the whole of this deep-laid scheme in his mind. The affected reluctance which he exhibited, may be very well accounted for, from his wish to strengthen the determination of the people by a little opportune coquetting. Had he been in too great a hurry to close finally with the proposal, he might perhaps have been disappointed in the great object of all his manœuvring. Thus, by skilfully playing with the passions of the multitude, he managed to acquire the glory of an enterprise, which must have appeared to have entirely baffled the abilities of his coadjutor; for as it was accomplished as soon as Cleon arrived at Pylus, the vulgar, who generally confound the *after* with the *because*, would naturally conclude, that it was on account of his superior abilities, and his indefatigable activity, that success attended their arms.

It would seem, at first sight, that such unparalleled good

fortune must have so strengthened the demagogue's power, as to render it a most imprudent step to attack him. But our author thought otherwise. The very point which his adversary no doubt considered as his securest stronghold, he seized upon by a bold *coup-de-main*, and converted into a most effective means of insult and annoyance. Instead of avoiding the affair of Pylus, as a subject which was too much to the credit of Cleon to be touched upon, he conceived the idea of attributing the whole glory of the day to Demósthene's, and representing his coadjutor as a base interloper, who had unjustly filched away the credit of an enterprise both concocted and carried into effect by another. The reader will meet with this thought thrown into so many different lights in the course of the Comedy, that he will perhaps scarcely know which to wonder at most—the patience of the audience, or the perseverance of the poet.

The plot may be thus detailed. PEOPLE is the Athénian John Bull; but instead of being, like his British successor, a good-tempered, good-natured, jovial farmer, with his pocket full of money, and his head full of innocence, he is represented as a crabbed, sour, superstitious, peevish old citizen, feelingly alive to every encroachment on his comforts, and only to be prevailed upon to forego the indulgence of his ill-humour by ministering to the grossest of his sensual pleasures. That an Attic audience, nearly identical as it then was with the Attic people and the Attic government, should not only have permitted such a personification of the national character, but have actually rewarded the author of it with the highest token of its approbation, which it was in its power to bestow, is the very best answer that could possibly have been given to the truth of the satire. No other species of government that

ever existed—whether tyranny, limited monarchy, or oligarchy—either could or would have allowed of so intolerably witty an attack upon its little peculiarities and failings. Nor can any thing prove more strongly the attachment felt by the great mass of the Athénian nation towards their Constitution, than the circumstance of their having been able to admit such a libel on democracy upon the public stage, without the slightest ill effect arising from it. But to return. Old father PEOPLE, we are told, is entirely under the dominion of a fawning, flattering, lying, cheating slave of his, who, as many of that miserable class were accustomed to do at Athens for the benefit of their masters, exercises a lucrative trade—that of a currier or tanner. It is observable, although the poet evidently means to personify Cleon under the character of this low wretch, yet that Cleon's name is only met with once in the whole Comedy, and that in a song of the Chorus (l. 976), which, according to the rules of the Greek drama, might just as well have been inserted in any other play. His father Cleánetus is also once mentioned by name, in order to point an attack at his son; but that too occurs in another chorus (l. 574), to which the same remark will apply. The obvious explanation of this, is that the poet was more afraid of the demagogue than of the demagogue's master; and we shall find from a circumstance which comes out in the course of the play (l. 231), that his fears were participated by the theatrical artists. None of the persons who supplied the portrait-masks, which were always worn by real characters, dared to imitate the features of Cleon; and it is recorded that Aristóphanes himself was compelled to take the part with his face smeared with vermilion or wine-lees. The first scene introduces to our notice two other slaves of PEOPLE's, the former of whom is manifestly meant for

Demóstheneſ,⁹ and the latter probably for Nicias,¹⁰ both no doubt wearing masks which were true and faithful portraits. This worthy pair, tired of the excesses of their brother servant, the tanner, determine to steal some treasured oracles of his. Having examined these, they find it predicted, that the HIDE-SELLER is to be supplanted at length, in the affections of PEOPLE, by a still greater blackguard, a certain BLACKPUDDING-SELLER; when, of course, a gentleman of this respectable profession, whose name afterwards turns out to be AGORACRITUS,¹¹ is immediately introduced upon the stage, and as immediately recognised by the two conspirators as the individual foretold in the prophecy. The greater part of the rest of the play is occupied in a ludicrous contest between the dealer in leather and the dealer in puddings, each striving to conquer the other by proving himself the most unprincipled rascal and the most fawning sycophant. The tanner at length yields, nearly at the end of the fourth act,—the blackpudding-man is installed in the office of chief confidant and favourite of PEOPLE,—and, as usual, we are presented with a scene or two to develop the happy effects of the *dénouement* of the plot.

The CHORUS of this play is composed of a body of the KNIGHTS of Athens; but as they merely take a subordinate part, it was not thought necessary to mention them before. The classical student need not be told that the Athénians were divided by Solon into four classes, according to their property. The first consisted of those whose land

(9) Who commanded the forces at Pylus. See above.

(10) Who perished in the command of the Sicilian expedition, and involved the great general Demosthenes in his fate, entirely through his own vacillating and avaricious behaviour.

(11) A fictitious appellation like DICKPOOLS, signifying “a seeker of suits in the market place.” See l. 1257

brought them in a net yearly income of 500 bushels¹² of dry or liquid produce. The second, of those whose yearly income was 300 bushels; which last were called Knights, or horsemen, because they were considered able to keep a horse for the defence of the state. The third class, as Boeckh has well shown, was composed of men whose revenue was only 150 bushels, and not 200, as had been generally supposed; and the fourth, of the remaining multitude.¹³ In more recent times, when the custom of paying the soldiery was introduced, such of the Knights as were *called out* by the state, received a regular yearly salary.¹⁴ They formed a very wealthy and respectable body at Athens, and, as we shall read below (l. 225), were about a thousand in number. Like the gentry in most countries, their political principles tended rather towards oligarchy than democracy, and they are therefore appropriately introduced as the assistants of Cleon's antagonist.

This Comedy was represented in the name of the poet himself (see l. 512—519) February, B.C. 424, and is recorded to have obtained the first prize, Cratinus and Aristómenes severally gaining the second and third.

(12) The Greek bushel is generally reckoned greater than the English one by 1.98112, or very nearly two, *imperial* quarts; but Boeckh, following Ideler, has made the excess as large as 13.4479, or not quite 13½ *imperial* quarts. (*Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. p. 125.) The old dry measure, or Winchester, bushels, pecks, &c., are reduced to imperial bushels, pecks, &c. by multiplying by .969447. See Macculloch's *Dictionary of Commerce*, art. BUSHEL.

(13) See Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, II. pp. 37—39. Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, II. p. 259—262.

(14) Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. p. 334—337.

THE KNIGHTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens.*

[*The great door in the centre represents the dwelling of PEOPLE, and one of the side-doors that of the BLACKPUDDING-SELLER, and the movable scenes may be considered to give an idea of part of the town.*]

Enter DEMOSTHENES and NICIAS from the house of PEOPLE.

DEMOSTHENES.

ALAS for our misfortunes! Oh, oh, oh!
The devil take that newly-purchased plague,
The Magabæan,¹ and his schemings too!

(1) *Mágaba* was a mountain in Paphlagónia, where the Gauls were defeated for the second time by the Consul Mánlius. (See *Livy*, XXXVIII. 19.) The Athénians, it is well known, obtained a great part of their slaves from the barbarians on this side of Asia, through the Grecian colonies on the Black Sea. But whether Aristóphanes means to insinuate, that Cleon actually had a little more Paphlagónian blood in his veins, than was either safe or agreeable in the then state of affairs, or whether he alludes to the *magging* and *haranguing* disposition of the supposed *Magabæan*, the Greek annotators have not settled amongst themselves. Perhaps the latter idea will be found most consistent with the facts. If our author by any possibility could have picked a hole in the demagogue's genealogical tree, we may depend on it he would never have represented both Nícias and Demósthene as of equally servile condition with the object of his bitter satire.

For ever since the rogue came to our house,
He has been getting us poor servants flogged. 5

NICIAS.

The devil take him and his slanders first,
And then the other Magabæans also!

DEMOSTHENES.

Poor wretch, how are you?

NICIAS.

Badly off, like you.

DEMOSTHENES.

Come here, and we will tune our pipes, and weep
In concert in Olýmpus's² sad strains.

DEMOSTHENES *and* NICIAS.

My, mý! My, mý! My, mý! My, mý! My, mý! 10

DEMOSTHENES.

What is the use of whining? Why not seek
Some means of safety, and leave off these tears?

NICIAS.

What can we do? Just tell me.

DEMOSTHENES.

No, do *you*

Tell *me*, for fear we quarrel.

NICIAS.

But I won't,

(2) Olýmpus was a very ancient pipe-player, who was reported to have been a pupil of the Satyr Mársyas. Alcibiades says, in the *Drinking-party* of Plato, that his compositions were of so divine a nature, that whether performed by a skilful male, or an unskilful female, they would point out those who were worthy of being admitted to the Holy Mysteries.

By Phœbus; so do *you* speak boldly out,
And afterwards *I*'ll give you my opinion.

15

DEMOSTHENES.

“ Would you could say the thing that I must say ! ”³

NICIAS.

But I've no “ Gee up ” in me. Would that I
Could say it neatly, like Eurípides !

DEMOSTHENES.

Don't, don't, oh don't be-watercress my ears !⁴
Invent some country-dance to dance away
From this sad country !

NICIAS.

Then do you say “ Sert,”

20

Pronouncing it as I do.

DEMOSTHENES.

Well, then, “ Sert.”

NICIAS.

Now add a “ de ” at the “ Sert's ” crupper.

DEMOSTHENES.

“ Sert-de.”

NICIAS.

Well done ! And now, like a well-ridden racer,
Go gently first, and then repeat the “ Sert-de ”
Like lightning.

(3) This is a line from the *Hippólytus* of Eurípides. It occurs where Phædra is going to confess to her nurse her incestuous passion for her son, (l. 344).

(4) The fact of Eurípides's mother having sold water-cresses has been before observed.—See *Achárnians*, Note 55.

DEMOSTHENES.

Sert-de, sert-de, sert, DESERT! 25

NICIAS.

Was it not pleasant?

DEMOSTHENES.

Yes, by Jove, it was;

But my hide tingles at your simile.

NICIAS.

Why?

DEMOSTHENES.

Because racers are most soundly flogged.

NICIAS.

Then the best thing that we can do at present, 30
Is to go supplicate at some god's shrine.

DEMOSTHENES.

Pooh! Shrine indeed! D'ye mean to say you really
Believe in gods?

NICIAS.

I do.

DEMOSTHENES.

What are your reasons?

NICIAS.

I'm hated by the gods. Have I not cause?

DEMOSTHENES.

'Tis a good proof.

NICIAS.

Let's try some other plan. 35

DEMOSTHENES.

Shall I inform the audience of the matter?

NICIAS.

That's no bad thought. But let us beg of them
 One single boon—to let us actors know it,
 If they should like the verses and the plot.

DEMOSTHENES.

I will begin then.—We two slaves have got 40
 A violent, bean-eating,⁵ touchy master,
 One Father People, of St. Pnyx's parish,⁶
 A cross old man, and somewhat hard of hearing.
 On the 1st instant,⁷ this good gentleman
 Purchased a slave, a Magabæan currier;
 And a most cunning, slanderous rogue he is. 45
 When this hide-Magabæan had found out
 The old man's ways, he cringed before his master,
 And fawned, and soothed, and flattered, and cajoled him
 With refuse leather-cuttings, saying to him—
 “Good People, when you've tried one cause,⁸ go bathe, 50
 “Stuff, swill, eat, take your sixpence! Shall I give you

(5) The method of balloting for those officers who were elected by lot at Athens, (see *Acharnians*, Note 83,) was with beans, as is frequently done in more modern times. The Senate was called “the Senate chosen by the Bean,” when it was necessary to distinguish it from “the Senate of the Hill of Mars.” Hence the allusion in the text.

(6) The Pnyx was the usual place of assembly for the citizens. (See *Acharnians*, Note 7.) The idea is the same as if one were to say that the English House of Commons belonged to St. Stephen's parish.

(7) On the first day of every month it was usual to hold a sort of fair for the sale of slaves, beasts of burden, &c.—See *Wasps*, l. 172.

(8) The members of a jury were of course only paid when they entered the court in the morning, and not at the beginning of every fresh action; so that it was manifestly their interest to be dismissed by the presiding officer as soon as they had disposed of a single cause. The fee of each jurymen, as has been before noticed, was sixpence.

"Your supper?" Then he snatches up a dish
That one of us has taken pains to dress,
And makes a present of it to his master.
'Twas but the other day, when I had kneaded
A Spartan cake at Pylus, that the knave 55
Snatched it away by some mean cheating trick,
And offered it himself, though *I* had made it.⁹
If *we* attempt to wait upon our master,
He drives us off, and will not let us do it;
And standing near him with a bunch of....leathers
All dinner-time, he flaps away the Speakers. 60
And he sings prophecies, till the old man
Grows superstitious; and whene'er he sees
That he has got him in a spoony humour,
He has devised this trick—he charges us
With crimes most grossly false, and then we're flogged;
On which he runs about to all the slaves, 65
And asks, and frightens, and takes presents, saying—
"Do not you see that I got Hylas scourged?"
"Unless you gain my potent patronage,
"I'll play the deuce with you this very day."
And so we give him bribes; for if we don't,
We're sure to get from the old man directly
Eight times as many kicks upon the rump.— 70

(9) This is the first, but certainly by no means the last, allusion to the affair at Pylus, mentioned in the Introduction. We shall find the subject hunted most unmercifully to death hereafter.

(10) Hylas, like Xanthias, Sóeias, Manes, &c., was a common slave's name at Athens, and corresponded to the Cato, Agamemnon, Juba, Pompey, &c. of our Transatlantic brethren.

Now, therefore, let's be quick and think, my boy,
What road we two must travel, and to whom.

NICIAS.

We'd better go by "Sert-Street,"¹¹ my good sir.

DEMOSTHENES.

But nought can 'scape the Magabæan's notice.
He looks to every thing himself, and plants 75
One leg at Pylus, t'other in the Assembly;
And when he's straddled such a stride as this,
His breech is actually in Chaónia,
His hands at Askham, and his mind at Stealwell.

NICIAS.

Then we'd best kill ourselves. Just think a bit, 80
What 's the most manly way to kill ourselves.

DEMOSTHENES.

Let's see, what's the most manly way to do it?

NICIAS.

Why we had better drink some bullock's blood;¹²
We ought to choose Themístocles's death.¹³

(11) See above, l. 21—26.

(12) There is a fragment of Sóphocles quoted in the Greek note—

" 'Tis best for me to drink the blood of bull;

" And be no more calumniated thus."

(13) This great politician, after being sent into honourable banishment, on suspicion of being concerned in the treason of Pausánias, took refuge in the court of the king of Persia, where he attained to great power and influence, "and," says Thucýdides, "died a natural death; though some assert that he "poisoned himself, because he felt unable to perform his promises to the "monarch." (See Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, II. p. 380—389). We learn from Cícero, that the story of his having drank bull's blood was adopted by the Greek rhetoricians, for the sake of its *dramatic effect*. There is a tale in Heródotus, of Psammenítus, the king of Egypt, having been put to death in the

DEMOSTHENES.

No, but we'll drink neat wine and toast Good Luck. 85
Perhaps we may contrive some useful scheme.

NICIAS.

Neat wine? What stuff!—Still your proposal is
Concerning *drink*, and so far we agree—
But how can tipsy men plan useful schemes?

DEMOSTHENES.

Are you in earnest? Conduit-pipkin-fool!
D'ye dare to say wine does not whet our wits? 90
Can ye find aught more business-like than wine?
Looke, when men are drinking, then they're rich,
They gain their ends, they get the best of trials,
They're happy, and they benefit their friends."
Let some one bring out quick a gallon o' wine, 95
That I may soak my soul and say good things.

NICIAS.

Where will *your* kind of tippie hurry us!

DEMOSTHENES.

Fortune. So fetch it out; and I'll lie down.
If I get tipsy, I shall cover every thing
Around me with small schemes and plans and thoughts. 100
[*Erit NICIAS, and re-enter with a gallon of wine and a
drinking-cup.*]

same way by order of Cambyses. The Translator has been informed by a medical man, of whom he asked the question, that a draught of bull's blood would be no more likely to cause death than so much beef tea.

(14) Most readers will recollect the story in the *Spectator* of the jovial Lord Mayor of London, who dragged back Charles II. by force to renew his devotions at the shrine of the Civic Bacchus, exclaiming, "The man that is drunk is as great as a king"

NICIAS.

How lucky that I was not caught out stealing
The wine !

DEMOSTHENES.

Pray what's the Magabæan doing ?

NICIAS.

The spiteful rogue's been licking confiscated
Pea-soup, and having drank till he got tipsy
Is snoring, belly upwards, on his hides.

DEMOSTHENES.

Come, froth me out a lot of unmixed wine
To drink a toast.

105

NICIAS.

Take it, and toast Good Luck.

[*Gives him a draught.*

Swig, swig the cup up ... to the Pramnian god !¹⁵

(15) Pramnian wine was of a harsh, austere nature, and not agreeable to the general taste of the Athénians.

" For the Athénian people neither love

" Harsh crabbed bards, nor crabbed Pramnian wines,

" Which pinch the face up and the belly too ;

" But mild, sweet-smelling, nectar-dropping cups."

Aristóphanes, quoted in *Athenæus* I. p. 30.

In Homer's days, on the contrary, it seems to have been highly approved of. It is with some curious negus brewed of it that Nestor entertains the disabled Macháon, who being a physician, ought to have known better than to drink it with a green wound in his right shoulder.

" Straightway the woman divine,

" Who upon these warriors waited,

" Mingled some Pramnian wine,

" And with brazen cheese-grater grated

" Cheese of the goat on the top,

" And sprinkled the meal of the barley ;

" Then presented the cup,

" And bade them to drink and to parley."—*Iliad* XI. l. 637—340.

There seems some personal allusion in the text of our author, which has been

DEMOSTHENES.

Bravo, Good Luck! The scheme is yours, not mine.

NICIAS.

What is it? Tell me, pray.

DEMOSTHENES.

Go in and steal

The Magabæan's prophecies directly, 110
While he's asleep.

NICIAS.

I will; but I'm afraid

The Luck that *I* shall have will be *unlucky*. [*Exit* NICIAS.]

DEMOSTHENES.

Now I'll apply the gallon to my mouth,
That I may soak my soul and say good things.

[*He drinks out of the gallon. Re-enter* NICIAS *with*
some scrolls.

NICIAS.

How loud the Magabæan snores and belches! 115
I got the sacred prophecy, of which
He takes such care, without his knowing it.

DEMOSTHENES.

How clever! let me read it! and make haste
And pour me out a draught.—Let's see what's in it.

[*Reads.*

O oracles! Give, give me quick the cup! 120

missed by the commentators. Perhaps Demósthene's was remarkable for his rough unpolished manners, and the description of wine selected for him by Nicias, is intended as a good-humoured hit at this peculiarity.

NICIAS.

Here! (*gives him a draught*) But what says the sacred prophecy!

DEMOSTHENES.

Quick, pour me out another.

NICIAS.

Do the oracles
Contain the words "Quick, pour me out another?"
[*Gives him another draught.*]

DEMOSTHENES.

O Bacis!¹⁶

(16) Bacis was a celebrated Bœotian soothsayer, whose oracles were in great repute all over Greece. If we may judge from some specimens we have of them in Heródotus, they seem to have been so correct in their predictions, and so remarkably circumstantial withal, that they must certainly have been made after the events, like all the best prophecies in the profane historians. The following is his description of the victory of Sálamis, where we shall see the sack of Athens and the localities of the engagement accurately defined, "Diána's shore" representing Munýchium, where there was a temple of that goddess, and "Cynosúra," being the eastern promontory of Sálamis. (See Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, II. p. 305.)

"When with their ships they shall bridge
 "The golden-falchioned Diána's
 "Hallowed shore, and the ridge
 "Cynosúrian, and hurry their banners
 "Forward to ravage and sack
 "Fair Athens with mad expectation;
 "Justice divine shall check
 "Pride, Wantonness' stalwart creation;
 "Bent though he be to advance,
 "And throw the world in commotion.
 "Lance shall mingle with lance,
 "And gore shall empurple the ocean.
 "Then does the broad-browed Jove,
 "And Victory, queen of the nations,
 "Crown with the freedom they love
 "The magnanimous tribes of the Grecians."

Heródotus here takes occasion to observe, that he would neither himself dare to contradict so clear-spoken a prophet, nor *allow any body else to do so*; so it will scarcely be safe to say any thing further on the subject.

NICIAS.

What's the matter?

DEMOSTHENES.

Quick! the cup!

NICIAS.

Bacis, it seems, employed the cup right often!

[Gives him another draught.]

DEMOSTHENES.

So it was *this*, you Magabæan rogue, 125

You have been trying to prevent this long while,

Dreading the prophecy about yourself!

NICIAS.

What?

DEMOSTHENES.

Here 'tis written that he is to fall.

NICIAS.

And how?

DEMOSTHENES.

The prophecy declares expressly,

'That first of all arises a hemp-seller,'¹⁷

Who'll be the first to hold the government. 130

NICIAS.

Well, there's *one* seller. (*Counting on his fingers.*) What comes next? Go on.

DEMOSTHENES.

Then after him arises a sheep-seller.¹⁸

(17) The Greek commentator tells us that the name of this worthy tradesman was Eúcrates. See Note 29.

(18) Lúsicles is the dealer in sheep here alluded to. He is said to have

NICIAS.

Here are *two* sellers ; what becomes of this one ?

DEMOSTHENES.

He rules until there rises up a blackguard
Still dirtier than he, and then he falls ;
And there succeeds a thievish, loud hide-seller,
The Magabæan with the torrent's voice.

135

NICIAS.

Must the sheep-seller, then, fall by the hands
Of a hide-seller ?

DEMOSTHENES.

Yes, by Jove.

NICIAS.

Consume it,

Where can one single seller more arise from ?

140

DEMOSTHENES.

There's still one more, with a most wondrous trade.

NICIAS.

Who is he ? Pray, pray tell me !

DEMOSTHENES.

Shall I ?

NICIAS.

Yes.

DEMOSTHENES.

The man who'll ruin the hide-seller is—
A blackpudding-seller.

married Aspasia after the death of Péricles, and was probably the person killed in the course of a descent on the coast of Caria three years before this period. *Thuc.* III. 19.

NICIAS.

A blackpudding-seller?

O Neptune, what a trade! Where shall we find him? 145

DEMOSTHENES.

Let us go look for him.

NICIAS.

But here he comes

To market, just as if some god had sent him.

DEMOSTHENES.

Thrice best blackpudding-seller, come up here;

Thou dearest friend, who hast appeared to save

The city and us two.

SCENE II. *The Same.*

Enter the BLACKPUDDING-MAN from below, with a stand suspended round his neck, on which are laid sundry knives, tripes, sausages, blackpuddings, &c.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Why, what's the matter?

Why do you call me?

DEMOSTHENES.

Come, and you shall learn 150

How happy and how fortunate you are.

NICIAS.

Take off his stand, and then inform the man

Of what is said in the god's prophecy;

And I'll go look out for the Magabáean.

[*Exit* NICIAS.]

DEMOSTHENES.

Come, first put down your goods upon the ground ; 155
Then make thanksgiving to the earth and gods.

[Takes off his stand. The BLACKPUDDING-MAN performs his devotions.]

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Well! What's the matter?

DEMOSTHENES (*with tragic pomp*).

Blest and wealthy man,

"Who now art nobody, but by to-morrow

"Wilt be most great! Thou Chief of Athens blest!"¹⁹

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Good sir, why don't you let me wash my tripes, 160
And vend my puddings? You are hoaxing me!

DEMOSTHENES.

Pooh! Tripes indeed, you fool! Just look this way.

Do you perceive these rows of people?

[Pointing to the audience.]

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Yes.

DEMOSTHENES.

Of all of these you will be autocrat,
And of the market-place, and of the ports,
And of the Pnyx.²⁰ You'll trample on the Senate, 165
Snap generals in two, put men in chains,
Send them to jail, make the Town-hall your brothel²¹—

(19) These are clearly lines from some tragedy or other.

(20) See *Achárnians*, Note 7.

(21) Previous demagogues had only been able to make the Town-hall their

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

What I ?

DEMOSTHENES.

Yes, *you* ; nor do you yet see all ;
Mount up upon this stand, and look around ye
At all the islands.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I can see them plainly. 170

DEMOSTHENES.

Well—can you see the ports and merchantmen ? ”

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Yes.

DEMOSTHENES.

Surely then you're a most happy man !—
But you've not finished yet. Point your right eye
At Caria, and the other at Chalcédon.”

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Shall I be happy if I get a squint ? 175

DEMOSTHENES.

No, but of all these lands you'll be the seller ;

dining-room ; the Blackpudding-man is promised a still more exquisite enjoyment, which is appropriately adapted to the grossness of his nature. See Note 34.

(22) Trading vessels in ancient times were of very considerable magnitude. “ Not to quote an extraordinary instance,” says Boeckh, “ we find in Demósthene a vessel of this kind, which, besides the cargo, the slaves, and the ship’s crew, carried three hundred free inhabitants.” Five years before this period, the fate of a naval engagement, in which the Athénians were tremendously outnumbered, was turned by an Athénian galley dodging round one of these large merchantmen, taking the pursuing enemy amidships, and sending her to the bottom.

(23) The first was at the southern, the last at the northern extremity of Asia Minor.

For, as this prophecy declares, you're getting
A mighty man.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And how shall I, a mere
Blackpudding-seller, ever get a man?

DEMOSTHENES.

It is this very thing that makes you mighty ;
You are a rogue, and bold, and from the market. 180

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I do not think I'm worthy of great power.

DEMOSTHENES.

Confound it, what's the reason that you say
You are not worthy? You must surely have
A lurking consciousness of something good!
Are you of well-born parents?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

No, by heaven! 185

I'm of low blackguards.

DEMOSTHENES.

Happy, lucky fellow!
What an advantage for you as a statesman!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

But, my good sir, I've had no education,
Save that I've learnt to write, and that, too, badly.

DEMOSTHENES.

The fact that you can even do it badly
Is the sole thing against you; for the people
Are now no longer led by gentlemen
Of education and of virtuous manners, 190

But by illiterate blackguards. So don't lose
What the gods give you in the oracles.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

What does the prophecy say ?

DEMOSTHENES.

Good things, by heavens ; 195
And they're expressed in various learned riddles."

[Reads from a scroll with solemn pompousness.]

" Soon as the Eagle of Hides

" His crooked-lipped jawbones shall wag on

" Th' innocent speckled sides

" Of the wiseacre blood-drinking Dragon ;

" Then, by commandment divine,

" To hell gains speedy conveyance,

" All the begarlicked brine

" Of the spitefully sharp Magabæans ;

" And to the venders of tripe

" The gods give glory and sudden

200

" Honours, if they are ripe

" For leaving off selling blackpudding."

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

What's this to do with me ? Just show me that.

DEMOSTHENES.

The Magabæan is the " Eagle of Hides."

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Why is he crooked-lipped ?

(24) These oracles are purposely worded in the obscure and allegorical style generally affected by divers into futurity.

DEMOSTHENES.

The prophet means
That with his crooked hands he steals and plunders. 205

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

What does the “ Dragon ” mean ?

DEMOSTHENES.

That’s *very* plain.

A dragon’s long, and a blackpudding’s long,
And dragons and blackpuddings both “ drink blood.”
Therefore, he says, the “ Dragon ” soon will conquer
The “ Eagle of Hides,” unless by words he’s cheated. 210

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I like the oracles. What puzzles me,
Is how I e’er can rule the commonwealth.

DEMOSTHENES.

That’s very easy. Do as you do now ;
Mix up and mince together all affairs
Of state, and always gain the people to you 215
By sweetening it with little cookish words.
You have the other requisites for leading—
A strong harsh voice, low birth, and market-slang.
In fact, you’re an accomplished politician.
And both the prophecies and the Delphian shrine 220
Tally exactly. So put on the garland,
And drink the health of the Great Wiseacre ;²⁵
And mind you battle with the man.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And who

(25) That is to say, the Blackpudding.—See line 198.

Will act as my ally? The rich men fear him,
And he is funk'd by all the poorer class.

DEMOSTHENES.

But there are Knights,—a thousand valorous souls,— 225
Who hate the fellow, and will succour you ;
And all the gentlemanly citizens,
And every clever man amongst the audience,
And I, and god himself, will bring assistance.
And do not fear ; his features are not copied. 230
The maskmakers were so afraid of him,
They would not copy them. But still, no doubt,
He will be known by such a clever audience.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Curse it, the Magabæan's coming out !

SCENE III. *The Same.*

Enter CLEON in a violent rage from PEOPLE'S house.

CLEON.

By the twelve gods, you shall not go unpunished 235
For this conspiracy against the people !
What do you do with this Chalcidian cup ?
You must be tampering with the Chalcidians,²⁶

(26) The idea is the same as if Lord Castlereagh had accused Mr Canning of a base design of throwing open the trade with *China*, because he happened to catch him one day drinking tea out of a *china cup*. The Chalcidians, as it turned out, actually did rebel about a year after this play was performed.

induce them to revolt. You brace of rogues,
I serve you out for this! I'll do for you!

[*The BLACKPUDDING-MAN attempts to make his exit in a
fright.*

DEMOSTHENES.

Why are you running off? Stop here, and don't
desert the cause, noble blackpudding-seller! 240

O ye Knights, make haste and flee to us!

Now's the very time to bring
Succours. Simon and Panæti^{us},

Charge the enemy's right wing!—

They are coming. Turn and fight him!

I can see the dust they raise. 245

Charge him, beat him, chase him, fright him,

Till he yields you up the bays.

Enter the CHORUS of KNIGHTS with great vehemence.

CHORUS.

Strike the rascal^{ion}, strike that man o'

Hatred to the Knights' array,

That exciseman,²⁸ that volcano,

That Charýbdis of his prey,

[27] These were, no doubt, two distinguished Knights who had held command over the rest: Xénophon, at the beginning of his *Treatise on Horsemanship*, mentions a Simon who had likewise written on the same subject, "and had had a brazen horse erected near the Eleusínian temple at Athens, and his own exploits sculptured on the pedestal."

[28] Excisemen and custom-house officers were as obnoxious in these days as they are now, and always will be, while the nature of man continues the same. The word is here used as a simple term of reproach for a greedy extortioner.

That rascalion, that rascalion !

Many times I'll call him so ;

For he was one, and no small one,

Many times a day, we know. 250

Strike him, chase him, teaze him, bait him,

Turn him to the right about ;

Hate the rogue as we too hate him ;

Charge him with a furious shout.

*[During this speech CLEON is most unmercifully beaten
by DEMOSTHENES and the BLACKPUDDING-MAN.]*

But take care you leave no mode by which

He can 'scape you ; for the man

Knows the windings of the road by which

Eúcrates fled to the bran.²⁹

CLEON.

Come, oh come to my assistance,

Old men of the courts of law, 255

Banded brothers, whose subsistence

Is the sixpence that you draw !

I it is who feed you, bawling

To defend you, wrong or right ;

Yet a traitorous troop is mauling

Your protector out of spite.

(29) This clearly alludes to an affair of some kind in which Eúcrates had been engaged ; but what were the circumstances, we are entirely ignorant. Brunck supposes that he first of all dealt in hemp, and afterwards, as he got on in the world, set up a flour-mill. Fritzsche thinks that he had offended the people by some means or other, and, to conciliate their favour, treated them to a donative of coarse flour. (*Dissert. de Arist. Babyl.* p. 39.) The words seem rather to imply, that on some occasion or other he was put in such bodily fear, as to be compelled to hide himself under a heap of his own bran for safety. We know from a fragment of Aristophanes that he was also "a bran-seller."

CHORUS.

You deserve it; for you steal the
Public goods, and gulp them down;
And, like figs, you squeeze and feel the
Men who've lately served the town,
Trying which is green or mellow,
Ripe or barely ripe; and then, 260
If you find a gaping fellow
New to all the ways of men,
From the peaceful joys of wedlock
Home he's lugged across the sea;
Then you seize him at a dead lock,
Put his head in chancery,³⁰
And just wrenching back his shoulder
With a sudden jerking roll,
To the surprise of each beholder....
Ope your jaws, and bolt him whole.³¹
And, in fact, you always task all
Means to find a citizen

(30) Prize-fighting in the times of Aristóphanes was considered a very gentlemanly pursuit, as has been before mentioned, and therefore we continually meet with pugilistic metaphors even in serious compositions. All the odes of Pindar that we have remaining, were written to celebrate the victories of drivers, riders, runners, wrestlers, boxers, and rough-and-tumble gentlemen. If any unlearned reader should be ignorant of the meaning of "putting the head in "chancery," let him hereby take notice that "chancery" always signifies an awkward position, very unpleasant to remain in, and very difficult to get out of.

(31) The literal meaning of all this, is that Cleon got rich, by bringing actions against men who had served in some public capacity abroad, and thus devouring their substance. Many would be glad to compound by paying a sum down beforehand, in order to get rid of the threatened prosecution. Doubtless such little arrangements as these are peculiar to democracies.

Lamb-souled, wealthy, and no rascal,
And afraid to mix with men.

CLEON (*to the CHORUS*).
Sirs, you're helping them to lick me;
Yet it is on *your* account
I'm attacked: they want to kick me,
Just because, next time I mount
On the Hustings, my intention
Is to urge the state to erect
Some memorial which should mention
All the exploits that you effect.

CHORUS.
What a liar! What a bootlace!"
How he cringes like a dog,
Just to chouse us! But 'tis fruitless;

We are not old men, you rogue!
If you conquer with the right hand,
Then you shall be thrashed with *this*;

[*Shaking their left hands at him.*]
If you dodge and duck down frightened,
Then the leg shall butt your phiz.

CLEON.
O my country! See what savage
Beasts are knocking me about!

(32) A man would be said to be a "bootlace," who was a supple, inartistic, intriguing fellow. Similarly Therámenes was nicknamed "Buskin," a man of high-heeled shoe, not made right and left, because he could adapt himself with equal ease to either party.

CHORUS.

What? Do *you*, who love to ravage
This your country, dare to shout?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

First of all, I'll utterly rout you
With a cry loud and intense ;
Then I'll chase, and tease, and flout you
With my wordy impudence.

275

DEMOSTHENES.

If by cries alone you fell him,
Then the victory is thine ;
If by impudence you quell him,
Then the prize is partly mine.³³

CLEON.

I'll inform against the sallies
That you make, to carry forth
For the Peloponnésian galleys
Contraband supplies of....broth.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Aye, and I'll inform—to crown all—
Of the many times you've cut
Empty-bellied to the Town-hall,
And come back with loaded gut.³⁴

280

33) Because it was I who inspired you with it by my exhortations ; whereas
a loud harsh voice is the gift of nature, and entirely your own.

34) Those who were considered to have done the state great service, had the
privilege of dining in the Town-hall free of expense, along with the Committee-
men. Cleon had obtained this right. His smuggling food from the table is
of course a mere joke, and intended as a parody upon the demagogue's own
pride.

DEMOSTHENES.

Yes, by Jove, and bearing out of it
Contraband bread, meat, and *fish*,
Though e'en Péricles, no doubt of it,
Never got so dear a dish.

CLEON (*bawling*).

I will grind you all to powder!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER (*bawling*).

I will bellow three times louder!

285

CLEON.

I will bawl till I outbawl ye!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER

I will squall till I outsquall ye!

CLEON.

I will slander you when General!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I will hack you like a penny-roll!

CLEON.

I will fib till I outflank ye!

290

CLEON.

I'm a thief, and I avow it ;
 You're a thief, but won't allow it.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Aye, and swear I am not cribbing,
 Though they see't, and know I'm fibbing.

CLEON.

Then, I find, the simple fact is,
 You but copy my wise practice.—
 I inform of you, you bear, for
 Having got in your abodes 300
 Certain untithed....tripes, which, therefore,
 Fall a forfeit to the gods.³⁵

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

Rascal ! Blackguard ! Bawling knave !
 Every shore the billows lave, 305

(35) Speaking of the payment of tithes, Boeckh says, " Obligations of this nature arose in great measure from the piety of individuals who dedicated their property to the gods, and thus gave up the right of possession, retaining at the same time the use of it for themselves in consideration of a fixed payment. The temples may also on certain occasions have received the right of tithes by conquest. Thus the Greeks promised, that after the fortunate termination of the Persian war, all states who had afforded any protection to the enemy, should pay a tithe to the Delphian Apóllō; that is to say, that they would make their lands subject to a tribute. At Athens, moreover, Minérva of the Párthenon received the tithe of the plunder, and of captures, and also of certain fines ; while others were paid to the temples without any deduction, together with the tithe either of all or of a large proportion of confiscated property."—*Publ. Econ. Athens*, II. p. 43. It was a common Grecian practice to offer up the tenth part of the spoil to the gods, after a successful engagement. Xénophon mentions that this was done by the ten thousand after their return from their arduous expedition, and by Agesiláus after his two brilliant campaigns in Asia. Of course, the idea of tithing tripes is as absurd as the story of the boy, who was sent to the tax-gatherer's on April fool's day, to pay duty for his elbows, as *armorial bearings*.

Every Assembly that we hold,
 Every custom-house that's enrolled,
 Every justice's office, and
 Every law-court in the land,
 Has been seen and felt to be
 Full of thy audacity;
 O thou stirrer up of mud
 In the limpid fishy flood!
 Thou disturber of this whole
 Tranquil state! Thou restless soul,
 Who hast deafened us by the clang
 Of the noisy loud harangue,
 Watching for the tribute-monies
 From the Hustings' marble block,
 As the fisher watches tunnies
 From the lofty beetling rock."

310

CLEON.

I know where you got the new soles
 To repair this plot so neat!"

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Yes, if *you* know nought of shoe-soles,
 I know nought of sausage-meat!

315

(36) The same practice prevails to the present day in the Mediterranean. Artificial reservoirs are constructed, and the entrance of the tunny-fish into them is ascertained by scouts, who are placed either on the cliffs, or, where there is no convenience of that kind, on high wooden pillars.

(37) Cleon here talks much in the vein of Jack Cade's followers; we shall have plenty more of these mechanics' metaphors in the course of the play.

"GEORGE BRVIS.—I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it. JOHN HOLLAND.—So be 'had need, for 'tis threadbare."—Shakespeare, *Second Part of Henry VI.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

You—who loved to cheat a clown with the
Hide of beast diseased and sick,
Cutting it obliquely down, with the
View to make it seem more thick ;
Then, before he'd worn the leather
For a day, the sole became
Half a foot bigger with the weather.

DEMOSTHENES.

Yes, and I was served the same,
And got laughed at pretty fairish
By my neighbours for a goose ; 320
For before I reached my parish,
I was swimming in my shoes.³⁸

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

From the very first, you shone
In that impudence which alone
Is the Orator's friend and guide, 325
And in which you now confide,
When, as leader, you are sucking
Ripe and juicy foreigners,
And poor Hippodámus, looking
Helpless on, dissolves in tears.³⁹

(38) Theophrástus reckons it amongst the characteristics of a clownish, vulgar fellow, to wear shoes that were too big for the foot. Human nature is the same in all ages.

(39) This person dwelt in the Piræus, and had a house there, which he gave up to the uses of the state. It was he who was employed on the laying out that port after the Persian invasion. He was much respected by the Athénians. (*Greek note.*—See Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, II. p. 367.) Hippodámus being a

But I am happy to say that a dirtier
 Scamp has appeared than we've seen for this thirty year,
 Who will very shortly grass you,
 And no doubt henceforth surpass you 330
 Both in knavery and extreme
 Brass, and every swindling scheme.—
 O thou, who livest in the school
 Where men—of a *certain* station
 Are formed, now show us what a fool
 Is modest education.⁴⁰

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

If I rehearsed each crime that he
 Has joined in, you'd be staggered. 335

CLEON.

Let me alone!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I won't! you see
 That I, too, am a blackguard.

DEMOSTHENES.

If this don't make him fly pell-mell,
 Say you are sprung from blackguards.

Milésian by birth, the allusion becomes more appropriate; his age at this period must have been at least eighty.

- (40) " Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
 " Sir Knave is a fool in a Session;
 " He's there but a prentice I trow,
 " But I am a fool by profession."

Burns, *the Merry-Andrew's Song*.

CLEON.

Let me alone !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I won't !

CLEON.

You shall !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I won't ; for now you lack guards.

Nay, I will even battle first

For the first word, to fret you.

CLEON.

Consume the scoundrel, I shall burst !

340

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Nay, but I will not let you.

DEMOSTHENES.

Yes, let him burst ! In pity spare !

For god's sake, let me rule you.

CLEON.

What do you trust to, that you dare

Reply to me, you fool, you ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Because I can address a mob

And make a good Bologna.

CLEON.

Address indeed ! A pretty job

You'd make, you tedious droner,

If you took up a fierce debate

All raw, and torn, and mangled !—

345

I'll tell you why you're so elate!
 Because you one day wrangled
 Well, in a petty suit to spite
 A Sojourner," by thinking
 And whispering o'er your speech at night
 I' the roads, and water-drinking,"
 And showing off and boring all
 Your friends, you thought, like many
 Such fools, you knew the way to bawl
 In public! O you zany!

350

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.
 Then what do you, sir, drink, to make
 The town set up a shouting,
 If any one but you should take
 The liberty of spouting?

CLEON.
 D'ye think that any man can rank
 With me? For when I'm merry,
 After I've dined on cod, and drank
 A - - - sherry,

I'll kick those generals' rumps who fought
At Pylus to a jelly.

355

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And I, when I've devoured, in short,
A cow's-paunch and pig's-belly,
And without washing e'er a hand"
Drank down the broth delicious,

(43) It was always usual to wash the hands before and after dinner; the same custom is still universal in the Levant. The reason of course is plain. Where knives were seldom, and forks never used, and the guests helped themselves out of the dish with their fingers, cleanliness required that each person should at least take off a little of the loose dirt, before he commenced operations. This throws light upon the grievous complaints, that the Pharisees made against the great Author of our religion, for eating "with unwashen hands." At Ab-Pashá's table Mr. Hughes met with an additional refinement upon the ancient system, which I shall relate in his own words. "After the lapse of about half an hour, the lady of the house came forward with a silver pitcher and ewer, and a finely embroidered napkin thrown over her arm. Having advanced to the vizir, and made her obeisance, she poured out warm water into the basin, with which he washed his hands, turning up his loose sleeves for this purpose, and washing half way up to the elbow. After he had finished his ablution, the water was brought to us and the other guests. * * * Next came a roasted lamb, brought in by a servant, to which all fingers round the table were immediately applied, stripping the meat from off one side, till the ribs were fairly exposed to view. I ought to observe, that, in deference to our customs, knives and forks were placed before the Englishmen, which, however, they thought proper to dispense with as much as possible. The lamb was followed by a brace of partridges, which the vizir took up in both his hands, and placed one upon Mr. Parker's plate, and the other upon my own, as a token of extreme condescension. Scarcely, however, had they lain there a moment, when they suddenly disappeared like Sancho Panza's delicacies, being snatched up by the dirty fingers of the bare-legged Albanian guards who stood around us. This, however, was done merely to relieve us from the trouble of carving, for when they had pulled them limb from limb, they very carefully and respectfully replaced them upon our plates, and in this manner was every fowl or duck, or any other species of poultry, served, which the courtesy of the vizir or of the other guests induced them to offer us." *Travels in Greece, &c.* II. p. 51. Forks are said to have been introduced into England only about two centuries. Before that period, the wisdom of our ancestors taught them to make use of their fingers, like the Oriental nations at the present day. It is still customary at some colleges to place a silver basin and ewer on the table at the conclusion of dinner, although the progress of refinement has done away with the necessity of there being any water served up in them.

Will cut the Speakers' weasands, and
Confound the soul of Nicias."

DEMOSTHENES.

I like your doctrines every jot,
Except one trifling tittle—
Your swigging all the broth, and not
Allowing *me* a little.

360

CLEON.

You cannot make Milétus whine,
After 'a meal of salmon !"

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

But I can hire a silver-mine,
After I've eat a gammon !

CLEON.

I'll fright the Senate with a speech ;
Aye, and I'll force my passage !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

But I will seize upon your breech,
And stuff it like a sausage !

(44) The Nicias here meant is the same who appeared in the earlier part of the play. As he was of a very timid, undecided temper, the Blackpudding-man threatens that he will put him in a fright by way of a joke. The Speakers, however, who are his enemies, do not escape so easily ; for their throats are to be cut.

(45) This fish, as we are told in a fragment of the Epicurean gastronomist and poet, Archéstratus, (quoted in *Athenæus*, VII. p. 311, was met with particularly fine near Milétus. "No others," he says, "have such savoury and "piquant fat about the belly." The Milesians were subject to Athens, and therefore Cleon threatens to get them into a scrape with their masters, after he has devoured their daunties—a most ungrateful return for a good dinner ! It would appear from the reply of the Blackpudding-man, that gammons formed the usual food of the miners of Mount Laurium. The old shafts on this mountain are still to be seen in great numbers, and the heaps of scoria, whence the Athénians obtained their silver, lie about in every direction.

CLEON.

But I will drag you out of doors,
Head downwards, by the crupper. 365

DEMOSTHENES.

The man that breakfasts on such stores,
Must first eat *me* for supper.

CLEON.

I'll put you in the stocks for this !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I'll sue you, wretch, for cowardice !⁴⁶

CLEON.

I'll stretch your hide upon the jack !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I'll flay you for a filching-sack ! 370

CLEON.

I'll nail you down upon the ground !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I'll make a hash of you, you hound !

CLEON.

I'll pluck your eyelashes all out !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I'll carve the weasand from your throat !

DEMOSTHENES.

And we'll observe pork-butcher's laws, 375
And pop a skewer in his jaws ;

(46) A common kind of action at Athens. See *Achárnians*, Note 82.

Then, while his mouth is gaping wide,
Pull out his tongue, and easily
Examine and explore inside 380
If his black heart is measly.

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

Then—as it appears—we've got
Something that is still more hot
E'en than fire, which men suppose
Is the hottest thing that glows ;
And moreover time has sent
Something still more impudent,
Than the impudent, shameless slang
Of the popular harangue.
Thus the affair becomes possessed 385
Of no trifling interest.
So attack and twist him about !
Leave no bold manoeuvre out !

Aye, and now the very shocks and
 Sheaves the rogue has stolen, he's
 Tied to dry upon....the stocks, and
 Wants to sell them at his ease.⁴⁷

CLEON.

I am not afraid of you, by
 Phœbus, while the Senate-house 395
 Lives, and People plays the booby,
 Sitting there for me to chouse.
 [*Pointing to PEOPLE'S house.*]

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

How the fellow, to our face,
 Brazens out his hopeless case,
 Never changing colour! Oh,
 If I'm not your bitter foe,
 May I turn into a blanket,
 At Cratinus's,⁴⁸ and raise 400

(47) The Lacedæmonian prisoners were kept in chains, which is metaphorically expressed by their being "tied upon the stocks." Cleon doubtless aimed at making a good bargain for himself, in case they were restored to their country.

(48) The Cratinus here meant is the celebrated adversary of our poet's. He was at this period about ninety-five, and was so much attached to the bottle, that three years after his death, Aristophanes jocosely observed in his Comedy of the *Peace*, (l. 701,) that he had gone off in a fit during the Spartan invasion, at the sight of the breakage of a jar full of wine. The allusion in the present passage is to certain little infirmities, to which men of his advanced age and intemperate habits would be naturally liable. He was spoken of afterwards in the *Address*, (l. 525—536,) in such a tone of contemptuous pity, that the energies of the old bard were aroused; he presented his *Wine flask* to the public the very next year, in which play he retaliated pretty smartly on his sarcastic antagonist, and charged him with copying from Eupolis; and was

Voice besides, and brandish shank at
 One of Mórsimus's plays!"
 Liquorish bee of the bribery-marigold,
 Thirsting, whate'er the occasion, to carry gold,
 O that you'd disgorge your honey
 With the ease you got your money!
 Then you'd only hear me sing, 405
 "Drink, to celebrate the thing!"⁴⁹
 And Július's wheat-mad son⁵⁰
 Would certainly attack us
 With loud "hurrahs" of jovial fun,
 And sing, "O Bacchus, Bacchus!"

rewarded by gaining the first prize, while Aristophanes had to put up with the mortification of a defeat. In this his last composition, he personified COMEDY as his wife, and made her sue for a divorce on account of his attachment to a certain fair mistress, called WINE-FLASK, and his entirely neglecting his conjugal duties towards her. His friends, however, interfere, and make up matters, and so the drama ends. It is most probably to this play that Horace alludes, when he says at the beginning of one of his Epistles—

" My Lord, if what Cræchus says be right,
 " Those verses cannot live, those lines delight,
 " Which water-drinkers pen, in vain they write
 " For e'er since Bacchus did in wild design
 " With Fauns and Satyrs half mad poets join,
 " The Muses every morning smelt of wine "

L. 19 Creech's Translation

The poor old veteran died shortly after his concluding effort.

(49) This tragic writer was a grandson of Æschylus's sister. We gather from the Greek commentator that he was a dumpy fellow, a bad poet, but an excellent surgeon and oculist.

(50) A line from a lost ode of Simonides.

(51) What was the name of this worthy old gentleman, we are not told, but it is plain that he was one of those farmers, who were burning to return to their ploughs, "and whose talk is of bullocks." The phrase "wheat-mad" is a parody on the Homeric epithet, "damsel mad" which that poet applies to Paris.

CLEON.

You shall not give me the go-by,
By heavens, in rude and rank wit !
Or grant, thou Jove of Markets, I
May ne'er attend thy banquet ! 410

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

But by the fists which made me wince,
And by the blows from dagger
I've oft put up with, ever since
My feet were taught to stagger ;
I'll give you the go-by right soon
In ready jokes and rough 'uns !
Or what's the use of having grown
So big on finger-muffins ? ⁵²

CLEON.

On finger-muffins, like a dog ?
Then how can you, you donkey, 415
Who feed on *dog's-meat*, fail to shog ⁵³
Before a *dog-faced* monkey ? ⁵⁴

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Why, when a boy, I was complete
In every kind of larking

(52) The invention of napkins was an innovation of later and more luxurious times. In these days of primitive simplicity, they made use of cakes of coarse bread for that purpose at table, which were afterwards thrown to the dogs.

(53) Nym. "Will you shog off? I would have you *sotus*."—Shakspeare, *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 1.

(54) The dog-faced baboon is a most powerful and savage animal ; it was well known both to the Greeks and Romans, as it inhabits the northern coasts of Africa. The logic, of course, is naught ; but therein lies the whole jest of the thing.

And chousing ; for I used to cheat
 The butchers by remarking—
 “ Look ! there’s a swallow ! Winter’s gone,
 “ And I don’t care a button ! ”
 And while they looked about for one,
 I stole a bit of mutton. 420

DEMOSTHENES.

Oh what a clever scheme ! What hopes
 I have of what will follow !
 Like those who’re fond of nettle-tops,
 You stole before the swallow.”

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And if—which seldom chanced—some bore
 Amongst the fellows twigged it ;
 I rammed it in my drawers, and swore
 By heavens I had not prigged it.
 So that a Speaker, seeing me
 Employed in this vocation, 425
 Exclaimed, “ That boy can’t fail to be
 “ A leader of the nation ! ” ”

(55) The Greeks are remarkable to the present day for living a great deal on salads made of wild herbs, which they gather on the mountains, and generally dress with oil. The Greek note informs us, that nettle-tops were only good in the spring before the swallows had arrived. One would almost suspect that the Athenians, like the English, had a proverbial joke of saying, “ that nettles did not sting *those months* ” But, strange as it may appear to us, both Horace and Persius mention this plant as forming part of the diet of the poor ; and Catullus informs us that he got rid of a severe cold and cough by the use of it.

(56) It was a common observation, which is borne out by facts that have actually come down to us, that those who had taken the most debauched and profligate courses in early life, often became great orators when they grew up. The example of Æschines will immediately occur to the classical reader.

DEMOSTHENES.

Bravo ! The reason's plain, but droll—
Because you were a glutton,
And swore you stole not when you stole,
And loved a bit of mutton.

CLEON.

I'll make you both give o'er this din
And puerile bravado !
For I'll rush down upon you in
A loud and fierce tornado, 430
And jumble up with sudden roar
The earth and sea together !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Then I shall furl my puddings,—for
There's like to be foul weather,—
[Takes up his stand again.]

And scud before the gale, and shriek
To you to kiss my rump, sir.

DEMOSTHENES.

And I,—in case you spring a leak,—
Will mind the vessel's pump, sir.

CLEON.

You shall not go unpunished, cheat,
By Ceres, after boning 435
So many hundreds !

DEMOSTHENES.

Slack your sheet !⁵⁷

A strong nor'-easter's groaning,

(57) How fond the Athénians were of these allusions to sea-affairs, may be gathered from the fact, that even the tragic writers, in their most serious and

Or else a strong....informer! Go,
Take care your sails a'n't riven!

CLEON.

You've got three thousand pound, I know,
That Potidæa's given!⁵⁸

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Well, will you take the tithe, to hold
Your tongue, and let us bale out?

DEMOSTHENES.

He'll be well pleased to get the gold!
Now you may slack your brail out!"

440

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

The wind is lulling! Bear a hand!

elevated passages, make constant use of them. Take the following as instances;—

"If he, who rules the ship, holds hard the sheet,
"And rashly yields no jot, he oversets,
"And navigates thenceforth with upturned thwarts"
Soph. *Antig.* 711

"So, when the sheet o'erpowers the bark, she dips,
"But rises, when 'tis loosed again erect"
Eurip. *Orest.* 705

"I ought, it seems, to be no skilless speaker,
"But, like the trusty helmsman of a ship,
"With sails thrice-reefed, O woman, scud away
"Before thy nimble-mouthed tongue-grievousness."
Eurip. *Med.* 522

(58) Potidæa was a large town in Thrace, tributary to Athens. It had revolted at the very beginning of the war, but was afterwards reduced with considerable difficulty and expense.

(59) Those who understand the meaning of all these nautical metaphors, will need no explanation, and those who do not, would never have patience to wade through a long description, which, after all, would be nearly useless. Some one has observed how prevalent figures of this description have become of late years in English society. We talk both of "throwing a measure over-board," and of defeating it by a "side-wind," and even of "swamping" the Upper House of Legislature. This is doubtless owing to the Yachtsmen.

CLEON.

I'll bring four suits against you, and
 I'll lay the damages in each
 At thirty thousand pounds, you wretch!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And I'll bring twenty against *you*
 For cowardice; and just a few,—
 Perhaps a thousand, aye or more,—
 For stealing from the public store.

CLEON.

You're sprung from those who fixed a stain 445
 Upon Minerva's holy fane!⁶⁰

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Your grandfether was base enough
 To serve as body guard—⁶¹

(60) There is an allusion here to some circumstances which had happened nearly two centuries before. Certain conspirators, who had taken refuge in the temple of Minerva, were removed on condition of their lives being spared, and then sacrilegiously murdered. The persons who were guilty of this offence against the deity,—for the mere bloodshed was a flea bite in the estimation of those days,—were expelled at the time, but their descendants afterwards returned to Athens. (See Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, II. p. 20—23.) One of the demands which the Spartans made at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, was that they should be ejected afresh, "knowing," says Thucydides, "that Péricles was implicated in this contamination by the mother's side, and thinking that, if he were banished, they should find it an easier matter to manage the Athenians. Though at the same time they scarcely expected this so much, as that they should make him obnoxious to the city, by spreading the idea that the war was partly begun on his private account"—*Thuc.* I. 127.

(61) The Athenian jealousy of all tyrants and tyranny is well known. Hippias had succeeded his father Peisistratus, and was at length expelled from Athens at the beginning of the previous century. Like Alcibiades and Moreau, he was base enough to endeavour afterwards to enslave his country by the assistance of foreign swords.

CLEON.

What stuff!

To whom d'ye mean?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

To *Hidina*,

The tyrant *Whippias's* mamma!

CLEON.

You precious cheat!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

You precious knave! 450

[*The BLACKPUDDING-SELLER and DEMOSTHENES beat
CLEON in various ludicrous ways.*

CHORUS.

Give him some cuts! Be bold and brave!

CLEON.

Oh, oh! The base conspirators
Are thumping me! I'm full of sores!

CHORUS.

Give him some precious stinging cuts

To punish him, and butter

His belly with your tripes and *guts*, 455

Thou offspring of the *gutter*!

[*The BLACKPUDDING-SELLER flogs him with his puddings.*

Thou noble bit of flesh, so brave

And eloquent and witty,

Who hast been sent by heaven to save

The citizens and city;

How slyly in these wordy frays

You threw him at your leisure!

Would god that we could give you praise
As great as is our pleasure !

460

CLEON.

By holy Ceres, I was well aware
That these intrigues were *carpentered*, and knew
They were all *nailed* and *glued* !

CHORUS.

Confound the thing !
Can't *you* say something from the wagon-makers ?⁶²

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I'm well aware of his intrigues at Argos !
He's treating with the Argives to conceal
His private meetings with the Spartans there !
And *I* know for what purpose this is *welded* !
'Tis to release the prisoners⁶³ that 'tis *forged* !

465

CHORUS.

Well done ! Well done ! Forge in return for gluing !

470

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And there are Argives *hammering* at it too !
And by no bribe of silver or of gold,
No sending friends to me, shall you induce me
Not to inform the Athénians of this.

CLEON.

Then *I* shall go directly to the Senate,
And tell of all of your conspiracies,
And your nocturnal meetings in the town,

475

(62) See Note 37.

(63) The Lacedæmónian prisoners taken in the island. Cleon has been before accused of intriguing for their release. See l. 393.

And traitorous correspondence with the Persians,
And this intrigue that's *churned*⁶⁴ with the Bœótiens!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Then what's the price of butter in Bœótia? 480

CLEON.

I'll floor you like a featherbed, by Hércules!

[*Exit* CLEON.

DEMOSTHENES.

Come, you shall show us now what sense or judgment
You are possessed of, if you formerly
Hid in your drawers the meat, as you assert.
So run on headlong to the Senate-house; 485
For that confounded rogue will rush in there,
And slander all of us, and bawl a bawl.⁶⁵

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Well, I will go; but first of all I'll put
My guts and knives down here, just as they are.
[*Puts down his stand.*

DEMOSTHENES.

Take and besmear your neck⁶⁶ with this good oil, 490
And you will slip away from all his *charges*. [Gives it.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

That's a good trainer-like remark of yours.

(64) The great orator Demóstheneſ, not having the fear of Aristóphanes before his eyes, actually made use of this very harsh metaphor in his speech concerning the *False Embassy*.

(65) The expression is equally quaint in the original.

(66) This passage gives us a hint as to the *hold* used by the ancient wrestlers.

DEMOSTHENES.

And take and eat this garlic too.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

What for?

DEMOSTHENES.

That you may be well *garlicked* when you fight.⁶⁷

[*Gives him some garlic.*]

And make all haste.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I will.

DEMOSTHENES.

Remember now 495

To bite, to charge, to swallow down his comb,

And when you've eat his wattles off, come back!

[*Exit the BLACKPUDDING-MAN, and shortly afterwards*]

DEMOSTHENES.

CHORUS.

Yes, go with our blessing, and may you succeed

As well as we wish in the dangerous deed;

And may Jove of the Market assist the attack, 500

And when you have conquered him, may you come back

Besprinkled with many a chaplet!—

Now list to the loud anapæstics,⁶⁸ ye elves

Who have tried the poetical style yourselves, 505

And know how to manage and grapple it.

(67) Like a game cock. See *Achárnians*, Note 24.

(68) This particular metre is so called. See *Achárnians*, Note 72.

THE ADDRESS TO THE AUDIENCE.⁶⁹

If one of the old comic authors by chance
 Had happened to give us some broad hints,
 That he wished us to come on the stage and dance,
 And make an ADDRESS to the Audience,
 We should not have done it. But now we see
 And feel, that we're bound by a new tie
 To a poet who hates the same fellows as we,
 And ventures to tell ye your duty, 510
 And marches with generous spirit to fight
 The hurricane and the tornado.
 Now therefore he asks us to set you right,—
 As upon this occasion we *may* do,—
 On a matter about which many of you,
 He tells us, come up and bother
 And examine him—why he has written all through,
 Till now, in the name of another.
 It was not his pride that made him do this,
 He says, but the consideration 515
 That the Muse of Comedy certainly is
 The most whimsical thing in creation ;
 (For though there are many who've courted her, still
 But few have been blessed with a favour ;)
 And the knowledge that you were subject to feel
 An annual change of behaviour,⁷⁰

(69) The men of the Chorus here speak strictly in their character as Knights, the gentry of the Athenian republic.

(70) Plays were only represented at two periods in the year amongst this people, who have been accused of being unmoderately addicted to frivolous

And deserted your bards when their backs had been curved,
 And their brows with wrinkles were chiselled.—
 He has seen in the first place how Magnes⁷¹ was served,
 As soon as his hair grew grizzled. 520
 For although he had oftentimes beat from the ground
 The enemy's comedy-armies,
 And amused you with every description of sound,
 And by turns attempted to charm as
 The Harper, the Bird, the Lydian page,
 And the Fig-fly, and died himself Frog-colour;
 Yet when he was old,—for it was not till age
 Had muffled his limbs in the roquelaure,—
 He was banished at last from the stage for a dunce,
 Whose humour no longer amazes.— 525
 And then he remembers Cratinus,⁷² who once
 In a copious torrent of praises
 Flowed merrily on through the open champaigns,
 And tore the soil from the banks, and
 Bore bodily off the oaks and the planes⁷³
 And the phalanx of foes on his flanks, and

amusements, once in February, and once in March. This is what is meant by the *annual change*, the *two occasions* coming so close together, that they were considered as *one*.

(71) This comic poet was considerably prior to Aristophanes in point of time. The names of five of his plays were, the *Harpers*, the *Birds*, the *Lydians*, the *Fig-flies*, and the *Frogs*; all of which are presently alluded to by our author. The classical reader will remark, that two of them coincide in their titles with two extant comedies by Aristophanes, though it does not at all follow that the plots were similar. The *Suppliants* of Æschylus and Euripides are as entirely different from one another, as any two plays can possibly be.

(72) The great rival of our author. See Note 48.

(73) These beautiful trees seem to have been as great favourites among the Athenians as the Romans. It was under one of them that that very dangerous

Was so much in fashion, that any one guest
 Would have set a whole wine-party gibing,
 Whose song was not "Builders of rhyme of the best!"
 Or "Fig-sandaled Goddess of Bribing!"⁷⁴ 530
 Yet now that you see that his talents are flown,
 And the beautiful buhl-work of amber
 Is tumbling out, and the sacking is gone,
 And the joints are gaping and limber;"

dialogue of Plato—the *Phædrus*—was supposed to take place: I allude more especially here to the horrible doctrines so sentimentally promulgated in p. 236. Plane-trees of most enormous size are found at the present day in various parts of Greece.

(74) These were the commencements of some favourite melodies composed by Cratinus. The epithet "fig-sandaled" alludes to the etymology of the term "sycophant," which signifies "an informer," but literally "an informer respecting figs," it being vulgarly supposed that the exportation of this fruit from Attica was prohibited under the severest penalties, and that thus the "fig-informers," doing a great deal of business, gradually gave their name to their brethren in the general line. "But," says Boeckh, "the account is far more probable, which states that the sacred fig-trees were robbed of their fruit during a famine, and that the wrath of the gods being felt in consequence of this sacrilege, accusations were brought against the suspected. In the same manner persons who injured the sacred olive-trees might be subjected to heavy penalties, of which Lysias, in his defence concerning the sacred olive-trees, affords a remarkable instance"—*Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. p. 60.

(75) The same figure is made use of in a beautiful fragment of the comic poet Epicharmus, which I quote at full length, partly on account of the moral which it so forcibly, though coarsely, inculcates. The Lais here spoken of was one of the most celebrated of the Grecian courtezans—the Harriet Wilson of her days.

"Lais herself's a leazy drunkard now,
 "And looks to nothing but her dady wine
 "And dady meat. There has befallen her
 "What happens to the eagle: who, when young,
 "Swoops from the mountain in his pride of strength,
 "And hurries off on high the sheep and hare,
 "But, when he's aged, sits him duffy down
 "Upon some temple's top, weak, lean, and starved,
 "And this is thought a dursful prodigy
 "And Lais would be rightly reckoned one,
 "For when she was a nestling, fair and youthful,

You show him no pity. His age is sped
 In strolling amongst the people,
 Like Connas,⁷⁶ with withered crown on his head,
 And dying for want of some tipples;
 When the state, on account of his former success,
 Should moisten his gulletpipe free at her 535
 Expense, and present him a handsome dress,
 And send the old boy to the theatre.—
 And then by what harsh and repulsive means
 You expressed your displeasure with Crates,

"The guinea made her fierce, and you might see
 "E'en Pharnabazus easier than her,
 "But now that her years are running four more heats,
 "And all the junctures of her frame are loose,
 "'Tis easy both to see and split upon her,"
 "And she will go to any drinking bout,
 "And take a crown-piece, aye, or e'en a sixpence,
 "And welcome all men, be they old or young.
 "Nay, she's become so tame, my dearest sir,
 "She'll even take the money from your hand."

Quoted in *Athenæus*, p. 570.

(76) Connas was a piper, who had often obtained the prize at the Olympic games, but had neglected to store up what was far more necessary to obtain him respect in his old age—a good round sum of money. He used to go strolling about to drinking-parties, with the withered crown of wild-olive on his head that he had gained at Olympia, and was rather too fond of his bottle to maintain a very good character for sobriety. Cratinus had himself attacked him in some comic verses, so that the comparison must have been doubly mortifying. These lines ran as follows—

"Eat and indulge your gut,
 "That hunger may tremble to strike it,
 "Conqueror Connas shall strut
 "With his numerous crowns, if he like it."

(77) He was nearly a contemporary of Aristophanes, and appeared at first as the actor of Cratinus's comedies, but afterwards composed original ones. He is said to have been the first person who introduced drunken characters on the stage—and was therefore, no doubt, a very notable wag. The Greek note says, "that he used to purchase the audience and their good will," this most probably refers to the distributions of nuts, figs, &c. mentioned before. (See

Who used to supply you a breakfast of greens,
 Both toothsome and handsome, with great ease;
 For he cooked up his jests at a trifling cost
 In that most watercress noddle.
 And 'twas *he* alone who maintained his post
 Now falling and now on the toddle.— 540
 When he thought of all this, our poet delayed,
 And began to shiver and shudder;
 And besides you must first be a rower, he said,
 Before you lay hand on the rudder;
 And next, as a fo'c'stleman keep a look-out
 For the squall, that so oft overwhelms man,
 And the dreadful sirocco, and waterspout;
 And at last, you'll be trusted as helmsman.⁷⁸
 So since he was not as rash as the throng,
 But prudently stood shilly-shally; 545
 O raise a great splash for him! Send along,
 In a lusty eleven-oared galley,⁷⁹

Achárnians, Note 87) Our author insinuates, that his comedies were not written with very great care, by comparing him to a host who spreads his breakfast-table with salads and herbs—elegant in appearance, but easily and cheaply procured.

(78) The ancients steering by the eye and the memory, and not by the compass and the chart, it becomes apparent how much more important the office of helmsman must have been with them, than with us. Up to the present day the Greek sailors always trust entirely to their personal knowledge of the coasts they frequent. It is either Hobhouse or Chandler, who tells a story of the Turkish Admiral inquiring, upon visiting a British cruiser, how many men on board understood the compass, and being perfectly thunderstruck, when he was answered that the youngest midshipman they had in the ship could steer with the greatest facility. But the Turks are notorious land lubbers; while the Greek seamen, in their own style of navigating, are equal to any in the world.

(79) None of the commentators, ancient or modern, can make head or tail of this passage. An ordinary Athenian galley being rowed by considerably

A good Bacchanálian shout of applause,
 That the bard may be gratified when he withdraws;
 And, pleased with success, retire to dine,
 With cheeks that are rosy and eyeballs that shine. 550

SONG.

Neptune, the king o' the clatt'ring course,—
 Thou that the brass-clad neighing horse,—
 Thou that the grey-beaked men-of-war,
 Paid to protect this happy shore,
 Fill with a joy unspoken! 555
 Thou that art pleased when gallants dash
 On for the prize, and chariots crash,
 Shattered, alas, and broken!
 Golden-tridented Sunian god,
 Lord of Geræstus,— thou whose nod
 Awes the dolphins of ocean! 560
 Dear to Phórmion,* dear to great

upwards of a hundred oars, it seems clear that, if it were manned with only eleven on each side, (as Casaubon suggests,) it would have cut a very sorry figure, which is quite contrary to the poet's evident meaning. The other interpretations are scarcely Greek. I should conjecture myself, that the author here alludes to the number of *scala*, or converging flights of steps to lead to the seats, in the Attic theatre, which we may suppose to have been eleven. We know, from existing remains, that both the theatre of Hierapola, and that of Laodicea, in Asia Minor, had that exact number, (see Leake's *Asia Minor*, p. 341, and *Ionian Antiquities*, II. plate 49,) and therefore there seems no reason, in the absence of a better explanation, why we should not make the supposition in question. The circumstance of there being only *five* in the medal representing the Attic theatre, engraved in Leake's *Athens*, is of no importance, as the ancient artists never attended to these minutiae. For example, the Parthenon is there drawn with only four lateral columns, instead of seventeen.

(80) A gallant naval commander, the Nelson of Athens. With twenty

Athens, during her present streight!
Hear our tuneful devotion!

We'll commend our fathers, for they
Showed themselves o'er hill and dale 565
To be men of mettle, worthy
Of the country and the Veil; "
And they made the city glorious,
Always coming back from fight,
Both by sea and land, victorious
O'er the foe, whate'er his might.
No one stopped to count exactly
What were the numbers of the corps
Which he viewed; his soul directly
Thought of nought . . . but *Father Warr.* 570
If they fell upon the shoulder
In a fight, they'd wipe it well,
And, uprising all the bolder,
Swear by heavens they never fell;
But go on and wrestle gaily."

galleys he utterly defeated a Peloponnésian fleet, seven-and-forty strong. and afterwards, with the same small force, came off honourably in an engagement with seventy-seven, and swept the seas clear of them.—See Thirlwall's *Hist Greece*, III. p. 152—157.

(81) In the great quadriennial procession of Minerva, a large veil, embroidered with representations of various sacred subjects,—generally battles between certain mythological personages,—was hoisted as the sail of a magnificent ship, which was dragged along through the principal streets of the town up to the citadel. A distant glimpse of it, as it moves along amidst the assembled multitudes, may be caught in Mr. Cockerell's beautiful restoration of the Parthenon, published in Williams's *Select Views in Greece*, near the beginning.

(82) Thucydides, the exiled rival of Pericles, is reported to have made use of the same figure of speech to express the ability of that great orator. "When

Nor would generals make a fuss
 Formerly, to get their daily
 Dinner from Cleænetus.⁸³
 But at present, if they get not
 Dinners given them, and the right 575
 Of the seats,⁸⁴ they call out, "Let not
 "Any one expect we'll fight!"
We intend to fight, however,
 Gratis for our country, and
 Country's gods, and ask no favour,
 Save this only, at your hand:—
 When 'tis peace, and any fresh brush
 With the foe would be unfair,
 Don't begrudge us Knights a flesh-brush,
 And a flowing head of hair.⁸⁵ 580

SONG.

Pallas, the guardian of a town
 Dear to the gods, and whose renown,

"I throw Péricles," said he, "he always manages to persuade the by-standers that it is I, and not he, who have been down."

(83) Cleænetus was the father of Cleon, as we luckily know from Thucydides, the Greek annotator being quite at a loss. For an explanation of the passage, see the Introduction, and Note 34.

(84) Those who were possessed of this privilege, could compel any ordinary citizen to give up his place to them in the senate-house, the assembly, the theatre, and all other places of public resort. Cleon had obtained it as a reward for his unexpected success at Pylus.

(85) Long hair, as has been remarked before, was only worn by young men of fashion at Athens; and on that account, and the too frequent use of the bath, and the too elegant and expensive nature of their costume, they made themselves somewhat obnoxious to the "great unwashed."

Both for its power and warlike deeds,
And for its tuneful bards, exceeds
Every other nation ;
Bring with you here the goddess bright, 585
Who in the march and bloody fight
Grants us her cooperation,
Victory, friend of the Choric bands,
Victory, her that uplifts our hands
'Gainst the opposing faction ! 590
Now then come ; for, if ever, now
Are you wanted to rout and cow
All our foes in the action.*

Now we wish to praise our horses
For their brave and gallant deeds. 595
They have helped the two-legged forces
Of the country in their needs
During many a bold invasion,
Many a fight with hostile band.
Though we feel not admiration
For their great exploits by land,
Ne'er so much, as for their jumping
Into transports, just like you,
With some mugs they'd bought, and thumping
Onions, and some garlic too ; " 600

(86) The foes that are to be routed are, of course, the rival comic poets.

(87) Throughout this piece of poetry, the horsemen and the horses are studiously confused, the actions of the one being humourously attributed to the

Then, like practised human sailors,
 Taking up the oars to row,
 Snorting out at any failers—
 “ Pull away ! Gee-yo-a-ho ! ”
 “ Take a better grip ! No shirking !
 “ You must pull, you S-brand, more ! ”⁸⁸
 And at last by dint of working
 Leaping out on Corinth’s shore ;
 When the youngest dug a bed up
 With their hoofs, and went to fetch 605
 Sheets. For clover-grass, they fed up
 All the cray-fish they could catch ;
 Nabbing some abroad, and hunting
 Others from the depths they sought ;
 Till a crab of Corinth,⁸⁹ grunting,

other. The Corinthian expedition, to which reference is made, took place in the previous summer, and was attended by 200 cavalry in horse-transports, who were of essential service. (See Thirlwall’s *Hist. Greece*, III p. 252, 253.)

“ Cavalry transports, although the Greeks had taken horses with them to the siege of Troy, and the Persians had employed many ships of this description in the war against Greece, were yet for the first time regularly introduced at Athens in the second year of the Peloponnesian war, and were afterwards frequently used.” (Boeckh’s *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. p. 364.) They were composed of galleys that were too old to be serviceable in the line of battle.

(88) The ordinary seaman’s cry being “yo-a-ho,” the “gee” is added by way of a joke upon these very extraordinary horse-marines.

(89) Greek horses were branded with various letters, like the New Forest ponies, most probably the initial of the breeder’s name. See the *Clouds*, l. 23, &c.

(90) Renke observes on this passage —“ I suspect that the Corinthians, for some cause or other, were nicknamed ‘crabs,’ as the sobriquet of the Boeotians was ‘swine,’ perhaps on account of their running away in battle, concerning which see *Herodotus* and *Plutarch*. It was not an unusual custom amongst the ancients, nor is it at the present day, to give to entire nations such invidious and dishonourable names. The Silesians used to be called ‘ass-eaters,’

As Theórus⁹¹ said, when caught,
 Cried, "It is a shame, by Neptune!
 "That nor deep, nor land, nor sea"⁹²
 "Can protect from the perception
 "Of the Knights, poor, helpless me!" 610

"(*Eselfresser*), the Thuringians 'herring-noses,' (*Heringnassen*), the Scotch " 'pismires,' and the Norwegians 'Lord-God-blackeners,' (*Herrgottsschwärt-ser.*)" If Reiske had been a Cantab, he would have added, that for some odd reason or other, the Trinity-men had been known time immemorial by the appellation of "bull-dogs," and the Johnians by that of "pigs." The Translator, in the days of his boyhood, resided in a lovely little village in Dorsetshire, and he recollects perfectly, that whenever he paid a visit to the neighbouring market-town, he was always assailed by a mob of the indigenous small-fry, bawling out most vociferously, "Netherbury rat! Netherbury rat!"

(91) A mean, cringing parasite of Cleon's. (See *Achárnians*, Note 22.) Why this speech is put into his mouth, does not seem very apparent; but no doubt there is some secret hit at his personal habits.

(92) See *Achárnians*, Note 64.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Same.*

Enter the BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

CHORUS.

Dearest and valiantest of men, how anxious
I've been about you while you were away !
Now you have come back safe and sound, inform us
How you have managed the affair.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

What else
Could happen, but that I'm the Senate-conqueror ? 615

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

At the news of victory,
Raise we all the holy cry !
Thou that bring'st us in our need
Tidings of a glorious deed,
And hast done far greater things
E'en than those thy own mouth sings ;

Would to heaven that you'd declare
 All the details of the affair!
 I should be well pleased to travel 620
 Miles to hear them to an end;
 So take courage and unravel
 Your exploits, beloved friend!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And 'tis worth while to hear the narrative.—
 I rushed directly after him from hence, 625
 And found him in the Senate-house already,
 Belching up floods of thunder-driven phrases,
 And blurting words as steep as precipices,⁹³
 And striking at the Knights with wondrous tales,
 And proving them conspirators most plausibly.
 And the whole Senate, listening to his speech,
 Got crammed by him with flatulent wild-orach, 630
 Looked mustard, and uplifted all their brows."
 So when I saw that they were taking in
 His reasons, and were cheated by his tricks,
 "Ye great Rascallions and ye Rogues," said I,
 "Ye Humbugs and ye Swindlers and thou Scamp, 635
 "And Market-place in which I spent my childhood;
 "Now give me boldness and a ready tongue
 "And shameless voice!" As I was thinking this,
 A blackguard chap broke wind on my right-hand;

(93) The literal translation is, "blatting precipices," but that seems as impossible an operation as to put a hole in one's pocket.

(94) A sign of haughty pride with the Greeks. See *Achærians*, l. 1069.

So I fell down and offered up thanksgiving."
 Then I rushed on, rump-forwards, at the bar, 640
 And knocked it down, and opening wide my mouth,
 Bawled out—"O Senators, I bring good news,
 "And wish to tell it first of all to you!
 "Never, no never, since the war broke out,
 "Have sprats been cheaper than they are just now!" 645
 They got immediately fair-weather faces,
 And crowned me as the bearer of good news."
 On which I told them a mysterious plan,
 Which I invented speedily—in order
 To buy the sprats a precious lot a penny,
 To embargo all the basons in the shops. 650
 They clapped their hands and gaped at what I said.
 The Magabæan, twigging this, and knowing
 What sort of speeches pleased the Senate most,
 Made a proposal—"Gentlemen, I move
 "That on occasion of this joyful news, 655
 "We offer to Minérva five-score oxen!"⁹⁷
 The Senators agreed with him once more.

(95) The whole of this is a quiz upon the Messengers' narratives in the Attic tragedians. For any one to *succée* on the right-hand, was considered a most lucky sign. The "Rapsallions," &c. are humourously elevated to the dignity of divinity.

(96) See Note 119.

(97) When a beast was sacrificed, they only burnt a portion of the flesh on the altar of the god—generally the thighs, and part of the suet—and ate the rest themselves. That this was the custom also amongst the Jews, we may learn from the story of the wicked sons of El. By this ingenious device it became the interest of the people to be religious, for it was only on such occasions, for the most part, that the Athenian vulgar tasted meat.

So, when I saw that I was beat by cow-dung,
I overshot him by two hundred bullocks;
And bid them make a vow to sacrifice 660
A thousand kids to-morrow to Diána,
If herrings should be sold five-score for two-pence.
The Senators then stared at me once more;
And my opponent, when he heard the speech,
Was quite struck dumb, and played the nincompoop;
Till the Committee-men and constables 665
Began to drag him off. Then, while the Senate
Stood murmuring applause about the sprats,
He begged of them "to wait a little while,
"To hear the terms the Spartan herald brings;
"For he has come to treat about a peace."
But with one mouth they all of them bawled out— 670
"What *now* about a peace? Yes, yes! Because
"They've heard that sprats are selling cheap at Athens!
"We want not peace; so let the war go on!"
And they cried out to the Committee-men
To let them go, and jumped across the rails. 675
Then I slipped past, and ran and bought up all
The coriander and wild-onions which
The Market-place contained, and gave it gratis,
By way of present, to the gentlemen,
Who sadly wanted seasoning for their sprats.
And they be-praised me and be-patted me 680
So wondrously, that I have captivated
The hearts of the whole Senate, at the expense
Just of two-pennyworth of coriander.

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

You have had, in this your plan,
All the luck that falls to man.
That most roguish currier-slave
Has at last found out a knave
More accomplished far, than he
Ever was, in roguery, 685
And in schemes to over-reach,
And in smooth dissembling speech.
Now reflect with cool and steady
Purpose how you'll best devise
What comes next; you know already
We're your firm and true allies. 690

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Here comes the Magabæan, urging on
His half-spent waves, and putting every thing
Into confusion, just as if he meant
To swallow me. The deuce! How bold he is!

SCENE II. *The Same.*

*Enter CLEON, with threatening gestures, accompanied by a
rabble of tanners, honey-men, cheesemongers, &c.*

CLEON.

Unless I *do* for you,—if I but fib
As well as usual,—may I fall to pieces! 695

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

The threats I like; the smoky brags I laugh at;
The scamp I kick away, and cuckoo at him!

CLEON.

Never, by Ceres, never will I live,
Unless I eat you up from off this earth!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Unless you *eat* me up? No more will I, 700
Unless I *drink* you up, and *swig* you up,
Until I burst myself.

CLEON.

I'll *do* for you!

Aye, by the right of seats I gained at Pylus! ⁹⁸

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

The right of seats, indeed! Pshaw! I shall see you
On the last bench instead of on the first!

CLEON.

I'll put you in the stocks, I swear by heavens! 705

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

How wrath he is! What will you have to gobble?
What would you like to eat on best? A *purse*?

CLEON.

I'll tear out your intestines with my nails!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And I'll nail out of you your Town-hall dinners! ⁹⁹

CLEON.

I'll drag you to old People, and chastise you! 710

(98) See Note 84.

(99) See Note 34.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And *I'll* drag *you*, sir, and out-slander you.

CLEON.

You rogue, he won't believe a word you say ;
While I can humbug him just as I like.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Heavens ! How completely yours you think poor People !

CLEON.

Yes, for I know what pap to feed him with. 715

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And, as the nurses do, you feed him badly :—
You taste the pap, and giving him a little,
You swill yourself three times as much as he.¹⁰⁰

CLEON.

Yes, and I'm so acute, that, just as I
May please, I make the People broad or narrow.¹⁰¹ 720

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And I can play the same trick with my mouth.

CLEON.

You shan't be thought to have insulted me
Before the Senate. Let us go to People !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I'm ready. Go along. Let nothing stop us.

[They knock at PEOPLE'S door.]

(100) These respectable old ladies still retain their ancient habits. Human nature is the same, whether in an Athenian harem, or an English nursery. There is an odd story in Athenæus of an Asiatic, who was so lazy, that all his life long he employed a nurse to feed him out of her mouth.—(P. 530.)

(101) A proverbial expression apparently, meaning, I can do what I like with him, and persuade him into any thing.

CLEON.

Dear People, come out here!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Yes, father, come! 725

CLEON.

Come, dearest little Peopley, and I'll tell you
How I'm insulted.

[Enter PEOPLE in a mean dress, and barefooted.]

PEOPLE.

Who are those that call?

Get from the door! You rascals, you've torn down
My olive-branch!¹⁰² My dearest Magabæan,
Who's hurting you?

CLEON.

This villain and the youths¹⁰³ 730
Are beating me on your account.

PEOPLE.

What for?

CLEON.

Because I love you, and am your admirer.

(102) An olive-branch, bound round with locks of wool, was used as a symbol of peace by suppliants; the image of Britannia on our copper coinage, which, by the by, is said to have been copied from Nell Gwynn, will furnish us with a remnant of the ancient custom. Olive-branches were also hung with figs, small loaves, and pots of honey, oil, and wine, and fastened once a year at the doors of the house, as a holy offering to Apóllo or Ceres. It is one of these which is here meant.

(103) The "youths" are the Knights who compose the Chorus. Though they could not properly be said to have beaten Cleon, inasmuch as the orchestra was at least ten or twelve feet below the stage, yet they had been guilty of "aiding and abetting in the assault and battery," to make use of a legal phrase.

PEOPLE.

And pray, sir, who are *you*?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

This fellow's rival,
Who have admired you long and wished to serve you,
And so have many others who are gentlemen ; 735
But we're unable, through this rascal's schemes.
For you're just like the celebrated toasts ;
You won't admit a gentleman's addresses,
Yet prostitute yourself to lampsellers,¹⁰⁴
To cobblers, and to saddlers, and to tanners. 740

CLEON.

Yes, for I do him good.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Just tell me how.

CLEON.

By tripping up the generals at Pylus,
And sailing there, and bringing back the Spartans.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And *I*, when on my strolls, cribbed from a workshop
The pot another man was boiling there. 745

CLEON.

Call an Assembly instantly, dear People,
And find out and decide, which of us two
Is the most trustworthy, and love him only.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Yes, yes, decide, but not upon the Pnyx.

(104) A hit at Hyérbolus. See *Achárnians*, Note 92.

PEOPLE.

I will not sit in any other place ; 750
 So to the Pnyx walk forwards instantly.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Consume it, I am done for. The old man
 Is a most kind, good-natured soul at home ;
 But when he sits him down upon this rock,
 He gapes like little boys bobbing for figs.¹⁰⁵ 755

SCENE III. *Athens.*

[*The movable scenes are shifted, and represent the PNYX.*]

PEOPLE *takes his seat in solemn state.*

CHORUS.

Now you must let out every rope ;
 Aye, and find a willing
 Heart and a ready tongue to cope
 With this accomplished villain.
 He extricates himself with ease
 From inextricable danger ;
 So rush upon him in a breeze
 Stiff and steady, stranger ! 760

(105) Those who in their younger days have ever had a good game at " bob-cherry," will understand the meaning of this simile. Cherries not having been introduced into Europe till the time of Lucúllus, the elegant taste of the Athénians led them to make use of figs in their place ; and the little Attic boys and girls no doubt found, that, when they were soft and juicy, they might be used with prodigious effect. " Bob-fig " must certainly have been capital fun.

Take care of attacks in the flank and the rear,
 And before he's aboard of you, harkee,
 Quick haul up your ponderous dolphins,¹⁰⁶ and steer
 For the foe with the dear little barky.

CLEON.

I beseech the invincible queen of the town,
 Our heavenly mistress, Minérva,
 That, if I have sought the delight and renown
 Of People with constanter fervour,
 Than any one man, save Lysicles and
 Those jades Salabáccho and Cynna,¹⁰⁷ 765
 I may go, without doing a jot for the land,
 To the Town-hall and get me my dinner!¹⁰⁸
 But, if I abhor you, or stand not the hits
 Of your foes,—whatever the case is,—

(106) "Dolphins" were huge masses of lead, which were suspended from the yard-arms of vessels, in such a way, that they could be let down with a run upon the enemy, if he sailed underneath them. They were successfully made use of by the Athenians towards the close of the unfortunate Sicilian expedition, and sank two Syracusan galleys which were imprudent enough to come within their reach. (*Thucydides*, VII 41.) It should be borne in mind, that the ancient galleys were built very differently from our modern men-of-war, being nothing but gigantic decked row-boats, constructed as light as possible for speed. Every sailor knows, that any open boat may be swamped, even by heaving cold shot unto it from a ship.

(107) These were two celebrated Athenian courtezans. Lysicles is the dealer in sheep referred to in line 132, where see the note. The coupling him with ladies of this profession, if he were alive at the period, must have been felt as rather an unsavoury compliment. But the ancients were not so thin-skinned in this respect as we are.

(108) Demóethenes begins his celebrated pleadings *concerning the Crown* with a prayer of a somewhat similar nature. "Men of Athens! I pray to all the gods and all the goddesses, that I may meet with as much goodwill from you in this trial, as I have always felt both towards the city and the whole body of you citizens."

By myself; may I die, and be sawn into bits,
And be cut into yoke-straps and traces!

~~People~~

B.P.S.

And may *I*, if I love and admire you not,
Dear People, be chopped up directly,
And be stewed with some mincemeat in kettle or pot!

Or if *this* don't convince you exactly, 770
Then may I be grated on this very tray
Along with some cheese in an olio;
Or be dragged by the rump with a meathook, away
To the Potteries,¹⁰⁹ bellowing drolly "Oh!"

CLEON.

And how could a citizen, People, try
More strongly than I do to pleasure ye?
In the first place, when I was Senator, I
Collected much cash in the treasury,
By torturing a few, and strangling a few,
And demanding some money from other 775
Not caring for any man's favour, if you
And I could but get on like brothers.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

There's nothing, dear People, in this, that behoves
To be wondered at; I, too, am able

(109) There was a place so called to the north-west of the city, where the bones of those who had fallen fighting for their country, were publicly buried every year, a funeral oration being pronounced over them by the most distinguished orator of the day. There was also another parish of the same name within the city, infamous as the residence of public women. It is to this latter that the poet most probably alludes.

To do so. I'll snatch away other men's loaves,
And place them myself on your table.
But first I shall prove that he loves you not,
Nor would ever have felt any itching
To serve you, unless he chanced to have got
For himself the run of your kitchen.— 780
Though you fought with the Persians on Mārathon's shore
For the land of your fathers, and proudly
Achieving a victory, handed it o'er
To us to be tongue-hammered loudly; ¹¹⁰
He allows you to sit in this comfortless mode
On the cold hard rocks, without blushing; ¹¹¹
While I, as you see, have carefully sewed
And brought you this nice little cushion. ¹¹²
Lift up! And in future remember to use—
And I'm sure you won't find it at all amiss—
This well-padded seat, for fear you should bruise
What fought at the battle of Sálamis. ¹¹³ 785

(110) The victory of Mārathon was a standing dish with the Athénian orators, when they wished to flatter the pride of the people. Having been achieved by the Attic forces, unassisted by any others, with the exception of the Platæans, it was considered as more immediately the peculiar glory of Athens.

(111) The Pnyx is cut out of the live stone. As to the question whether the seats there were of wood or marble, see *Achárnians*, Note 9.

(112) We know from Theophrástus that it was not an unusual thing for persons to take cushions with them to the theatre, in order to make the marble seats a little more agreeable to the seat of honour; but, as the Assemblies did not generally last very long, it does not seem to have been customary to bring them there. The invention may therefore be safely attributed to the ingenuity of the Blackpudding-man.

(113) This being a naval battle, the Athénian galley-men may very well be said to have fought, not with their hands, but their nether extremities.

PEOPLE.

Who are ye, good fellow? You surely must be
 Of the democrat blood of Harmódios?¹¹⁴
 This action is truly frank-hearted and free,
 And not, like an oligarch's, odious.

CLEON.

By what petty attentions and flattering prate
 You've inveigled him into your net here!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

You managed to hook him by throwing out bait
 That was more than a thousand times pettier!

CLEON.

I will wager my head, that the sun never shone
 On a better friend and protector
 To People than me!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

How can you be one?

You have seen him, you bullying Hector,
 For eight years dwelling in wine-jars and holes
 And turrets,¹¹⁵ and reckoned it funny
 To shut up the hive, and with sulphurous coals
 To rob the poor bee of his honey.

(114) The celebrated tyrannicide — See *Achæniens*, Note 110
 (115) "The eight years," says Clinton, "were computed from the battle of
 "Potidæa, B. C. 432," at which period the Athenians were first engaged in actual
 service. Reference is made here to the hardships of a soldier's life generally,
 but more especially to the fact of the country people having been compelled by
 the Spartan invasions to take up their residence within the city-walls, where, as
 we learn from Thucydides, they were put to great difficulties to find house-room,
 some actually taking up their quarters in the turrets on the walls

And you drove off the peace Archeptólemus brought ;¹¹⁶
And the envoys—as soon as we got 'em— 795
You turned out of Athens as quick as thought,
With a thundering smack on the bottom.

CLEON.

I did so, that People might govern all Greece ;
The prophecies might have displayed t'ye,
That he'll serve in the courts, if he wait but for peace,
On tenpenny pay in Arcádia,¹¹⁷
However, I certainly mean to employ
Every means in my power to maintain him ;
And by fair or by foul means I'll get the old boy
His sixpence to feed and sustain him. 800

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

You wished not that People might govern the clowns
Of fertile Arcádia, but rather
That *you* might have booty and bribes from the towns,
And *your master* might know it—no farther
Than the war and the mist might open the way
For descreying each roguish exaction—
And be forced by his needs and his wants and his pay
To gape for his food from your faction.
But if ever he get to the country, and eat
In peace and contentment his broiled-cake, 805

(116) He was most probably one of the ambassadors sent to sue for peace, soon after the Spartans had been cooped up in the island—See Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III. p. 241

(117) The usual pay being sixpence. The prophecy of course is a humorous *bona*

And recover his courage with roasted-wheat,
 And come to converse with some oil-cake ;
 He will find of what blessings the system of pay
 Was made to bamboozle him through ye,
 And like a rough rustic he'll arm for the fray,
 And hunt for the vote that will *do* ye.
 And this you're aware of, and therefore you seek
 To chouse him by dream and by vision.¹¹⁸

CLEON.

Now is it not shameful that you, sir, should speak
 Like this, and expose to derision 810
 Before the Athénians and People a man
 So accomplished, and clever, and witty,
 That he's done more service already, than
 Themístocles did, to the city ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

"Thou city of Argos, dost hear what he says ?"¹¹⁹
You equal Themístocles ?—him, fool,
 Who found the city but half-filled with praise
 And glory, and rendered it brimful ;
 And kneaded it up the Piráus beside
 For breakfast,¹²⁰ and even was able, 815
 Without taking from previous stores, to provide
 Fresh incomes of fish for its table.

(118) For an instance of this practice of the demagogue's, see l. 1090.

(119) A line from a lost tragedy of Euripides.

(120) It was Themístocles who persuaded his countrymen to aim at becoming a great naval power, and it was by his advice that they fortified the Piræus, so as to be perfectly impregnable by any means known in those days, and afterwards connected it with the city by the Long Walls, thus converting Athens into an island, as far as military operations were concerned.

While *you* have been aiming at turning us all
 Into villagers weak in the sequel,
 By your rhymes on dividing the town with a wall¹²¹
You, who are Themístocles' equal!
 Yet *he* was banished, and *you* can afford
 Finger-muffins of superfine barley!¹²²

CLEON (*to* PEOPLE.)

Now is it not shameful that I'm to be bored,
 On account of my loving you dearly, 820
 With his impudent insolence?

PEOPLE.

Hold your tongue!
 Don't talk like a swaggering ruffler!
 I knew not, till now, that you had been long,
 And still are, a sneak and a shuffler.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

He's the biggest of all conceivable knaves,
 My dear little Peopey, and always behaves
 In a rascally way when you're yawning, and crops
 The stalks of the Audits to gobble,¹²³ and sops 825

(121) On this subject we are left entirely in the dark. We know, however, that when two factions were nearly equally balanced, it was not an unusual step to divide a town into two by a wall of the same height as the external fortifications, and settle the men of each party in the portion allotted to them. Whether Cleon had really thought of any measure of this nature, we have no information; but from the absurdity of the scheme in the then state of parties at Athens, it is most probably a calumny of the Blackpudding-seller's.

(122) See Note 52.

(123) Every public officer, when he vacated his place, was compelled by law to undergo an "audit." This provision must have manifestly given room to great extortion and bribery, when the party was of a timid and retiring disposition, and there were any demagogues willing to take advantage of it.

His sop-in-the-pan with both of his hands
In the fruits of the public possessions and lands.

CLEON.

I'll trounce ye! A verdict shall shortly be found
That you've stolen one thousand five hundred pound!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Why splash up and dash up the waves with your blade, 830
When you've cheated the People and made it a trade?
May I die if I prove not to every tribe,
Which dwells on the earth, that you've plundered
The Mitylenæans, you rogue, of a bribe
Of more than a couple of hundred! 835

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

CHORUS.

Thou blessing to humanity,
What a tongue you're showing!
If you attack him thus, you'll be
The greatest Grecian going,
And rule the city and the allies,
Brandishing and shaking
A trident, which you'll find supplies
Means of money-making.¹²⁴ 840

(124) A demagogue is here tacitly compared to Neptune, the god of the ocean, who was supposed to cause earthquakes by brandishing his "trident," or three-pronged pitch-fork. The ancients seem to have observed, that active volcanic districts are always in the neighbourhood of the sea, and therefore assumed that the sea was somehow or other the cause of volcanic phenomena. In the *Acharnians*, l. 530, Péricles was compared to a still more powerful god—the Olympian Jove.

Now that you've got a hold upon
The fellow, don't unhand him ;
With lungs like yours, if you go on,
You'll easily command him.

CLEON.

Aye, but you have not done it yet ;
Nor have you the ability.
For I've performed, my little pet,
A deed of such utility,
'Twill gag the mouths of all my foes,
So that they can't revile us 845
As long as the Painted Piazza shows
One shred o' the shields from Pylus.¹²⁵

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Halt at those shields a little bit !
You've let me get a hold of ye.
If you're attached to People, it
Was very rash and bold of ye,—
When you well knew those shields would be
The fruitful source of grand ills,—
To consecrate them purposely
Along with all their handles.

(125) Nothing was more common in Greece, than to consecrate shields which had been captured from an enemy, in honour of some deity. in this case their handles were always taken off, that they might not be made use of in civic broils, or servile insurrections. The Spartan shields, that had been captured at Pylus, and dedicated in the Painted Piazza, still remained there in the time of Pausanias, about A. D. 170. They had been coated with pitch to preserve them from rusting.—See Leake's *Athens*, p. 16, and Wordsworth's *Athens and Attica*, p. 178.

This, People, is a crafty plan,
 That, if you wish to shower 850
 Your punishments upon the man,
 You may not have the power.
 You see how large a troop he guides
 Of lusty strapping tanners ;
 And there are honeymen besides,
 Prepared to join his banners,
 And cheesemongers, And all their files
 Have leagued themselves together ;
 And if you looked a game of tiles,¹²⁶
 And threatened stormy weather, 855
 They'd soon pull down the shields by night,
 And ask no peaceful parley,
 But run and seize with all their might
 The passes.... of our barley.

PEOPLE.

Have they got handles then ? You rogue,
 How long you have been tricking

(126) "The game of tiles" was played by the Greek children in the following way — A tile is provided, which is coloured black on one side, and white on the other. The players are separated into two corresponding parties, the blacks and the whites; and a line is drawn between them. A child tosses up the tile in the air, calling out "night! day!" and if it falls with the black side uppermost, the blacks run after the whites; if with the white, the contrary. As soon as one of the pursued party is caught, he is seated by himself as "an ass," and the tile is again tossed up, till all on one side have been made "asses," when of course the opposite colour is proclaimed victor. (*Julius Pollux*, IX. 111.) The allusion is to the "ostracism," or honourable banishment, where the method of voting was by sending up the banished person's name on an "ostrakon," or tile. Every body has heard the story of the Athenian who could not write, and not knowing Aristides, applied to him to inscribe his own name on the tile, as worthy of ostracism.

Poor me by practising *incog*.
This People-pocket-picking!

CLEON.

Don't let the man who speaks the last
Aye rule ye. I defy 'em 860
To find a friend so true and fast
To you, dear sir, as I am.
I put down the conspiracy¹²⁷
Alone, and I'm convinced on't
There's not a party formed, but I
Bawl out that very instant.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Yes, for you're like the fishermen,
Who fish for eels. Whenever
The lake is still, they cannot then
Catch *one*, however clever; 865
But if they stir the mud about,
They take a lot at *one* try;
And so do you, too, get a lot,
When you've disturbed the country.
Just answer this:—Have you, who set
To sale such loads of leather,
Given your friend one shoe-sole yet
To defend him from the weather? 870

PEOPLE.

Not he, sir!

(127) I am not aware that history informs us of any conspiracy, to which the *incog* could be supposed to allude; it was probably some trifling affair which he here magnifies, for the sake of exalting his own merits.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Then you cannot choose
 But see his crimes are glaring.
 Now *I* have bought this pair of shoes
 For your especial wearing.
*[Presents a pair of shoes to PEOPLE with buffoonish
 gestures. PEOPLE puts them on.]*

PEOPLE.

You've found more favour with me, than
 Another ever rose to ;
 And I am certain you're a man
 That loves my town....and toes too.

CLEON.

Is't not a shame that shoes should have
 Such influence upon you ?
 So you forget your faithful slave,
 And all the good I've done you—
 I, who disfranchised Gryttus, all
 For being an adulterer !¹²⁸

875

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Is't not a shame that you should fall
 To play stripling-mulcter, or
 Attempt to stop adultery ?
 You checked those matron-seekers,
 Because you feared they'd get to be
 Accomplished first-rate speakers.¹²⁹

880

(128) 'There is some bitter satire, no doubt, concealed here. Gryttus was probably a personal enemy of Cleon's, and the real motives for prosecuting him were known to every body.

(129) See Note 56.

But though you saw poor People here
 Was old, and weak, and pursesey,
 And had no flannel-waistcoat, ne'er
 Have you given him a jersey
 In winter-time.—Come, pocket it!
 Here is the thing I mention.

[Presents a woollen under-waistcoat to PEOPLE, who takes off his coat, and puts it on with signs of great satisfaction.]

PEOPLE.

The great Themístocles ne'er hit
 On such a bright invention.
 Yet his Piræus was a wise
 Idea. When, however,
 This waistcoat here attracts my eyes,
 The latter seems most clever.

885

CLEON.

What apish compliments you make,—
 Confound it!—to outflank me!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Why any tipsy guest would take
 My shoes and never thank me,¹³⁰
 If he went out to ease himself;
 And why not *I* your manners?

905

(130) Every schoolboy is aware that both the Greeks and Romans sat at table on couches, instead of sitting on chairs as we do. They stood at the door of the apartment, that they might not dirty the same custom prevails in the Levant to the present day; it is great an insult for any one to come into his apartment without slippers, as an Englishman does for a stranger to come into a room without removing his hat. Of the two ceremonies, we

[Presents it.]

CLEON.

You shall not lay me on the shelf,
 Nor rout my conquering banners
 By making presents !

890

(To PEOPLE, presenting the coat off his back to him.)

What d'ye think

Of *this* ?

(To the BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.)

Go hang, you villain !

PEOPLE.

Bah ! Devil take your coat ! The stink
 Of beastly hides is still in !

[Rejects it with contemptuous disgust.]

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

He gave it ye, because he knew
 Full well, that if you wore this,
 The beastly stench would stifle you :
 He's done the same before this.
 You must remember when split-peas
 Fell all at once like fury ?

895

PEOPLE.

I do.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

He made them fall, to teaze
 The men of every jury.

(128) 'There isal one has at least the merit of not being entirely without probably a persons tells a story of one Dórion, who, having a club-foot, and were known to ev: that belonged to it at a wine-party, exclaimed, " I shall

(129) See Note urse upon the thief, than that the slipper may fit him."

They bought a lot, and made a tun
Of soup to wet their whistles ;
And then in court they poisoned one
Another with their fizzles.

PEOPLE.

A man of *Dungwich* told me so!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Their breeches though despised this,
And blushed deep orange-colour.

PEOPLE.

So,

900

The *Orangemen* devised this!

CLEON.

You rascal, how you worry me
With your jack-pudding nonsense!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Minerva bade me conquer ye
By lies beyond all conscience.

CLEON.

You shall not conquer me that rig!
Dear People, I shall hasten,
And give you, gratis, pay to swig—
A jolly thumping basin.

905

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Here's something, (if I do not win,
'Twill be a disappointment,)
For the sore places on your shin—
A gallipot of ointment!

[*Presents it.*

CLEON.

I'll pluck your grey hairs, and disguise
The old man as a stripling.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Take this hare's-tail¹³¹ to wipe your eyes,
When they're inflamed with tippling.

[*Presents it.*]

CLEON.

Whene'er you blow your nose, in fine,
Dear People, wipe your fingers 910
Upon my head.¹³²

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

On mine, on mine,
While life within me lingers!

CLEON.

I'll make you Captain, and I'll tip
My gentleman a worn-out ship,¹³³
On which you'll be obliged to spend
Your own good cash. There'll be no end
To laying out your money on't, 915
And making good whate'er it want.

(131) Hare's-*feet* are used at the present day, by ladies who rouge, to apply the colour to their cheeks.

(132) Pocket-handkerchiefs are quite a modern invention. The most polite men of antiquity were every day guilty, of what a decent tailor's apprentice would now be ashamed to do.

(133) The Captain of an Athenian galley had a certain sum allowed him by the state, which was not near sufficient for the purpose, out of which and his own resources he was expected to defray all the expenses of rigging out and re-fitting. The office therefore was only given to the most wealthy citizens. Here, as in other cases of the kind, if any one thought that another person could better afford the expense than himself, he could compel him either to exchange estates or take the duty upon himself.

And I'll contrive, too, without fail,
That you shall get a rotten sail.

CHORUS.

The fellow's bubbling up with ire.
Don't, don't boil over on the fire ! 920
Come, pluck away some sticks, and let's
Make haste and ladle out some threats.

CLEON.

I'll take good care that you're enrolled
Amongst the rich ; and I'll make bold
To say, that, when you feel the stress
O' the public-contribution press,¹³⁴ 925
You'll soon afford me specious cause
To sue you for neglect of laws.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

No threats I'll utter, I declare ;
I'll merely offer up this prayer.
O may your frying-pan of soles
Stand hissing on the burning coals, 930

^ (134) The rich were also compelled to pay heavy contributions to the state. Boeckh however makes out, that, including every thing, they were not taxed near so heavily as the people of modern countries. (*Publ. Econ. Athens*, II. pp. 293—295.) The art has certainly been carried to great perfection of late years, though I do not know that the following ingenious plan has ever been hit upon, which I therefore transcribe for the benefit of the Corporation of the city of London. “ The measure of the tyrant Hippias had an appearance of justice, “ when in order to raise money he ordered those portions of the houses to be “ sold, which projected into or over the public street, upon the plea that the “ street was public property, and ought not to be overbuilt. The possessors then “ repurchased their own property, by which he raised a considerable sum. The “ same method was adopted in after times by the Assembly, with the same object and consequence, by the advice of Iphicrates.”—*Ibid.* II. p. 391.

And may you just be going to treat us
 With a new Bill about Milétus,
 And to receive three hundred pound,
 In case you pass it safe and sound ;¹³⁵
 And so be in a fuss to stuff
 Your greedy maw with soles enough,
 And yet have time to make a dash 935
 In the Assembly for your cash.
 And then, before you've had a taste,
 May some one come to invoke you,
 By heaven, to go ; and in your haste
 May one huge mouthful choak you ! 940

CHORUS.

Bravo, by Jove, by Phœbus, and by Ceres !

PEOPLE.

He seems to me a worthy citizen
 In all respects, such as has never yet
 Been granted to the ten-a-penny vulgar. 945
 But you, base Magabæan, while you said
 You loved me, garlicked me.¹³⁶ Give back my ring ;¹³⁷
 You shall no longer be my steward.

(135) Milétus was one of the wealthy Asiatic cities subject to Athens. What was the nature of the bill, we are not told, perhaps some Milésian adventurers had a snug little Railway bubble, which they found it convenient to push forwards after the most approved modern system.

(136) In other words, used unfair means to excite my ill-temper—See *Achæmans*, Note 24.

(137) The signet-ring answered the same purpose in Greece, as a bunch of keys in England. It was usual to fasten the bar of a door with bees' wax, and seal it with the seal on the ring. The jewellers were forbidden by an express law from retaining impressions of the rings which they sold, in order to prevent fraud—Potter's *Antiquities*, I. p. 171.

CLEON.

Take it; [*Gives a ring.*]

But know, if you cashier me as your guardian,
There'll soon start up a greater rogue than I.

950

PEOPLE.

This ring here cannot possibly be mine;
The device seems different, or else I'm purblind.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Let's look at it. Pray what was your device?

PEOPLE.

A Pallas, with a *mob-cap* on her head.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

But there's no Pallas here.

PEOPLE.

What is there then?

955

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

A gaping gull, haranguing on a rock.¹³⁸

PEOPLE.

Bah!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

What's the matter, sir?

PEOPLE.

Away with it!

It was Cleónymus's¹³⁹ ring, not mine,

(138) The "rock" is intended to denote the Marble Hustings on which the speakers harangued in the Assembly. The "gull" refers to Cleon's peculating propensities.

(139) The cowardly glutton.—See *Achárnians*, Note 17.

He was possessed of! Take this one from me,
And be my steward. [*Offers him another ring.*

CLEON.

I beseech you, master, 960
Don't give it him, until you've heard my prophecies.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And mine besides.

CLEON.

But, if you credit *him*,
You're to become a water-bag.¹⁴⁰

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

If *him*,
You're to be circumcised up to your head.¹⁴¹

CLEON.

My prophecies declare that you're to rule 965
O'er every country, garlanded with roses.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And mine again declare that you're to have
A flowered purple mantle and a chaplet,

(140) The prophecy here referred to ran as follows:—

“ Use not unworthy lenience;
“ Nor flatter with unctuous and courtly
“ Phrases the wicked Athénians,
“ Who'll turn to water-bags shortly.”

Július Pollux, X. 187.

(141) That is to say, flayed alive; an equally pleasant operation with that which is alluded to at the end of the following stanza.

“ For his own share—he saw but small objection
“ To so respectable an ancient rite;
“ And after swallowing down a slight refection,
“ For which he owned a present appetite,
“ He doubted not a few hours of reflection
“ Would reconcile him to the business quite.”
“ Will it?”—said Juan sharply,—“ Strike me dead!
“ But they as soon shall *circumcise my head!*”

Stand it out on the Law Exchange,¹⁴³ 980
 That, supposing this monster strange
 Had been crushed in his cradle,
 Two o' the usefulest instruments
 Had been lost to the Attic gents—
 Namely, pestle and ladle.¹⁴⁴

II.

I'm astonished to hear he was 985
 Such a dunce; for they say, I'm poz,
 All his schoolmates are able
 To attest that he played the bass
 Oft, but stedfastly set his face
 'Gainst the learning the treble; 990
 Till the Harpmaster got at last
 Wrath, and swore at him hard and fast—
 “ Well, however the case lie,
 “ They shall take ye away from school,—
 “ *That* they shall; for the stupid fool 995
 “ *Will* play every thing *bassly*.”

(143) There was an Exchange in the Piræus, where the merchants met to exhibit their samples, and transact business. We are not to suppose that there was also a place known by the name of the Law Exchange, but that some public office, where the business of the law-courts was transacted, is so nicknamed by the poet by way of a joke.

(144) In the comedy of the *Peace*, the god of War is represented on the stage as about to pound up the Grecian cities in a huge mortar, previous to which operation he sends his assistant Tumult, to fetch a pestle from Athens. Tumult comes back with the answer, that the pestle of the Athénians, the demagogue tanner, has been destroyed.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Same.*

PEOPLE *has remained on the stage.*

Enter CLEON with a huge bundle of scrolls.

CLEON.

HERE! Look at them! Yet I have not brought all.

Enter the BLACKPUDDING-SELLER with a still larger bundle.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

How my guts ache! Yet I have not brought all.

PEOPLE.

What are they?

CLEON.

Prophecies.

PEOPLE.

The whole of them?

CLEON.

Are you astonished at their number then?

I've got a chest, by Jove, full of them still.

1000

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And I a garret, and two lodging-houses.

PEOPLE.

Let's see them. Well, whose prophecies are these?

CLEON.

Mine are by Bacis.¹⁴⁵

PEOPLE.

And by whom are yours?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

By Glanis, elder brother to that Bacis.

PEOPLE.

And what are they about?

CLEON.

Athens, and Pylus, 1005

And you, and me, and every thing besides.

PEOPLE.

And what are *yours* about?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Athens, and porridge,

And Lacedæmon, and fresh mackarel,

And men who sell their barley by false measures,

And you, and me.

[CLEON *begins to gnaw his lips with rage and vexation.*

Would that he'd bite his nose! 1010

PEOPLE (*to* CLEON).

Come, read them to me, and especially

(145) The celebrated soothsayer. (See Note 16.) Glanis is most probably a creature of the poet's imagination. We hear nothing of him in history. He is said to be *elder* brother to Bacis, according to the plan that the poet goes on of making the Blackpudding-man surpass Cleon in every thing.

The one that I delight in, which declares
That I shall be an eagle in the clouds.¹⁴⁶

CLEON.

Then listen ; and attend to what I say.

[Reads from a scroll, with solemn pompousness.]

“ Son of Eréchtheus, rule
“ Thy steps by the words that Apóllo 1015
“ Hymns from oracular stool,
“ And bids thee religiously follow.
“ Cherish thy dog with glee,
“ The holy, the rough-toothed, the clever,
“ Who, in defence of thee
“ Fierce gaping and crying, will ever
“ Furnish thee pay, because,
“ If he do not, to Stygian palace
“ Goes he ; for numerous daws
“ Are cawing against him in malice.” 1020

PEOPLE.

I cannot understand what all this means,
By Ceres ! What’s “ Eréchtheus ” got to do
With this same “ dog ” and “ daws ? ”

CLEON.

I am the “ dog,”

(146) This oracle was interpreted to signify, that as the eagle excelled all other birds in strength, so should Athens in process of time excel all other nations in power. It ran as follows :—

“ When thou hast suffered and striven
“ In many a toilsome endeavour,—
“ Athens the blest !—thou shalt live in
“ The clouds as an eagle for ever.”

Because I howl in your defence ; and Phœbus
Tells you to cherish *me*--your trusty Tike.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

That's not the meaning of the prophecy ; 1025
This dog of yours has gnawed the corners off
The oracles, just as he serves your door.¹⁴⁷
I've got the genuine truth about the dog.

PEOPLE.

Read it ; but first I'll take a stone up, lest
The prophecy about the dog should bite me.¹⁴⁸ ♀

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER (*reading from a scroll*).

" Son of Eréchtheus, beware 1030
" That kidnapping mongrel, the bragging
" Cérberus ; who, by thy chair,
" With his tail most lovingly wagging,
" Watches thee dining—to cheat
" Thy soul with pretended affection,
" But will devour thy meat
" When thou gap'st in another direction ;
" Aye, and will secretly go
" By night to thy kitchen in silence,—

(147) It was common in ancient times to keep a fierce dog chained up at the street door to scare away intruders. (See *Lysistrata*, l. 1215.) At the entrance of many of the houses in Pompeii, there is painted in large characters, "Mind the dog!"—a far more sensible injunction, if it is to be considered to apply to every passer-by than our English "Knock and ring!"

(148) There is an equally elegant joke in Plautus. A fellow who has been taking some money for a batch of donkeys, exclaims—

" I wish I had a sack to thrash these asses,
" Should they begin to bray within my purse ! "

“ Cur that he is,—and so

“ Will lick thy dishes....and islands.”

PEOPLE.

By Neptune, Glanis, you have beat him hollow ! 1035

CLEON.

Hear this, my dearest sir, and then decide. [*Reads.*

“ Athens a woman enshrines,

“ And a lion shall suck at her nipple,

“ Destined to battle with lines

“ Of gnats in defence of the people,

“ Brave as if shedding his blood

“ For his whelps. Him guard and environ

“ Safely with walls of wood,¹⁴⁹

“ And impregnable towers of iron.” 1040

PEOPLE.

D’ye comprehend it ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

No, not I, by Phœbus.

CLEON.

The god most clearly bids you cherish me,

Because I guard you in the “ lion’s” place.

(149) The poet evidently had in his eye the celebrated oracle, which was delivered to the Athénians before the battle of Sálamis, and which has given occasion to the well-known heart-stirring phrase, “ The Wooden Walls of “ Old England.” The lines referred to may be thus translated :—

“ Every bulwark shall fall,—

“ So answers Jove to Minérva,—

“ Saving a wooden wall,

“ Which will prove thy children’s preserver.”

See Thirlwall’s *Hist. Greece*, II. pp. 294—296.

PEOPLE.

I never knew you lived in *Lyon's Place* !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

There's *one* thing that he purposely omits— 1045

The meaning of the wall of wood and iron,
In which Apóllo bids you keep the fellow.

PEOPLE.

What does the god refer to by this phrase ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

He bids you put him in the *five-holed plank*.¹⁵⁰

PEOPLE.

These oracles, I think, are coming true. 1050

CLEON (*reading*).

“ Yield not, I pray, to his talk ;

“ There are envious ravens a-croaking.

“ Love the generous hawk,

“ And recall to your memory, O king,

“ Who it was brought thee in chains

“ The Lacedæmónian codfish.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER (*reading*).

“ Pshaw ! When you risked that, your brains

“ Were fuddled, you oddest of odd fish.

“ Son of Cecrops, then

“ Are his actions for other men models ? 1055

“ Women can carry, if men

“ Will lift up the load on their noddles ;

(150) The stocks—an elegant mode of punishment, which the progress of modern refinement bids fair to banish from our land.

“ Women though cannot fight ;¹⁵¹

“ For a fight is a fright to a shy lass.”

CLEON (*reading*).

“ Now interpret aright

“ What’s Pylus in front of a Pylus.”¹⁵²

“ Pylus in front of a Pylus—

PEOPLE (*mimicking him*).

What means that “ front of a Pylus ?”

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER (*reading*).

“ Why, that he’ll seize on the *pie-lass*,

“ And rob her and render her *pieless*. 1060

(151) When Ajax and Ulysses were disputing the palm of bravery,—as was related in the little ‘Iliad, a poem by one Lesches of Mityléne, now unfortunately lost,—the Greeks, by the advice of Nestor, took the very sensible method of sending some eavesdroppers under the walls of Troy, to ascertain what was the opinion of the enemy on the subject. These worthy emissaries find two virgins discussing the very topic, the first of whom, who is the advocate of Ajax, argues as follows :—

“ Ajax bore on his back

“ The corpse of Achilles, and drew it

“ Out of the martial attack ;

“ But Ulysses was fearful to do it.”

To which the other replies with infinite promptitude :—

“ Why hast thou ventured to blurt

“ Such opinions as these in thy recent

“ Argument ? Why assert

“ A thing both untrue and indecent ?

“ Women can bear, if a wight

“ Will lift up the load on their shoulders ;

“ Women though cannot fight ;

“ For in battle their bravery moulders.”

It seems that this reasoning was thought conclusive ; for we know from authors who have evidently taken their facts from this poem, that the prize was bestowed upon Ulysses.

(152) ‘There was an ancient oracle, the words of which were :—

“ Pylus in front of a Pylus,

“ And still there’s remaining a Pylus.”

It is quoted by Strabo (p. 339,) to prove the existence of three places of this name in the Péloponnese. What Cleon appears to insinuate, is that he himself is the Pylus, who stands in front of the real Pylus, to defend it from the enemy.

PEOPLE.

So I'm to purchase no more savory pies !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

No more. He's robbed us of our *pie-lasses*.—

But here's an oracle about your navy,

To which you must attend especially.

PEOPLE.

I will. Do you read on ; for first of all

I mean to pay the wages of my seamen.¹⁵³

1065

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER (*reading*).

“ Son of Ægeus, take heed,

“ The dog-fox carefully shunning,

“ Treacherous, blest with speed,

“ Deceitful, greedy and cunning.—

“ Know'st thou the meaning of this,

“ Thou People I dote on so dearly ?”

PEOPLE (*mimicking him*).

Yes, for the dog-fox is

The pander Philóstratus clearly.¹⁵⁴

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

That's not what's meant. This fellow here is always 1070

Demanding some fast-sailing men-of-war

To go and gather in the revenue ;

And Phœbus bids you never let him have them.

(153) The Attic seamen, as we shall see from a passage which occurs in the latter part of the play, were not always paid very regularly. The mention of the subject here is evidently a mere clap-trap to catch the applause of the vulgar.

(154) Philóstratus, it appears from the Greek note, kept a house of an abominable description, and was nicknamed “ dog-fox,” probably from the combined impudence and cunning of his disposition.

PEOPLE.

How is a man-of-war a "dog-fox?"

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

How?

Because both men-of-war and dogs are swift.

PEOPLE.

How comes the "fox," then, added to the "dog?" 1075

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

He likens the Marines to little foxes ;

For when they disembark they eat the grapes.¹⁵⁵

PEOPLE.

Well, well !

But where am I to find these foxes pay?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I'll give them pay myself.....for three whole days.¹⁵⁶

(*Reading.*) "Hear this oracle too ;

"Take every precaution and care that 1080

"Lâmia¹⁵⁷ cheats not you ;

"The lips of Apóllo declare that!"

(155) "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines "have tender grapes." (*Solomon's Song*, II. 15.) Every one must recollect the fable of the fox and the grapes.

(156) As has been before stated, it was usual, when an expedition was intended, to order the men to meet at a given spot with provisions for three days. I should conjecture from this passage, that for those three days no pay at all was allowed them, so that the promise of the Blackpudding-man is perfectly nugatory, in which the whole fun of the thing consists. There can be no doubt that they were not allowed provision-money for that period. (See Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. p. 363.) There is a somewhat similar piece of waggery in the *Birds*, where a reward of 300*l.* is offered to any body who shall kill a *dead* tyrant, a promise which it is evident can never be exacted.

(157) A town in Thessaly, where Antipater was besieged after the death of Alexander.

PEOPLE (*mimicking him*).

Lámia? Pshaw!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER (*reading*).

"He calls

" 'This mendicant's hand by that name, and

" *Lámia* 'tis; for he bawls—

[*Imitating a beggar's action.*

" Pray drop your alms in my *lame* hand!"

CLEON (*reading*).

"No, he is wrong in this.

"What Phœbus alluded to by these

"Words about *Lámia*, is

"The hand of poor *Diopíthes*.¹⁵⁸—

1085

"I have a mystical scroll,—

"A prophecy pinioned and regal,—

"How you'll be king of the whole

"Of the earth, and turn to an eagle.¹⁵⁹

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER (*reading*).

"I have one—mentioning both

"The earth and the Red-Sea, and that on a

"Jury you'll lick up broth

"In the far-away courts of *Ecbátana*."

(158) Of this person, all that can be gathered is, that he was an orator, that he was accused of taking bribes, and that the comic poets laughed at him for being half-cracked. It was by him that a decree was procured, "by which persons who denied the being of the gods, or taught doctrines concerning the celestial bodies which were inconsistent with religion, were made liable to a certain criminal process." (Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III p. 89.) The passage in the text proves that one of his hands had been injured, which the ancients considered quite a fair subject for ridicule. We have certainly improved upon them in this respect.

(159) See before, Note 146.

CLEON (*reading*).

“ I’ve had a fortunate dream :—

“ I see Minérva, and view her 1090

“ Pour upon People a stream

“ Of Wealth and Health from a ewer.”

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER (*reading*).

“ I have had one as well :—

“ I see her herself, and behold her

“ Come from the Citadel

“ With the holy Owl on her shoulder ;¹⁶⁰

“ Then she appears to me

“ To pour out a torrent and chuck it—

“ Scents ambrosial at *thee*,

“ Pickle-garlic at *him*—from a bucket.” 1095

PEOPLE.

Holloa, holloa !

Why Glanis is the wisest man on earth !

I now commit myself to you, “ to school me—

“ Old as I am—and educate me fresh.”

CLEON.

Not yet, I beg. Wait till I’ve furnished you 1100

Some barley, and some daily livelihood.

PEOPLE.

I cannot bear the name of barley. Oft

Have I been choused by you and Thúphanes !¹⁶¹

(160) Owls are remarkably abundant in the neighbourhood of Athens to the present day, and are often seen perched on the old ruins. The most common species is the small brown owl.—The passage between inverted commas, (l. 1099, 1100,) is from the *Peleus* of Sôphocles. See *Clouds*, l. 1417.

(161) This refers to certain promises of distributing barley to the citizens,

CLEON.

Then I will give you barley-meal prepared.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And I some barley-cakes already made, 1105

And roasted fish. You've nought to do but eat.

PEOPLE.

Make haste, then, with the things you mean to give me.

Whichever of you two shall treat me best,

Shall have the reins o' the Pnyx delivered to him.

CLEON.

I'll run in first !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

You shan't, for I'll be first. 1110

[*Exeunt* CLEON and BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

SCENE II. *The Same.*

I.

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

O fair is the rule you've reared !

Like tyrants by all you're feared—

Both townsman and peasant.

Still, People, I'm forced to say

You're easily led away, 1115

And think it the first of treats

To listen to fawning cheats,

which it was complained that the orators made when they had got themselves into a scrape, and broke when they had got themselves out of it. (See *Wasps*, l. 715—718.) Thúphanes, the Greek note says, was a cheating flatterer of Cleon's, and filled the office of under-clerk to the people.

And swallow the lies you find
Last told you, and let your mind
Be absent though present. 1120

II.

SONG BY PEOPLE.

Those overgrown locks¹⁶² must hide
Small sense, as you dare to chide
My mental bereavement.
I act in this silly way
On purpose; for day by day
I pocket my pap, and when 1125
I've fattened my statesman, then
I lift him on high, alack,
Begorged with his spoil, and crack
His scull on the pavement. 1130

III.

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

Then if, as I understand,
You're really a deep one, and
No greenhorn beginner;
You'd punish the rascals' tricks
Aright, if upon the Pnyx 1135
You fed them with care like beasts
Intended for public feasts,¹⁶³
And so, when your meat was out,
Selected one fat and stout
And killed him for dinner. 1140

(162) Usually worn by young men of birth and opulence. See Note 85.

(163) These animals were fed with the greatest care for the sacrifices. It is a

IV.

SONG BY PEOPLE.

Now look if I don't out-scheme
 Those vainest of men, who deem
 They chouse me—the rebels !
 I'm watching them always, though 1145
 They think that I never know
 They're stealing ; and when I lack,
 I force them to vomit back
 The thefts that have passed their jaws,
 By tickling their greedy maws
 With juryman's pebbles. ¹⁶⁴ 1150

curious fact, which we learn from 'Aristotle, that the Athénians understood the art of *blowing up* their meat to make it seem fatter.

(164) Vespásian seems to have been indebted to Aristóphanes for the idea of his celebrated *bon-mot*. He compared his Chancellors of the Exchequer to *sponges*, which he allowed to get full, in order that he might afterwards squeeze them into his own pocket.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Same.*

PEOPLE *has remained on the stage.* CLEON *and the BLACK-PUDDING-SELLER* *have entered during the songs, and seated themselves.*

CLEON.

Go get you gone to hell !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Do you, you pest !

CLEON.

Dear People, I've been sitting here, prepared
And anxious to do you good, for these three ages.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And I for these ten ages, and twelve ages,
And for these thousand ages, ages, ages.

1155

PEOPLE.

I loathe you both ; for I've been waiting for you
For thirty thousand ages, ages, ages.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

D'ye know what you must do ?

PEOPLE.

If not, you'll tell me.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Make me and him start fairly from a post
To do you services.

PEOPLE.

It shall be so ;

1160

And you shall start.

CLEON.

Here !

[CLEON *and the* BLACKPUDDING-SELLER *place themselves*
side by side.

PEOPLE.

Run !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

You must not jostle.

[*They start, and run off the stage at full speed.*

PEOPLE.

I shall be placed to-day by my two suitors
In monstrous comfortable circumstances ;
Or else I shall coquet with them most strangely.

[*Enter* CLEON *with a stool, the* BLACKPUDDING-SELLER
with a table, and both bearing meat-boxes.

CLEON.

Look ! I'm the first to bring you out a stool !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

But not a table ; I'm the *firstest* there.

1165

CLEON.

See ! I am bringing you this barley-cake,
Made of the barley that I fetched from Pylus. [*Presents it.*

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And I am bringing you these hollow rolls,¹⁶⁵
Formed by Minérva with her ivory hand.

[Presents them.]

PEOPLE.

What a big finger, then, you had, dread goddess! 1170

CLEON.

And I some good-complexioned fair pease-porridge,
Which the gate-battling Pallas stirred herself.

[Presents it.]

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

People! The goddess openly protects you,
And now holds over you this pot of broth.

*[Imitates the attitude of the goddess's statue, using the
pot as a shield.]*

PEOPLE.

D'ye think this city would be still in being, 1175
Unless she'd often held her pot above us?

CLEON.

The army-scaring goddess gives this fish.

[Presents it.]

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

The stalwart-fathered goddess gives this meat—
Which has been boiled in broth—and slices too
Of the small-guts, the belly, and the paunch.

[Presents them.]

(165) Rolls of this description were used by way of spoons, to ladle up broth. Similarly the paste of an English raised pie is made to do duty for crockery-ware.

PEOPLE.

How did you come to think of seizing them?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

The thought's Minérva's, but the theft is mine.¹⁶⁸

CLEON.

I ran the hazard.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

But I roasted them.

PEOPLE (*to* CLEON).

Be off! I'm grateful to the offerer only.

1203

CLEON.

Confound it, I shall be out-impudenced!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Why not decide, dear People, which of us

Is the best friend to you....and to your belly?

PEOPLE.

And what criterion must I use, to make

The Audience think that I determine wisely?

1210

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I'll tell you: go and seize upon my meat-box

In silence, and examine what there's in it;

(168) The Greek orators in later days were particularly fond of attributing their political schemes to the inspiration of the gods. Take, as one instance out of many, the commencement of Demosthenes's *second Olynthiac oration*. "Men of Athens! I think one may see that the good-will of the gods has been manifested towards the city on many occasions, but especially in the present state of affairs. That a people should have sprung up to wage war with Philip,—and a people, too, who are possessed of an adjoining country, and considerable power; and, what is most important of all, who entertain such sentiments respecting the war, as to consider a peace with him unworthy of any confidence, and sure to lead to the ruin of their own country.—certain it is exactly like some favour conferred by the demigods and the deities." The circumstances here referred to were the result of the orator's own successful negotiations.

Then serve the Magabáean's too the same;
And doubtless you'll determine well.

PEOPLE.

Let's look;

[Opens the box.]

What is there in it?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Don't you see 'tis empty,
Dear grand-papa? I brought you every thing. 1215

PEOPLE.

This meat-box is a trusty friend to People.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Just walk this way, too, to the Magabáean's.

[Opens the box.]

D'ye see?

PEOPLE.

Confound it, what good things 'tis full of!
What a great lump of cake he's put away,
And cut me only such a bit as this! 1220

[Making a sign with his fingers.]

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

He's often served you just the same before:
Given you a little of the bribes he took,
But placed the greater part before himself.

PEOPLE (*to* CLEON).

You blackguard, so you stole all this, and choused me,
"An' I hae crowned ye an' hae gi'en ye gifts!"¹⁶⁹ 1225

(169) A manifest quotation from some unknown poet, who wrote in a provincial dialect. The honouring a favourite orator with a crown of gold was

CLEON.

I stole it for the service of the state.

PEOPLE.

Put down your crown this moment, and I'll give it
To him.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Yes, put it down this moment, slave.

CLEON.

I won't; for there's a Pythian prophecy,
Which says by whom alone I'm to be conquered. 1230

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Aye, and it points out *me* as clear as day.

CLEON.

I want to try you by a test, to see
If you agree with the divine prediction.—
And first, I shall examine you on this:
What school did you attend in early life? 1235

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

The singeing-pits,¹⁷⁰ and I was taught with fists.

CLEON.

What? (*aside.*) How the prophecy strikes to my heart!—
Well, well!

What arts did the gymnastic-master teach you?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

To steal, and stare, and swear I had not stolen.

very usual. One of the most splendid speeches of Demosthenes was delivered in defence of his friend Ctésiphon, who had proposed the decree by which he himself was distinguished in this manner.—See also *Birds*, l. 1274.

(170) Hence we may gather the important fact, that the Athenian pork-butchers did not *scald*, but *singe*, their hogs. See *Pollux*, VI. 91.

CLEON (*aside*).

“ Phœbus Apóllo, what am I to suffer ? ”¹⁷¹— 1240

And when you grew a man, what was your trade ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

A blackpudding-seller.

CLEON (*breathlessly*).

And a —— ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And a pimp.

CLEON.

Confound the thing ! “ I am no longer aught.—

“ There’s still a slender hope on which I ride.”¹⁷²

Tell me the truth now—did you vend blackpuddings 1245

About the Market-place or at the Gates ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Why at the Gates, where the salt-fish is sold.¹⁷³

CLEON.

“ Alas ! The god’s prediction is fulfilled !

[*Prostrates himself at full length on the ground.*

“ O roll this miserable wretch within ! ”¹⁷⁴

Farewell my crown ! Unwillingly I leave thee. 1250

(171) From the *Télephus* of Euripides.—*Greek note.*

(172) Clearly a quotation from some tragedy. The whole of this scene is in a vein of burlesque tragic solemnity.

(173) We are not told *which gates* were understood by the phrase *the Gates*, but they were most probably those that led to the Piræus, forming the communication between a maritime city and its port, they would be more likely to be thronged with passengers than any others, and therefore be better adapted for the Blackpudding-man’s purpose. The suburbs of a city are generally the resort of the worst characters of both sexes, as we find the neighbourhood of these Gates was.—See l. 1400.

(174) This is from the *Beltrophon*, a lost play of Euripides.—*Greek note.*

Depart ; and you will find another master,
More fortunate perhaps, though not more thievish.¹⁷³

[Gives up his crown.]

Enter DEMOSTHENES.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Jove of the Greeks ! thine is the prize of victory.

DEMOSTHENES.

All hail, thou glorious conqueror, and remember
That it is I who've made a man of you.

I'll ask but one small boon—to be your Phanus,¹⁷⁴ 1255

And serve you as your under-clerk in actions.

PEOPLE.

Now tell me what your name is.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Agorácritus ;

Because I lived by actions in the 'Agora.'¹⁷⁵

PEOPLE.

Then I commit myself to Agorácritus,
And give him up this Magabæan here. 1260

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I'll take great care of you, my dearest People ;

(175) Alcésteis, in Eurípides's play of that name, (l. 179,) exclaims to her husband, to preserve whose life she is about to sacrifice her own—

" I die, and you will find another wife,

" More fortunate perhaps, though not more chaste "

(176) A hanger-on of Cleon's. He occurs again, apparently in the same respectable capacity, in the *Wasps*, l. 1220.

(177) The 'Agora, that is to say, the Market-place. The translator has endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid interlarding the English language with Greek terms, but it here seemed unavoidable, unless the dialogue was to run like that well-known question and answer in one of Matthews's *At Home's*. " What's the reason they call you fellows *watermen*, Tom ? " " Vy 'case we " opens the hackney-coach doors, your Honour."

You shall confess that no one knows so well
As I, what's best for the....Gapénian state.¹⁷⁸

[*Ereunt* PEOPLE, *the* BLACKPUDDING-SELLER, *and* DEMO-
STHENES. *CLEON remains grovelling on the ground.*

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

" O what could form a fairer prolusion,
" What could form a fairer conclusion,"¹⁷⁹ 1265
Than singing the valorous warlike deeds
Of the urgers-on of nimble steeds?
Passing by Lysístratus,¹⁸⁰
And not willingly making a fuss,—
Though the fellow so ghastly and gaunt is,—
To provoke that houseless being Thumántis;
Who pouring forth a tearful river, 1270
And humbly touching, O Phæbus, thy quiver;
Ever at Delphi is praying to thee
To appease his hunger...for poverty.

Boldly to revile the wicked
Should not furnish malice food;

(178) This is a hit at the Athenians, for their always *gaping* and staring after other people's business, and neglecting their own.— See the *Hirds*.

(179) The Greek note furnishes us with the following fragment of Pindar:—

" O what could form a fairer prolusion,
" What could form a fairer conclusion,
" Than singing Latóna and the deeds
" Of the urger on of nimble steeds!"

(180) Lysistratus was a poor poverty-stricken wretch, (see *Achæruans*, Note 94,) and Thumántis, who is mentioned three lines afterwards, was a prophet

All but men who've got a thick head
 Think that this becomes the good. 1275
 Now if he, whose nasty penchant
 Must be satirised, had been
 Known himself, I would not mention
 One I love; 'twould be a sin.¹⁸¹
 But 'tis not so. Arignótus
 All men know, who'd tell us right
 What's a crotchet, or could quote us
 What's the odds of black and white;
 But he's got a certain brother,—
 Not allied in manners though,— 1280
 Scamp Aríphrades, whom other
 Persons here can scarcely know.
 "Scamp," however, he delights in.
 Yet he's not a "scamp" alone,—

who was much in the same case. The comic writer, Hermíppus, has a hit at the latter in the following passage, which is addressed to Bacchus.

"The needy now already offer to you
 "Poor paltry little oxen, maimed, and leaner
 "Than Leotréphides and thin Thumántis."

(181) The whole of this piece of poetry is occupied in expressing the virtuous indignation of the poet against a besotted debauchee—one Aríphrades. We learn from comparing a passage of the *Wasps* (l. 1275—1283), that the name of this wretch's father was Autómenes, and that he had two brothers, the first a very successful harper, and a man of the highest respectability, called Arignótus, who is mentioned in the present passage also; and the second a remarkably clever actor, of whose name, however, we are not informed. Although we cannot but esteem our author, for the feeling of disgust which he expresses, at the abominations of which this depraved fellow was guilty, yet it certainly were to be wished, that, while he condemned the offender, he had not spoken quite so plainly out as to the nature of the offence. But on these points as we see from the examples of the Roman satirists, the opinions of the ancients appear to have been diametrically opposed to ours.

None would notice such a slight sin
 In this scamp-abounding town,—
 Nor a “thorough-scamp;” he’s added
 Something extra e’en to this
 In the brothels, where, be-maddled,
 He enjoys his beastly bliss; 1285
 Imitating Polymnéstus¹⁸²
 In his filthiness, and thus
 Sitting down with such a guest as
 Scoundrelly Œónichus.¹⁸³
 Therefore, be it known, whoever
 Loathes not such men thoroughly,
 While we walk the earth, shall never
 Drink from the same cup as we.

SONG.

O oft at dead of night have I pondered, 1290
 Oft inquired, and studied, and wondered,
 If a table exists in the Attic nation,
 Where Cleónymus¹⁸⁴ eats with the least moderation.
 Every body says that he,
 Feeding on rich men’s property, 1295
 Usually stands as firm as a sentry,
 And refuses to go away out of the pantry.

(182) Of these two persons we know nothing, except that the first was a Colophonian harper, and that they were both addicted to the same vicious propensities as Arphrades, according to the Greek note.

(183) Here we have another attack on the unfortunate glutton, who is thus gibbeted to eternal infamy in the poetry of his remorseless chastiser.—See *Achæanians*, Note 17.

On which they all, with one accord,
 Beg and entreat their king and lord :—
 “ Sire, be persuaded, and if thou art able,
 “ Depart, we beseech thee, and pardon the table!”

Once upon a time our galleys
 Met, they say, to talk ; when one, 1300
 Old and worn with many sallies
 On the enemy, thus begun :—
 “ Have ye heard the news, dear virgins ?
 “ Some one wants five-score of us ”¹⁸⁴
 “ Launched upon a feigned emergence ; —
 “ ’Tis that sour Hybérbolus ! ” ¹⁸⁵

All agreed that this endeavour
 Must conceal some shameful plan ; 1305
 One exclaiming, who had never
 Yet had ought to do with man—
 “ God forbid ! He shall not master
 “ Me ; (for rather than such terms
 “ Here I’ll bear each foul disaster,
 “ Waste by age, and rot by worms ;—)
 “ No, nor *Galla*, *Gallus*’ daughter !
 “ Never shall he play such pranks,

(184) On several occasions in the earlier part of the war, the Athenians sent out as large a fleet as this to ravage the coasts of the Peloponnese. When we consider that the complement of each galley was 200 men, and therefore the whole number of souls on board such a fleet 20,000, exclusive of land-forces, we may form some idea of the ruinous expenses of this unnatural struggle.

(185) The demagogue, who afterwards succeeded Cleon. (See *Acharnians*, Note 92.) His old trade of lamp-selling will shortly give occasion to a bitter sarcasm.

- “ If I’m meant to swim on water,
“ If I’m built of pine and planks ! 1310
“ Should the Athénians agree to
“ Such a scheme, I move that then
“ We do sail forthwith, and flee to
“ Theseus’ or the Furies’ Fane.¹⁸⁶
“ Shall we let the precious rascal
“ Snap his fingers at the town
“ By commanding *us*—I ask all ?
“ Let him put to sea alone,—
“ To the devil, if he’s itchy,
“ To rejoin his brother scamps,—
“ Launching all the trays in which he
“ Used to hawk about his lamps !” 1315
-

(186) There were two Temples of Theseus. The one that is here meant is not the elegant building on the north-western side of the citadel, which remains nearly perfect to the present day, but another situated in the Piræus—the Wapping of Athens. These rebellious young ladies would of course have been unable to go any great distance by land, being accustomed principally to water-carriage, though they were occasionally hauled over narrow isthmuses on machines contrived for the purpose. There was a Fane of the Furies on the Hill of Mars, or Areópagus. Temples in Greece, like churches in Roman-Catholic countries, generally had the privilege of sanctuary attached to them.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens.*

[*The movable Scenes represent the PROPYLÆA,¹⁸⁷ or Gateways, of the Citadel.*]

CLEON *still remains lying on the ground.*

Enter the BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Abstain from ill omens, and close your lips,
Nor let reinforcements be levied hence
To attend upon trials with quibbles and quips,
And deliver their tedious evidence !
And mind and immediately shut up the courts
In which this city rejoices ;
And—to celebrate duly my joyful reports—
Let the Audience raise up their voices.

(187) For a restoration of these magnificent buildings by Mr. Cockerell, see Leake's *Athens*. They were constructed by Péricles, and were formed so as not only to ornament, but defend, the entrance to the Citadel.

CHORUS.

Of holy Athens the pride and renown,
Of the Islands the noble protector ;
What news do you bring, that will perfume the town
With our offerings' savoury nectar? 1320

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

I have cooked up and hashed up your People, and made
His ugliness turn into beauty.¹⁸⁸

CHORUS.

And where is he, thou who hast boldly surveyed
New regions of mind with acute eye ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

He is dwelling now in ancient and fair
And violet-garlanded Athens.¹⁸⁹

CHORUS.

Oh how can we see him ? What dress does he wear?
And what is the look that he hath hence ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

It is such as he formerly bore, when he ate
With Miltíades and Aristídes. 1325
You shall see him. They now are unbarring the Gate,
On this highest of holy and high days.
So raise up the sacred cry at the sight
Of Athens the loftily-swelling,

(188) There is an evident allusion here to the mythological stories about various old gentlemen and ladies, whom Medéa is said to have cut to pieces, boiled in cauldrons, and thus restored to youth and vigour.

(189) See *Achárnians*, note 74.

The ancient, the wondrous, the much-hymned, the bright,
Where the glorious People is dwelling.

CHORUS.

O Athens ! anointed and violet-crowned,
And envied by numerous nations ;
Exhibit the king of the Attic ground
And of all the land of the Grecians ! 1330

*[The Gates of the Citadel are thrown open. PEOPLE
appears in a magnificent dress, seated on a throne.]*

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Behold him, with grasshoppers adding a grace
To his locks,¹⁹⁰ and purged of his wrinkles ;
And scented all o'er with the myrrh of a peace,
Not stinking of stale periwinkles.¹⁹¹

CHORUS.

Heaven bless thee, thou wearer of Græcias's crown ;
For we, too, enjoy the retrievalment
Of blessings from heaven. Thou'rt worthy the town,
And Máration's noble achievement.

(190) Thucydides tells us that it was not long before his time, that the wealthy old Athenian gentlemen had left off wearing their hair in a knot, fastened by a golden grasshopper-brooch. This insect was selected, because they had an idea that it resembled them in having sprung spontaneously from the earth ; every body is aware that the people of Attica boasted of being the indigenous inhabitants of the soil.

(191) They sometimes made use of small shells, instead of pebbles, or metallic tokens, to give their votes with in the Courts of Law.

SCENE II. *The Same.*

PEOPLE *comes forward.*

PEOPLE.

Come here, my dearest Agorácritus. 1335

What good your cooking up has done me !

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Has it ?

But you don't know, poor fellow, what you were,
Nor what you did before ; for then you'd think
I was a god.

PEOPLE.

What was it that I did,—
Come tell me,—and what sort of person was I ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

First, if a man declared in the Assembly— 1340

“ I'm your admirer, People, and I love you,

“ And care for you, and scheme for you, alone !”

When any one began his speech like this,

You flapped your wings and butted with your horns.

PEOPLE.

What, *I* ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

And, in return, he choused you well. 1345

PEOPLE.

What ? Did they treat me thus, and I not know it ?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Aye, for your ears, by Neptune, used to open
And shut again, like any parasol.

PEOPLE.

Was I so foolish and so old as that?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Yes, and whene'er two orators advised you— 1350
The first to build some galleys, and the second
To fool the money on yourself in pay ;—
The man who recommended pay, by Jove,
Was sure to beat the one who spoke for ships. -

[PEOPLE shows signs of deep shame.

Why are you stooping? Cannot you stand still?

PEOPLE.

I'm quite ashamed of all my former sins. 1355

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

But it was not your fault,—so never mind,—
But that of those who choused you. Tell me now—
Should some buffoonish barrister¹⁹² declare—
“ You jurymen will get no barley-meal,
“ Unless you find a verdict for the plaintiff!”¹⁹³ 1360
What will you do to this same counsellor?

(192) Strictly speaking, the Athenians had no such class of men as “ barristers,” though it was not an unusual thing for a person, who was not a good orator himself, to be defended by his friend. The custom of making a profession of pleading causes was never introduced in Greece.

(193) “ Not only was it the practice to adjudge property to the state, in order to increase the revenue, but the demagogues publicly declared in law-suits, that if judgment was not given in some certain manner, the salaries could not any longer be paid to the people.” (Boeckh, *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I p. 291)
What a horrible state of public morals does this one fact indicate!

PEOPLE.

I'll lift him up and hurl him down the Gulf,¹⁰⁴
 With fat Hybérbolus hung round his neck.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Why now you talk correctly and discreetly!—
 How will you manage other public matters? 1365

PEOPLE.

First, I shall issue the full pay to all
 Who row the galleys, when they come in port.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Then you oblige a lot of bench-worn bottoms.¹⁰⁵

(104) Greece, being an extensive limestone formation, naturally abounds in caverns and grottoes. The "Gulf," or "Felon's Pit," was a deep hole of this kind, into which criminals condemned to death were sometimes cast. When Darius sent ambassadors to Athens to demand earth and water,—the symbols of unqualified submission,—the people threw the wretched men into this hole, and told them to take what they wanted *there*.

(105) Every body who has ever rowed fifty or sixty miles in a day will fully understand the whole force of this refined expression. It is a strange thing, that Mr. Mitford,—who laughs at other people for talking about rowing, when they have never had an oar in their hands,—should dispute the necessity of the Athenian galley men taking cushions to sit upon, when they went to sea. The London watermen, whom he instances, row regularly a certain distance every day, and therefore are always, like Ajax's shield, enveloped in sevenfold hide. But the Athenian seamen, on the contrary, were often called out suddenly for service, after a repose of perhaps half a year or more, and so very naturally made use of every expedient to render the hardness of the benches more tolerable to their aching bones.—(See Mitford's *Hist. Greece*, II. c. 8. *Appendix*.) The Greek note on this passage informs us gravely, that all the Athenians, from Theseus downwards, were slender in the hinder parts, the reason of which was this. Theseus, the king of Athens, had descended to the Shades, in order to steal away Proserpine, but had been detected by Pluto, and condemned to sit for ever upon a huge stone. Shortly afterwards Hercules paid a visit to the same dark regions, to slay the Dog Cérberus, and determining to release his friend from his durance vile, he pulled him away with such violence from his seat, that he actually left his posteriors sticking behind him. Which accounts, says the Greek commentator, for all the Athenians, from that time forth, having their hinder parts distinguished by a remarkable lack of obesity

PEOPLE.

And secondly, no citizen whose name
Is entered on the catalogue, shall get it
Transferred by favour to another place ; ¹⁹⁶ 1370
It shall continue where it was at first.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

This touches up Cleónymus's shield.

PEOPLE.

No beardless chaps shall haunt the Market-place.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Then what must Clísthene's and Straton haunt ? ¹⁹⁷

PEOPLE.

I mean the striplings in the perfume-shops, 1375
Who'll sit and chatter there all day like this—
" That Phaéax ¹⁹⁸ is a clever soul, and managed
" Most ably not to be condemned to death ;
" For he is copulative, and perfective,
" And sentimentative, and clear, and motive,
" And skilfully obtentive of applausives." 1380

(196) This was done, it appears, in order to escape military service. There was a regular muster-roll kept of all citizens able to bear arms, and they were called out in rotation, whenever a body of soldiers was wanted for any purpose. Hence, if a cowardly sneak found his name coming on, he procured it by favour to be transferred amongst those who had just performed the required duty, and by this means escaped for the time.

(197) For a notice of these two effeminate fellows, see *Achárman's*, Notes 20 and 21.

(198) An Athenian statesman, who was generally considered more successful as a negotiator than an orator. It seems, however, from this passage, that he managed to obtain a verdict for himself in a capital prosecution under very equivocal circumstances. He was a rival of the celebrated Alcibiades in public life. Eupolis, the comic poet, characterised him as

" Skilful in prating, powerless in speaking."

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Are not you kickative of babblatives? ¹⁹⁹

PEOPLE.

Not I, by Jove; but I'll compel them all
To go and hunt, and leave off making motions.

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

On these conditions, then, accept this stool,
And this young slave to carry it about; 1385
And when you like it, make a stool of *her*.
[*Presents them.*]

PEOPLE.

So I'm returning to the good old times!

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

You'll say so, when I've given you the Peacc
For thirty years.²⁰⁰ Come hither, Peace, directly.

[*Enter a beautiful Courtezan, attired in the character of*
PEACE.

PEOPLE.

Almighty Jove, how beautiful! For god's sake, 1390
Will you allow me to be-thirty-year her? [*Kisses her.*
How did you get her?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Why, the Magabæan

(199) These forms, which denote *power* or *capability*, were particularly affected by the Socrátic school of philosophy. Those who wish to see the use of them pushed to the very brink of absurdity, may read the *Sophist* and the *Politician* of Plato—two ingenious pieces of trifling.

(200) The Greeks, when they made peace with one another, generally made it for a definite period, as five, thirty, or fifty years; thus verifying the doctrine of Hobbes, that the state of war is the natural state of mankind.—See *Achár-nians*, l. 187—195.

Hide her within, for fear that you might find her.
So now I give you her, to take with you
Into the country.

PEOPLE.

And what punishment 1395
Will you inflict upon the Magabæan,
Who acted thus?

BLACKPUDDING-SELLER.

Nothing that's very harsh,
Except that he shall exercise my trade,
And be the only person that's allowed
To sell blackpuddings at the City Gates—
A happy compound of the dog and ass.
There shall the rogue get drunk and slang the whores, 1400
And swill the dirty-water from the Bagnios.

PEOPLE.

You've well devised what he is worthy of—
To try and out-bawl whores and Bagnio-men;
And, in return, I ask you to the Town-Hall,
To occupy the seat that villain held; 1405
So take this spotted robe and follow me.

(*To the attendants.*)

Bear out that fellow to pursue his trade,
That all the foreigners he wronged may see him.

[CLEON is carried out in a helpless state, together with
the stand, blackpuddings, &c. which had been left on
the stage. (See l. 489.) The CHORUS leaves the
Orchestra, and exeunt omnes.]

THE END OF THE KNIGHTS.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE GREEK TEXT OF THE KNIGHTS.

* The numbers, both here and in the translation, refer to the lines of Brunck's Greek text, which correspond accurately to those of the two texts published by W. Dindorf, viz. one in 1825 amongst the LEIPZIG CLASSICS, and one in 1830 in the POETÆ SCENICI.

L. 25] Stop as follows :

νῦν ἀτρέμα πρῶτον λέγε
τὸ μὲλῳμεν, εἴτα δ', αὐτὸ κατεπάγων, πυκνόν.

L. 75] Read αὐτὸς with the Venetian MS. and the *Port. Scen.*

L. 87.] Expunge the note of interrogation at the end of the line ; for a question can scarcely be asked with γοῦν the second word in the sentence. The construction is elliptical, for περὶ ποταῦ γοῦν ἐστὶ σοι [ἡ γνώμη] as in the *Wasps*, l. 210, ἀλλ' ἐγκονῶμεν, ὦνδρες, ὥς ἔσται ἀδύχτη νοῦν [κακόν.] Nicias proposes to drink bull's blood; Demosthenes to drink wine. Nicias then laughs at the proposal of his friend. "At all events, however" [the proper meaning of γοῦν,] says he, "your proposal is concerning drink—though it is not exactly the kind of drink I should wish. For I want bull's blood; you want wine." Afterwards, in the 95th line, he makes use of the emphatic phrase, τῷ σὺ ποτῷ; whereas, it would have been merely τῷ ποτῷ, unless there were a distinction to be forcibly pointed out between *your* kind of drink, and *my* kind of drink. The circumstance of none of the commentators having seen the meaning of this phrase, must serve as my excuse for being a little tedious on the subject.

L. 186.] Read μὰ τοὺς θεούς· Εἴμ' ἐκ πονηρῶν γ', with the Venetian MS.

L. 263.] Read διαβαλὼν with the edition of 1825. The word occurs in the same technical sense, ll. 491, 496, though in both those passages there is at the same time an allusion to the common meaning "to slander." See also *Birds*, l. 1648, and *Feastresses*, l. 1214, where it signifies, by a metaphor, "to cheat."

L. 272] Read τὸ σκέλος, with Bekker and the *Poet. Scen.*

L. 274] Read καὶ κέκραγας, ὅσπερ δέ, with the edition of 1825.

L. 275.] I have translated as if the line within brackets had been added by the author; something of the kind appears wanting, on account of the πρῶτα.

ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σε τῇ βοῇ ταύτῃ γε πρῶτα τρέψομαι·
[ἔτ' ἀνιδίῳ ταραττων καὶ κικῶν δαίσομαι.]

L. 300.] Read φαίνω with Bentley. The Rav. MS. has φαινῶ.

L. 327.] Read ὁ δ' ἱππόδαμος with Suidas and Kuster. The ancient Scholiast and one of the more recent ones evidently read the same; the latter of whom, by the by, seems to have found λείπεται in the text instead of λείβεται.

L. 330.] Place the comma before αὐτοῦθεν instead of after it.

L. 407.] The Rav. MS. has πυροπίτην; read πυροπίτην instead of πυρροπίτην, which is not Greek, in the sense which is given it of "rufum *ruetorum*" "inspector." It might just as well mean, "ruforum *equorum* inspector." One Scholiast seems to have read παιδοπίτην, which would do very well; and another πυροπίτην, who quotes Cratinus as authority for the word, and explains it φύλαξ τοῦ σίτου.

L. 602.] Ἀνεβρόβαν seems a strange word to use in such a piece of poetry as this, where nothing but the language of ordinary life occurs. I should conjecture ἀνεβρόβανθ', and have translated as if the author had so written.

L. 634.] This and the following line are terribly hacked and slashed in the edition of 1825. They ought to be read, as in Bekker and the *Post. Scen.*

ἄγε δὴ Σκίταλοι καὶ Φένακες, ἦν δ' ἐγὼ,

Βερέσχεθαι τε καὶ Κόβαλοι καὶ Μόθων, κ. τ. λ.

L. 832.] Read ἀποδείξω. Ἐπιδείκνυμι or ἐπιδείκνυμαι (for they are used promiscuously by Plato, *Euthydemus*, p. 274, fin.) signifies "to exhibit," generally in the sense of "showing off," though not always, *c. g.* *ibid.* p. 295, init. Ἀποδείκνυμι is mostly "to prove," "to demonstrate," though it has also other senses.

L. 1265.] In the fragment of Pindar quoted in the Scholiast, read

ἢ θοῶν ἱππων ἐλατῆρ' ἀείδειν,

instead of ἐλάττειραν, and interpret it to apply to Apollo and his solar chariot. The verse is Sapphic, as many in the same author.

L. 1272.] Place a comma after Πυθῶνι ἐν δ.τ., so that κακῶς πένεσθαι may depend upon δὲ πεινῇ. Πεινῶ takes a genitive in the sense of "desiring" in two passages of the *Cyropædia*; and as ἐπιθυμῶ regularly governs either a genitive or an infinitive (*Matth. Gr. Gr.* §§ 328, 531), there seems no reason why πεινῶ should not be indulged with both constructions likewise, though I confess I have got no instance marked down. The allied verb, διψῶ, however, is thus used in the same work of Xenophon's.

L. 1287.] I suspect that Polymnestus and Cæonichus have been unjustly accused by the Scholiast of participating in the filthy propensities of Atriphraides, and that Aristophanes merely means to play upon their names in this line. Βούλεται γὰρ ὑπαδελῶσαι, ὅτι ὁ ἀρρητοποιὸς οὗτος ποτὲ μὲν πολλὰ ἅμα ἐχρῶτο γυναιξὶν τῇ μὲν συνῶν τὰς δὲ σκιμαλίζων τὴν δὲ διαλείχων, ἐνίοτε δὲ μίᾳ μόνῃ. The word πολύμνηστος in the passive sense, "a multis ambitus," occurs in the *Odyssey* δ. 770, ξ 64, and ψ. 149. Οἰώμενος would refer to the Ionic word οἶος, "sober."

L. 1332.] Expunge the comma after σπονδῶν.

THE CLOUDS.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

STREPSÍADES, *an Athénian citizen.*

PHIDÍPPIDES, *the Son of Strepsiades.*

SLAVES *of Strepsiades.*

SCHOLARS *of Sócrates.*

SÓCRATES, *the Athénian Philosopher.*

CHORUS *of Clouds.*

THE JUST CAUSE.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

PÁSIAS, *a Money-lender.*

BAILIFF *of Pásias.*

ANOTHER MONEY-LENDER.¹

CHÆREPHON, *the Scholar of Sócrates.*

(1) This second money-lender is generally named AMYNIAS; the Translator' reasons for departing from the ordinary usage will be found in Note 9, in the body of the play.



INTRODUCTION TO THE CLOUDS.

THE Comedy upon which we are now about to enter may be considered as the exact counterpart of the *Knights*. The vengeance which the latter so successfully executed upon the rich politician, the former was intended to inflict upon the needy philosopher. Throughout both of them the object is kept steadily in view by the poet, and is never suffered to be thrown into the back ground by any of those lively little episodes, which are so often introduced in most of his other extant compositions. In one respect, however, there is a remarkable distinction between the two dramas, which may be traced in almost every single line of them. Aristóphanes in the *Knights*, is evidently writing under a sense of personal danger, which gives an intense seriousness even to the most humorous of his witticisms; in the *Clouds*, on the contrary, we may observe every where that joyous spirit of careless hilarity, which formed the distinguishing feature of the old Attic Comedy, and which was exacted as a religious duty from all who mixed in the sacred festival of the God of Wine.

The question that immediately occurs, is, why should such an attack as this have been made upon an individual, who has generally been held up to the admiration of posterity, as the most perfect character of antiquity, and who has even been blasphemously compared to the great Author of the Christian religion? Before we can answer this

enquiry, it will be necessary to take a hurried glance at some of the peculiarities of the heathen philosopher.

To begin with what carries so much weight with all of us, though so few are willing to allow it to its full extent—the article of personal appearance. We learn from Xénophon and Plato—who were both of them Sócrates's pupils and friends, and therefore not likely to have formed an unfavourable judgment of their preceptor,—that he was of a squab, big-bellied figure; that he had goggle eyes, large swelling nostrils, a flat nose, a projecting mouth, and thick blubber lips. In his personal habits, too, he was more slovenly even than the manners of his age and country rendered justifiable. He almost invariably went barefoot, and scarcely ever made use of the bath. We read also that he never altered his dress in summer or in winter, and that he went without that under garment, which corresponded to the modern shirt, except in being usually made of wool instead of flax. With such external disadvantages as these, we may conceive what must have been thought of him, when, as was his constant practice, he walked into the shop of some tradesman, and under the pretence of asking for information respecting the nature of the wares he dealt in, gradually drew the unfortunate fellow into a deep metaphysical discussion respecting the nature of good and bad, or the knotty question whether virtue might be taught or not. In general society, too, we are told that he usually managed to engross to himself far more than his fair share of the conversation, and was sometimes guilty of rudenesses which could scarcely have been tolerated in any civilized nation.¹ The method of arguing, too, which he invented,

(1) The following conversation at the end of the *Menon* of Plato may be taken as a specimen. "MENON.—Yet perhaps Anytus here" (*pointing to him*) "is hurt by what you say. SOKRATES.—*I do not care one straw if he is.* We will talk to him at some future period, Menon."

and of which a specimen may be found in the Preface,² must have been particularly disagreeable to the volatile Athénians; as it placed them in the situation of a witness, undergoing cross-examination, and fearful at every step lest he should be betrayed into some answer to be afterwards turned against him with fearful effect. When we add to all this the poverty of the philosopher,³ which incapacitated him from entertaining his rich friends at his own house, though he never appears to have felt any scruples on that account about accepting their hospitality, as often as it was offered; and when we take into consideration also the eccentricity of some of his habits, such as that of lagging a little behind as he was walking through the streets with a friend, and occasionally standing like a statue for hours together in the most public places, immersed in a brown study; we shall scarcely be surprised that an aristocrat and a man of the world, like Aristóphanes, should have voted the sage a *bore*, and determined to take down his consequence by a little wholesome chastisement.

But, it will be said, that "these unimportant peculiarities ought to have been overlooked in a man of such transcendent talents, such deep and varied knowledge of the

(2) In the abstract of Plato's *Drinking-party*. It was ludicrously made use of by Socrates's scholar, Aristippus, to justify his living in a state of open concubinage with the celebrated courtesan Lais. "Do you think, Diógenes, that there is any thing odd in inhabiting a house that others have inhabited before you?" "No." "Or in sailing in a ship, in which many men have sailed before you?" "No." "By parity of reasoning then there is nothing odd in living with a woman, whom many men have made use of before you."—*Athenæus*, p. 548.

(3) In Xénophon's *Domestic Economy*, Socrates values his house and household furniture at the small sum of 25*l.*, while he estimates his friend Critobulus's at 2500*l.* He had, as we learn from Demétrius of Phalérum, 350*l.*, lent out at interest to Criton, which, at the medium rate of 1*5l.* per cent, would have produced him an annual income of only fifty guineas.—See Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. p. 147.—151, who has misunderstood the passage of Xenophon.

"human mind, and such pure and refined morality." That Sócrates was blessed with great natural ingenuity, and that his style of philosophy, though in itself of little or no utility, was of considerable service as a means of exercising the mental faculties—which is all, by the by, that can be pleaded in favour of certain modern studies—we may safely allow; but that his morality was of the elevated and ethereal description which is generally supposed, may admit of great doubt, both on account of the kind of pupils who proceeded from his care, and the records we have of his general conduct in the writings of his scholars.

As a great deal has been said and written by men who quote ancient authors much oftener than they read them, and who have consequently idealized every ancient subject upon which they have touched, respecting the "great and "good Sócrates," I shall just translate a passage from his *Memoirs* by Xénophon—an author, be it observed, who has a most decided bias towards the favourable side of the question—and then leave the reader to draw his own conclusions from it as to the value of such a teacher of ingenuous youth.

A courtesan of great beauty, whose name was Theódota, being formerly in Athens, one of the company mentioned her, and said that her charms were greater than could be expressed in words, and that painters paid her visits on purpose to sketch from her, to whom she exhibited all the most beautiful parts of her person. "Then," said Sócrates, "we should go and look at her; for by only hearing we cannot possibly understand what is greater than can be expressed in words." "Come on then," replied the narrator; and so they walked to Theódota's house, and having found her placed by the side of a certain painter, stood and looked at her. When the painter had finished, • • • Sócrates observing that she was expensively attired, and that her mother was along with her in no ordinary costume, besides many beautiful waiting-girls in neat dresses, and that the house was magnificently furnished besides, "Tell me," said he, "Theódota, have you a landed estate?" "Not I," she replied. "Well then, a house that brings you in rent?"

"No, nor a house," she said. "Have you any handicraft slaves then?"
 "No, nor any handicraft slaves either." "Then how do you live?"
 "I gain my subsistence from any friend I may get, who may choose to
 "make me presents." "By Juno, Theódota, it is a fine kind of pro-
 "perty, and far better than sheep, and oxen, and goats, to have a herd
 "of friends! But do you leave it to chance, whether any friend flies
 "up to you like a house-fly, or have you any contrivance to make them
 "do so?" "How could I invent any contrivance for this purpose?"
 "• • • • • "If, by Jove," said he, "instead of a dog, you
 "were to keep a man, to track out and find for you rich fellows
 "who are fond of beauty; and when he has found them, to contrive
 "it so as to throw them into your nets." "• • • • • "Why, then,
 "Sócrates," said Theódota, "do not you help me to hunt for friends?"
 "I will, by Jove," said he, "if you can induce me to do so." "And
 "how," said she, "can I induce you?" "That you shall find out
 "and contrive yourself, if you want me." "Then come and see me
 "frequently." To which Sócrates, by way of a joke upon his own
 "freedom from business, replied, "But, Theódota, it is not easy for
 "me to find time for this; for I have many private and public affairs
 "which occupy my time; and I have also female friends, who will not
 "let me leave them either by day or by night, as they learn from me
 "certain love-medicines, and love-charms." "What?" said she, "do
 "you understand these things too, Sócrates?" "What do you suppose,"
 "said he, "is the reason that Apollodórus here, and Antísthenes, never
 "leave my side; and that Cebes and Simónias have come to see me all
 "the way from Thebes? You may depend upon it that this is not done
 "without many love-medicines and love-charms and spells." "Then
 "lend me," said she, "your spell, that I may draw it first of all against
 "you." "But, by Jove," said he, "I do not wish to be myself drawn
 "towards you; but that you should come to me." "Well, I will come,"
 "said she; "do you only let me in." "I will," said he, "if I have got no
 "lady within that I like better."

Let us suppose, therefore, that the poet had conceived a secret grudge against the philosopher, on account of his vulgarity and offensive eccentricities. He would not, of course, trouble himself to investigate very minutely the real nature of the philosophical tenets maintained by the object of his satire, nor would he be very scrupulous as to attributing many things to him, which he must have pretty well known were untrue. All that was required would be,

that he should seize upon a few of the leading peculiarities of the sage, and fill up the rough outline from the copious stores of his imagination. When Burns wrote his humorous satire against Dr. Hornbook, no one imagined that every tittle that he asserted respecting him was literally true, or thought of blaming the author on that account; and there seems as little reason for finding fault with the Athénian wag, because in many points his portrait of Sócrates is rather a caricature than a picture. Some of his charges, indeed, are so grossly and glaringly inconsistent, that no one with any common sense could be deceived into supposing that they were seriously intended. For instance, we are both told that the philosopher was wretchedly poor and destitute, (l. 104, &c.) and also, that he had taken 300*l.* from a pupil for teaching him the art of eloquence, (l. 876.)

With respect to an accusation which has been ignorantly brought forward against our author, that he was accessory to the death of Sócrates, by publicly satirizing him in this play, it will be sufficient to state, that the latter event took place B.C. 423, and the former, B.C. 399, just twenty-four years afterwards! Those who consider the ephemeral nature of dramatic literature amongst the ancient Greeks, will see at once the whole absurdity of such an idea.

It is now time for us to offer a short analysis of the plot of this comedy. Strepsiades is represented as an old country-gentleman, who has been deeply involved in debt by the extravagance of his son, Phidíppides. In order to enable him to defeat his creditors in the numerous actions with which he is threatened, he places himself under Sócrates's care, to learn the art of pleading causes. But it is soon discovered that he is far too old and stupid ever to be able

“ To make the worse appear the better reason; ”

and after some difficulty he persuades his son to take his place. Accordingly, Phidíppides enters the house of Sócrates, and in an incredibly short time is returned to his fond father an accomplished sophist—the creditors are contumeliously driven away—and the happy pair retire to celebrate their good fortune by a banquet. Shortly afterwards it turns out, that the dutiful son has been giving his poor parent a practical demonstration of his proficiency in the new philosophy, by beating him most unmercifully, and justifying his conduct by some amusing sophistry; when Strepsíades, finding that he has only jumped out of the fryingpan into the fire, by exchanging law-suits for cudgels, and indignant at the heartless cold-bloodedness of the young disciple of Sócrates, attacks the house of the philosopher with fire and pickaxe, assisted by his slaves; and the piece concludes, according to orthodox melo-dramatic laws, with plenty of squalling and bawling, and a splendid conflagration.

The Chorus is composed of certain Mysterious Clouds, who are represented as the object of the philosopher's worship, and appear in the corporeal form of Nymphs, in obedience to his invocation.

This comedy was first represented at the great festival of Bacchus, (March, B. C. 423;) when Aristóphanes was beaten both by Crátinus and Amípsias, through the efforts of the young and powerful Alcibiádes, the friend of Socrates, as we are told by the author of one of the old Greek Arguments. In consequence of this defeat he prepared another edition, which, if we may believe the Greek note-writers, was exhibited with an equal want of success in the following year. If this be true, the poet must have also commenced preparing a *third* edition, because the ADDRESS of the play, as it now stands, mentions the

"*Máricas*" of Eúpolis, which was not performed till B. C. 421. It seems more probable, however, that this assertion is incorrect, and that the play, in the form in which we now have it, was the original first edition, with a new ADDRESS, and a few other unimportant alterations perhaps, and that it was never completed for the stage;⁴ because it would not be at all likely that a second edition of an unsuccessful drama should be again offered to the public notice after so short a lapse of time as twelve months, and because it seems scarcely possible that an author, having failed twice, should think of making a *third* trial of the good nature of his audience. Moreover, the ADDRESS, which must have been written after the supposed second exhibition, does not say anything of *two* defeats experienced by the poet, but only *one*. In any case, the comedy, in the exact form in which we now have it, could not have been brought upon the stage, because part of it, (l. 591—594,) mentions Cleon as still living, who died in the summer of B. C. 422, and part, (l. 553,) as was before stated, quotes the "*Máricas*" of Eúpolis, which was not exhibited till B. C. 421.

(4) This will well account also for the apparent discrepancy between the statements of l. 543 and l. 1490—1494. It perfectly agrees also with what is asserted by the author of the *Seventh Argument* in Bekker's edition.—See, however, on this subject, Clinton's *Fasti Hellenici*.

THE CLOUDS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens.*

[*The centre house of the usual façade is supposed to be inhabited by STREPSIADES, and one of the others by SOCRATES. In front of the former there is the usual bust of Mércury on a quadrangular pillar ; in front of the latter there is a huge earthen Jar erected in its place. The movable side-scenes present a view of part of the town.*]

The front of STREPSIADES'S house is "wheeled round,"¹ and discovers STREPSIADES passing the night upon one sofa, and PHIDIPPIDES on another. Around them are several slaves, sleeping on the floor.

STREPSIADES.

HEIGH-HO ! Heigh-ho !

King Jove, what long affairs the nights are now !

They're endless ! Will the daylight *never* come ?²

(1) See *Achárnians*, Note 50.

(2) The slave Sósia makes a similar complaint in Plautus, while trying to sleep through the prolonged darkness which Júpiter has caused for the sake of deferring his flight from the arms of his fair mistress, Alcuména.

" I never saw a longer night than this,

" Excepting one, during the whole of which

" I was hung up and flogged most bitterly."

Amphítryon, Act I. Sc. 1.

I heard the cock crow long ago, and yet
 My slaves are snoring still! But I'd have told them
 A different tale of old, during the peace! 5
 The devil take you, War, for many reasons!
 I cannot even punish my own slaves.³
 Aye, and that good young gentleman out there
 Won't wake before 'tis light, but stinks away
 Snugly be-nightcapped with his five warm cloaks.— 10
 Well, well! I'll cover up my head and snore!—
 Wretch that I am, I *cannot* sleep! I'm bitten....
 By my expenditure, my debts, my stables,
 All through this son of mine. The long-haired rogue
 Is riding nags, and driving curricles, 15
 And dreaming of his horses, while poor I
 Am tortured by the sight of that curst moon,
[Pointing to it.]
 That's bringing on the 20th of the month;
 For there's the interest coming.⁴ Light a lamp,

(3) Every Athenian was obliged to be very careful how he offended any of his slaves as long as the war lasted; for if they ran away, and once got clear off into the enemy's territory, he was pretty certain never to see them again. The reader must recollect how facetiously Brother Jonathan complains, when he arrives at Liverpool with his fat *nigger* Aggy,—“A pretty considerable nice ‘land of freedom this, I guess, where a man can’t whop his own *nigger* when ‘he pleases!’”

(4) Money was generally borrowed at this time by the month, which was regulated amongst the Athenians, so as to correspond as closely as might be with the moon, the first day being called “the New Moon,” and the last “the Old and New,” because the moon was then considered as being renewed. The interest was paid at the latter period, as we shall have abundant occasion to notice in the course of this comedy. The rate varied from ten to thirty *per cent per annum*, but it most frequently lay at Athens somewhere between twelve and eighteen. Common usurers, who lent money by the day, and made a profit of the necessities of the poor, or the extravagance of the young, often demanded

And fetch out my account-book, boy, that I
May take and read how many men I owe to,
And calculate the interest. Let me see; 20

[*A slave brings him a lamp and his account-book.*]

What do I owe? To Pásias¹ sixty pounds.
How came that sixty pounds to Pásias?
Why did I borrow it? 'Twas when I purchased
My son the horse that's branded with the "I."²
Confound it! Would to god that *my own eye*
Had been knocked out before I bought the beast!

PHIDIPPIDES (*in his sleep*).

Philon, for shame! Drive on your proper side! 25

STREPSIADES.

This is the very pest that's ruined me;
For even while he sleeps he dreams of horseflesh.

PHIDIPPIDES (*in his sleep*).

How many heats will the war-chariots run? ³

the outrageous sum of twenty five *per cent. per diem*. The usual rate in the Levant at the present moment is twelve *per cent. per annum*, (see Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I pp. 167, 170, 174.) Mr. Hughes informs us, that he found from ten to thirty *per cent.* generally demanded in Greece when he was there.—*Travels in Greece*, &c. II p. 235.

(5) This is the worthy who makes his appearance towards the end of the play to demand his money, as is evident from the sum there mentioned being the same, and having been borrowed for the same purpose.

(6) A usual practice, even with the most valuable cattle.—See *Knight's*, Note 89.

(7) In a Grecian chariot race, the chariots drove several times round the oblong course, without stopping, thus the ancient "heats" were different from the modern ones, between which there is always a certain breathing time allowed. The most usual team was a two-wheeled chariot driven four-in-hand; but the horses were never placed one pair before the other as with us. Two were always yoked to the pole, answering to our "wheelers," and two harnessed by a chain one on each side of the "yoke-horses," like a modern "outigger." There is an excellent description of a race between chariots of this kind in the

STREPSIADES.

You've run your poor old father many a heat!

"What debt gaed to me" after Pásias's? 30

To Amýnias' fifteen pounds for wheels and chariot.

PHIDIPPIDES (*still sleeping*).

Go give the horse a roll and take him home.

STREPSIADES.

You rogue you've *rolled* me out of my estate!

I have got damages to pay to some,

And others swear that they'll distrain my goods

For interest.

PHIDIPPIDES (*waking*).

For god's sake, tell me, father, 35

Why do you fret and toss about all night?

Electra of Sôphocles, (l. 696—756,) the result of which is, that the "mouthless" colts of one of the coachmen run away with him as he is just beginning his seventh heat, and bolting on to the opposite side of the course come full butt, forehead to forehead, against another team, and throw every thing into confusion. "War-chariots," the Greek note informs us, contained a soldier in heavy armour, besides the driver, like those we read of in Homer. This was carrying weight with a vengeance.

(8) There is the following fragment of Euripides quoted in the Greek note:—
"What debt gaed to the mansion?"

(9) There is an Amynias, who was the son of Prónapes, introduced to our notice below (l. 692) as "A coward knave that never goes on service," and also in the *Wasps*, (l. 74—see also l. 1267,) as having spent his fortune in dicing, and being reduced to sponging upon the rich for a dinner, but this is most probably not the person here intended. The circumstance of his being mentioned in the former passage from the *Wasps* with his father's name, in order to distinguish him, goes to prove that there were two individuals so called. It appears very doubtful whether the creditor who is so unceremoniously dismissed afterwards by Strepsades, (see l. 1258—1302,) was identical with the Amynias here spoken of, as he turns out to have lent money to the *son*, not to the *father*, and the words of this line seem rather to indicate that the fifteen pounds were owed as the price of the chariot, than that they had been borrowed in order to pay to another person for a chariot. After all, these points are perhaps scarcely worth discussing.

STREPSIADES.

There's a *bum-bailiff* in the bed that bites me.

PHIDIPPIDES.

Dear sir, pray let me get a little nap.

STREPSIADES.

Sleep then ; but I can tell you that these debts

Will all be visited upon your head.—

40

Heigh-ho !

The devil take the old match-making beldame,

'That egged me on to wed your mother, child !'¹⁰

I used to enjoy a rustic's jolly life,

Dusty, unmopped,¹¹ reclining at my ease,

And flourishing in bees, and sheep, and oilcakes ;

45

Until, alas, I wedded with the niece

Of Mégacles the son of Mégacles,—

A rustic with a lady from the town,

Proud, fashionable, and be-Coésyra'd.¹²

(10) As in modern, so in ancient, Greece, it frequently happened that the first time the wife was seen by the husband was on the bridal day. Nearly the only chance he had of catching a glimpse of the lady, was when she was walking in some of the solemn religious processions, which were no doubt not the less frequented on that account, just as our churches, it is to be feared, are sometimes attended by young gentlemen, more for the sake of what they see, than what they hear there. The match was usually made between the parents, or by certain convenient old women, who officiated as go-betweens.

(11) It would appear from this, that the fine lady's cleanliness was particularly offensive to poor Strepsiades. Like all old bachelors he evidently delighted in dirt and dust, and hated a housemaid's broom as the devil hates holy water.

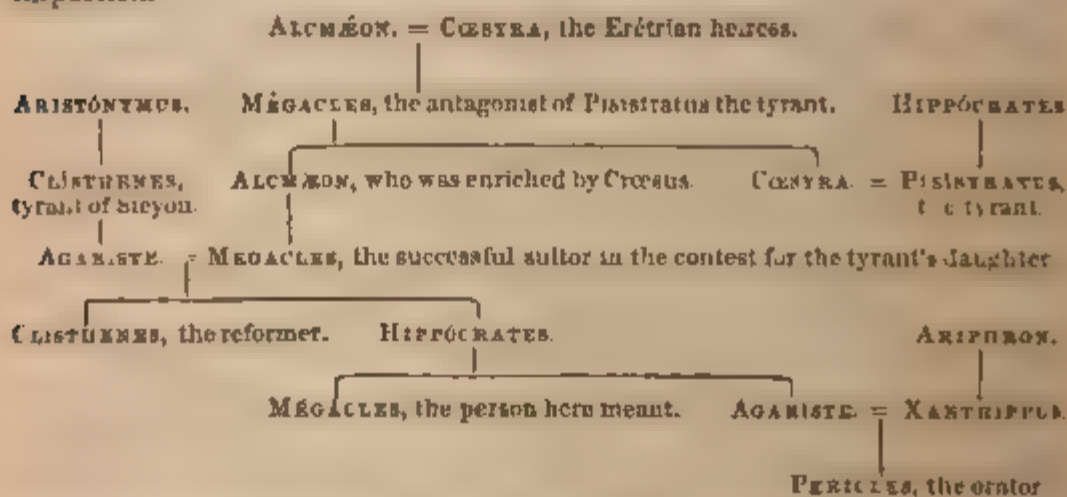
(12) There were two Coésyras who belonged to the race of Alcmaeon, the former of whom, the more celebrated of the two, was a rich and luxurious heiress of Eretria in Eubœa ; the latter was a grand-daughter of her, and had been given in marriage, for political reasons, to the tyrant Pisistratus. They were thus both connected with the noble and wealthy Megacles ; but it is the former, no doubt, who is here alluded to. (See *Achæans*, Note 71, and Thirlwall's

Upon the bridal night we went to bed—
I smelling of new wine, fig-baskets, wool, 50
 And *she* of perfumes, saffron,¹³ slobbery kisses,
 Profusion, gluttony, and Venus'es.
 I will not say however she was lazy;
 She *travelled fast enough*; so that whenever
 I saw her hurrying about the house,
 I used to make it an excuse to say—
 “My dearest wife, *you're going it too fast.*” 55

SLAVE.

Our lamp has got no oil in it.

Hist. Greece, II. pp. 59, 60.) This Megacles was in reality the son of Hippocrates, and is here called the son of Mégacles, merely by way of a joke on the name occurring repeatedly in his genealogical tree, as will be seen at once on inspection.



The authorities for this table may be found in *Heródotus*, I. 50—61, VI. 123—131, and in the *Greek notes* on this passage.

(13) Oil of saffron figured in the multitudinous list of Grecian perfumes, and appears to have been highly esteemed. The herb in Shakspeare's days was put to a very different purpose, as may be seen from the following passage—

“Clown. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants, rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on * * * *I must have saffron to colour the warden pies*—mace—dates—none; that's out of my note. nutmegs, seven; a rice or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.”—*Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

STREPSIADES.

Confound it,
Why did you light the drinking lamp? Come here
And you shall catch it.

SLAVE.

Why am I to catch it?

STREPSIADES.

For putting a thick wick into the burner.—

[*Beats him.*

As soon as ever the son you see out there 60
Was sent to me and this fine wife of mine, .
We had a precious jaw about his name.
She wanted to stick “Ippus” to the word,¹⁴
“Callíppides,” “Xanthíppus,” or “Charíppus;”
While *I* again proposed “Phidónides,” 65
After his grandad Phidon. So we quarrelled
For a long time, but compromised the matter
At last, and called the boy “Phidíppides.”¹⁵
This son she used to take up in her arms,

(14) “Ippus,” or more properly “Hippus,” signifies “horse,” and as horses were only kept by the wealthy at Athens, it was peculiarly affected in the names of children of distinguished families. Péricles’s father was called “Xanthíppus,” or “bay-horse.” “Philíppus,” which has passed into our modern “Philip,” is another instance: it means “fond of horses.” It has been before mentioned that Greek names always had a meaning. “Phidon” signifies “sparing,”—which partly accounts for the thrifty old gentleman’s anxiety,—and “Phidónides,” “Phidon’s son,” corresponding to our *Johnson*, *Dickson*, &c. It may “perhaps be worth while to add, that of the two other names quoted in the text, “the former is equivalent to “the son of beauty-horse,” and the latter to “delighting in horses.”

(15) This was the name of the Athénian runner, who ran from Athens to Sparta, a distance of about 150 miles according to Col. Leake, in two days, in order to request assistance before the battle of Márathon.—*Herod.* VI. 105. Leake, *on the Demi of Attica*, p. 182.

And fondle thus—"When you are grown a man,
 "And in a broad-cloth cloak like Mégacles,
 "Shall drive a chariot towards the Citadel!" 70
 To which I always said—"No, no, my dear!
 "When in a cloak of leather, like your father,
 "You drive your flock of goats down from Mount
 Phelleus!"¹⁶

But he has disregarded my advice,
 And stuck *horse-leeches* on to my estate.
 So, after thinking all night long, I now 75
 Have found one single path to travel by,
 Of most prodigious excellence; and if
 He will consent to take it, I am saved.
 But first of all I want to rouse him up.

*[Leaves his couch and goes to that on which his son is
 sleeping.]*

What's the most pleasant way to wake the rogue?
 Phidíppides! Phidíppy!

PHIDIPPIDES (*waking*).

What, papa? 80

STREPSIADES.

Kiss me, and give me your right hand.

PHIDIPPIDES.

There, there!

*[PHIDIPPIDES gets up, and both come upon the stage;
 the room is "wheeled in" again.]*

But what's the matter?

(16) Respecting this mountain see *Acharnians*, Note 31

STREPSIADES.

Tell me, do you love me?

PHIDIPPIDES.

Yes, by that Neptune there, the God of Horses !¹⁷*[Exhibiting an image of him.]*

STREPSIADES.

Don't talk to me about the God of Horses ;

For he's the author of my woes and troubles. 85

But if you really love me from your heart,

Obey me, child.

PHIDIPPIDES.

In what must I obey you ?

STREPSIADES.

Make haste and change your former course of life,

And go and learn the things I recommend.

PHIDIPPIDES.

Then tell me what they are.

STREPSIADES.

Will you obey me ? 90

PHIDIPPIDES.

I will, by Bacchus.

STREPSIADES.

Cast your eye out here.

[Pointing to SOCRATES's house.]

D'ye see this little door and house?

(17) One of Neptune's numerous titles, given him, because he was supposed to have produced the horse, in order to gain the favour of the Athénians, in opposition to Minérva, who created the olive-tree. The magnificent horse's head, which was taken from the pediment of the Párthenon at Athens, and placed in the British Museum, represented the noble animal starting into existence from the bowels of the earth.

PHIDIPPIDES.

I do.

What is the meaning of all this, papa?

STREPSIADES.

This is the Thinking-shop for clever souls.

Here there dwell men, who'll prove t'ye that the heaven 95

Around us is an oven, and we the charcoal.

And they'll teach any body, who will pay them,

To argue down opponents, right or wrong.

PHIDIPPIDES.

Who are they?

STREPSIADES.

I don't know the name exactly; 100

They're study-thinkers, well-bred, worthy fellows.

PHIDIPPIDES.

Bah! they are rogues, I know. You mean the liars,

The pale bare-footed chaps, to whom belong

The wretched Sócrates and Chærephon?¹⁸

STREPSIADES.

Ah! Hold your tongue; say nothing infantile!— 105

If you regard your father's . . . barley-meal,

Be one of these and *cut*¹⁹ your love for horseflesh.

(18) This Chærephon was a hanger-on of the philosopher's, and appears to have been laughed at for the mad extremes to which he carried his reverential attachment, even by his fellow-scholars. It was he who received from the Delphic oracle the celebrated answer:—

"Wise is the learned poet Sóphocles,

"And wisest still the sage Euripides,

"But of all mortals Socrates is wisest."

He was nicknamed "Bat," on account of his being a little, dark, dirty fellow.—
See *Birds*, ll. 1296, 1564

(19) The word is used in precisely the same slang sense in the original.

PHIDIPPIDES.

By Bacchus, I would not; e'en though you gave me
The Colchian steeds Leógoras²⁰ is training!

STREPSIADES.

My dearest, sweetest friend, let me intreat you, 110
Go and be taught.

PHIDIPPIDES.

And what am I to learn?

STREPSIADES.

'Tis said that they have got both the Two Causes—
The Stronger what-d'ye-call-'um and the Weaker;
And that of these the latter gains the victory,
Although it speaks upon the unjust side. 115
So if you go and learn this Unjust Cause,
I need not pay one penny of the debts
I owe on your account to any body.

PHIDIPPIDES.

I can't obey. I could not bear to see
The Knights with my complexion spoiled by study. 120

STREPSIADES.

By Jove, then, neither you, sir, nor your yoke-horse,

(20) Leógoras was a wealthy and luxurious person, the father of the orator Andócides. The comic poet Plato, in his *Afflicted*, couples him with a pair of notorious gourmands.

“ Great Mórycus, and Glaúctes the sole,

“ And thou, Leógoras! now are ye blest;

“ For ye live pleasantly and think of nothing.”

Eúpolis, in the second edition of his *Autólycus*, accuses him of having squandered away his estate on the courtesan Mýrrhina.—(*Greek note*.) With three such expensive propensities as horses, gluttony, and women, it was no wonder if he became poor.

Nor your S-branded nag, shall eat my goods.
I'll drive you from my house. Go to the devil.

PHIDIPPIDES.

My uncle Mégacles won't see me horseless;
I shall go in and disregard your threats. 125

[*Exit PHIDIPPIDES into his father's house.*]

SCENE II. *The Same.*

STREPSIADES.

Though I am thrown, yet will I not lie grovelling.
I'll pray the gods, and then I'll go myself
Up to this Thinking-shop, and there get taught.—
But how can I, who'm aged and forgetful
And stupid, learn the shavings of philosophy?— 130
Yet go I must. Why do I dribble thus,
And knock not at the door?—Boy, boy, I say!
[*Knocks at SOCRATES's door.*]

SCHOLAR OF SOCRATES (*from within*).

Go to the deuce! Who's that that knocks?

STREPSIADES.

Strepsíades,

Son of old Phidon, of Cicýnnus parish.

Enter SCHOLAR.

SCHOLAR.

You are a dunce, by Jove, to kick the door 135

So sturdily and unreflectingly,
And make a thought miscarry which I'd got.²¹

STREPSIADES.

Pray pardon me ; I'm but a countryman.—
But tell me what the thing was that miscarried.

SCHOLAR.

'Tis not allowed to tell it, save to Scholars. 140

STREPSIADES.

Then make no bones about it. *I* am come
To be a Scholar in the Thinking-shop.

SCHOLAR.

I'll tell you then ; but reckon what I say
As secret as the Holy Mysteries.—
Sócrates lately asked of Chærephon,
How many of its own feet a flea could leap ; 145
For after biting Chærephon's right brow,
It hopped away to Sócrates's head.

STREPSIADES.

How did he measure this ?

SCHOLAR.

Most cleverly.

He melted down some wax ; then took the flea,
And dipped his feet into the liquid stuff. 150
So, as he cooled, he got a pair of shoes.
These he took off, and found the distance with them.

(21) This kind of metaphor is peculiarly appropriate in the mouth of a scholar of Sócrates. The philosopher was very fond, as we read in Plato, of expatiating on his abilities in "*mental* midwifery," his mother having discharged the more gross and corporeal duties attached to the profession.—See the *Theætétus*.

STREPSIADES.

King Jove, what subtlety of intellect! ²²

SCHOLAR.

What would you say, then, if you heard another
Of Sócrates's thoughts?

STREPSIADES.

Pray tell it me.

155

SCHOLAR.

Chærephon asked him which was his opinion—
That gnats buzzed through their mouths, or through their
tails?

STREPSIADES.

And what, then, did he say about the gnat?

SCHOLAR.

He said the intestine of the gnat was narrow; 160
And, being slender, that the wind went through it
With violence, straight to the tail; and thus
The expanded breech, joining the narrow gut,
Resounded from the fury of the blast.

STREPSIADES.

So a gnat's breech is nothing but a trumpet!

165

(22) "Aristóphanes, in order to make the great and good Athénian philosopher, Sócrates, appear ridiculous, represents him as having measured the leap of a flea. In our better times, scientific men have done this without being laughed at for it, and have ascertained, that comparatively, it equalled that of the locust, being also two hundred times its length. Being effected by muscular force, without the aid of wings, this is an astonishing leap." (Kirby and Spence's *Entomology*, II. p. 310.) It is as if a man, five feet high, were to jump a distance of one thousand feet, which is more than forty times as much as the very best jumpers can accomplish. We have already seen in the Preface, how the Syracúsan showman was represented as throwing this joke in Sócrates's teeth, in Xenophon's *Drinking-party*.

much & much

How blest he is in his intestation !²³
 That man would easily escape conviction,
 Who understands about a gnat's intestine !²⁴

SCHOLAR.

The other night he lost a mighty scheme,
 All through a lizard.

STREPSIADES.

How was that ? Inform me. 170

SCHOLAR.

As he was looking up to find the path
 And orbit of the moon, with mouth wide open,
 A gecko on the ceiling dinged upon him.²⁵

STREPSIADES.

Ha, ha ! A gecko dinged on Sócrates !

SCHOLAR.

Yesterday evening we had got no dinner. 175

(23) There is a similar quaint word in the original, which may perhaps have been made use of in some other sense by Eurípides.

(24) " Aristóphanes, in his *Clouds*, deriding Sócrates, introduces Chærephon " as asking that philosopher whether gnats made their buzz with their mouth or " their tail. Upon which Mouffet very gravely observes, that the sound of one " of these insects approaching, is much more acute than that of one retiring ; " from whence he very sapiently concludes, that not the tail but the mouth " must be their organ of sound. But after all, the friction of the base of the " wings against the thorax seems to be the sole cause of the alarming buzz of the " gnat, as well as that of other two-winged insects, (*Diptera*). * * * For " no insect, like the larger animals, uses its mouth for utterance of any kind : in " this respect they are all perfectly mute ; and though incessantly noisy are " everlastingly silent."—Kirby and Spence's *Entomology*, I. pp. 378, 371.

(25) There are several lizards common in the South of Europe, that are frequently found in houses, and have the power of running up walls with astonishing celerity, and even walking like flies upon the ceiling, when, as is often the case in those countries, the said ceiling is not particularly smooth. One of them, called by naturalists the *geckotte*, is abundant in Provence, and known there by the name of the *tarente*. The *gecko* is supposed to emit a very acrid slime from its paws in more tropical latitudes.

STREPSIADES.

How did he scheme, then, for his barley-meal?

SCHOLAR.

He scattered some fine ashes on the table,
Then bent a rod into a semicircle,
And taking in his hand the compasses
He filched his coat out of the Wrestling-house.²⁶

STREPSIADES.

Why, why do we admire the famous Thales?²⁷ 180
Make haste, and open me the Thinking-shop,
And show me Sócrates this very instant.
I'm going scholar-mad. Open the door.

(26) The word "his" is to be taken in the same quaint signification here as the words "you" and "your" in the dialogue between Hamlet and the Grave-digger.

"HAMLET. How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?"

"GRAVE-DIGGER. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corpses now a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

"HAMLET. Why he, more than another?"

"GRAVE-DIGGER. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you in the earth three-and-twenty-years"—*Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 1.

The geometrical preparations were of course intended to throw dust in the eyes of the spectators, and thus enable the thief to accomplish his design with the greater secrecy. We shall find Strepsiades himself is served in the same way in the course of the play, in fact, he is still worse off, for he loses his coat and his boots to boot. The great philosopher had been before accused by the comic poet Eupolis of similar dishonest practices. He describes him as behaving in a very ungentlemanly way at a dinner-party, when he was called upon, as was usual, for his song, over a flowing bowl of negus.

"Sócrates then, with lute on knee,

"Singing Stesichorus's glee, . .

"Punches the negus-ladie."

(27) The Ionian philosopher who maintained that water was the origin of all things.

[The front of SOCRATES'S house is "wheeled round," and discovers the Scholars in various grotesque attitudes. SOCRATES himself is seated in a ridiculous position upon a kind of high shelf, on which household articles, not wanted at the moment, were usually deposited. Philosophical apparatus of various descriptions is littered about the apartment.]

O Hércules, what animals are these?

SCHOLAR.

Why do you stare? What do you think they're like? 185

STREPSIADES.

The Spartan prisoners we took at Pylus.—

But why do these look down upon the ground?

SCHOLAR.

They're searching for the things beneath the earth.

STREPSIADES.

Oh truffles! But you need not search for *them*!

For *I* know where there are some large and fine ones.²⁸ 190

What are these at, who stoop so *very* low?

SCHOLAR.

'Erebus-groping under Tártarus.

STREPSIADES.

Why do their rumps look upwards to the sky?

SCHOLAR.

Their rumps are being taught astronomy

All by themselves.—You Scholars there, go in,

For fear the Master meet with us out here.

195

(28) Truffles at the present day are discovered in moist woods by dogs, which are trained to nose them out, and when well broken in, become very valuable. Strepsíades foolishly supposes that the geologists were busied in trying to smell out these delicious vegetables.

STREPSIADES.

Not yet, not yet ; but let them stay, until
I've told them of a small affair of mine.

SCHOLAR.

'They cannot possibly stop out of doors
For any space of time i' the open air.

STREPSIADES.

For god's sake, tell me, what on earth is this ? 200

[Pointing to some globes, maps, &c.]

SCHOLAR.

This is Astronomy.

STREPSIADES.

And what is this ?

[Pointing to some mathematical instruments, &c.]

SCHOLAR.

Geometry.

STREPSIADES.

But what's the use of it ?

SCHOLAR.

To measure out the land.

STREPSIADES.

What, in our colonies ?

SCHOLAR.

No, the whole land that's underneath the heavens.

STREPSIADES.

That's a good clever democratic scheme !²⁹ 205

(29) As in the case of Ægina, (see *Achárnians*, Note 76,) the Athénians often divided the lands of a conquered territory amongst a certain number of their citizens. Strepsiades ignorantly imagines that the whole earth is to be "measured out," in this way, and is highly pleased with the project, as he flatters himself.

SCHOLAR.

Here's the circumference of the whole earth.

Look ! This is Athens.

STREPSIADES.

What ? I don't believe it ;

I cannot spy out any juries sitting.³⁰

SCHOLAR.

I tell you this is really Attica.

STREPSIADES.

Where is my parish, then, Cicýnnus ? Show me. 210

SCHOLAR.

There 'tis ; and here's Eubœa, as you see,

A narrow strip of country lying low.

STREPSIADES.

Aye, 'twas *laid low* by us and Péricles.³¹

But where is Sparta ?

SCHOLAR.

Where is Sparta ? There.

STREPSIADES.

How near it is to us ! Pray find some thought 215

To take it to a precious distance from us.

SCHOLAR.

But 'tis impossible.

no doubt, that he shall come in for his share. Geometry, as is well known, is said to have been first invented in Egypt, in order to settle the opposing claims of land-owners, whose land-marks had been obliterated by the overflowing of the Nile.

(30) The fondness of the Athénians for trying causes, forms the subject of the Comedy of the *Wasps*. The satire is here evident enough.

(31) This refers to the reduction of the revolted Eubœans, twenty-two years before the first representation of this play, by the good generalship of Péricles.—See Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III. pp. 41—42.

STREPSIADES.

Then you shall catch it.
But who's that fellow on the hanging-shelf?

SCHOLAR.

Himself!

STREPSIADES.

And who's "himself?"

SCHOLAR.

'Tis Sócrates.³²

STREPSIADES.

Holloa there, Sócrates!—Come, my good sir,
Give him a loud holloa, and you'll oblige me. 220

SCHOLAR.

Call him yourself; for I've no time to do it.

[Joins the other Scholars.]

SCENE III. *The Same.*

STREPSIADES.

Holloa there, Sócrates! My little Soccy!

SOCRATES.

Why dost thou call on me, thou short-lived mortal?

STREPSIADES.

First, I beseech you, tell me what you're doing.

SOCRATES.

Air-galloping, and questioning the Sun. 225

(32) The scholars of Pythágoras, when they were asked their reasons for any assertion they had made, always thought it quite sufficient to reply, "Himself" "said so!" meaning of course their master.

STREPSIADES.

Why call the gods in question³³ from a shelf,
And not upon the earth, if you *must* do so?

SOCRATES.

I should have never made discoveries
Of heavenly things, unless I'd hung my mind up,
And mixed my subtle soul with similar air. 230
If from below I'd sought for things above,
I should have never found them; for the earth
Draws to itself perforce the mental moisture.
You'll find that cresses have the same effect.³⁴

STREPSIADES.

What do you say? 235
Does the mind draw the moisture to the cresses?—
Now then, step down to me, my little Soccy,
And teach me what I've come for.

SOCRATES.

What is that?

[SOCRATES *descends from his shelf, and comes upon the stage.* *The Scholars, &c. are "wheeled in."*

(33) This is the first passage in which the charge of heresy is brought forward against the philosopher; we shall meet with others hereafter. There is a play upon the two different senses in which the phrase "to question the Sun" may be taken; namely, "to examine into his nature," and "to doubt his existence as a divinity."

(34) This herb was believed by the ancients to dry up all the humours of the body, of whatever nature they might be. Xénophon tells us that the Persians, who reckoned it disgraceful to be seen spitting, wiping their noses, &c., made large use of it on that account. The pretended lady in the *Feastresses* accounts for a strangury, which she says she is troubled with, by her having eaten of the plant on the previous day.—See that play, l. 614.

STREPSIADES.

To learn to speak ; for debts and crabbed creditors 240
 Harry and spoil me, and distrain my goods.

SOCRATES.

How came you not to know you got in debt ?

STREPSIADES.

An eating *horse-disease* afflicted me.—
 So let me learn that one of your Two Causes
 Which gives back nothing. Any fee you ask, 245
 I'll call the gods to witness that I'll pay you.

SOCRATES.

Pshaw ! Call *the gods* to witness ! In the first place,
 Gods will not pass with us.

STREPSIADES.

What do you swear by ?

An iron coinage, like the Býzantines ?³⁵

SOCRATES.

D'ye wish to understand clearly and rightly 250
 Divine affairs ?

STREPSIADES.

Yes, if there are such things.

SOCRATES.

And to hold converse with the heavenly Clouds—
 The deities *we* worship ?

(35) The iron coinage of the Býzantines was totally different from the well-known iron money of the Spartans, which was, properly speaking, money. It consisted of iron tokens, which bore a fictitious value like our modern paper money, and supplied the place of silver for the home circulation. Of course their value depended entirely upon the credit and stability of the government that issued them.—Bocckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, II. pp. 381, 387, 388.

STREPSIADES.

Certainly.

SOCRATES.

Then sit ye down upon the holy couch—

[Points to a couch.]

STREPSIADES.

Look! I've sat down.

SOCRATES.

And put this garland on. 255

STREPSIADES.

What is the garland for? Confound the thing!

Don't slay me, Sócrates, like 'Athamas!'³⁶

SOCRATES.

We do all this to those who learn our rites.

STREPSIADES.

But what advantage shall I gain by it?

SOCRATES.

In eloquence you'll turn a perfect dust, 260

A noisy rattle, and a subtle flour.

[Scatters some barley-meal over him.]

Come, come, keep still!

(36) 'Athamas, in the lost tragedy of Sóphocles, which took its name from him, was brought with a garland on his head, like a victim, to the altar, in order that he might be slaughtered, as a punishment for his having caused his own children, Phryxus and Hellè, to lose their lives in the Hélespont, by tumbling off the back of the Golden Ram. At the critical moment, however, Hércules made his appearance, and saved him by declaring that Phryxus was not drowned, but had got safe to Colchis.—(*Greek note.*) The death of Hellè, it seems, was not considered worth noticing, as she was only a lady; or perhaps it was thought that she was sufficiently recompensed by giving her name to the narrow straight, now called the Dardanelles, where she perished. Aristóphanes is evidently parodying Sóphocles throughout all the preparations that are made for the initiation of Strepsiades.

STREPSIADES.

By Jove, you won't deceive me.
I shall be sprinkled till I turn to flour.³⁷

SOCRATES.

Let the aged man attend to the prayer
In silence, until it is ended!—
Great Master and King, thou measureless Air,
That keepest the Earth suspended!³⁸
Thou glittering Ether! ye dusky-faced Clouds,
Who vent in the thunder your choler! 265
Rise, goddesses, rise from your dewy abodes,
And appear in the sky to your scholar!

STREPSIADES.

No, not till I fold up this bit of a rag,
By way of umbrella, and don it.
What a thick-headed blockhead I must be, to wag
From my doorstone with never a bonnet!

(37) Before a beast was offered up, it was usual to sprinkle some barley between its horns. This was probably done, in order to make the animal shake its head; for they had a superstition, that unless it appeared to consent by giving a gracious nod, it was unlucky to sacrifice it. Sócrates here makes use of the *flour*, instead of the *grain*, by way of a practical joke to amuse the children. The barley-meal may, perhaps, be intended also to have the appearance of snow sent down upon him by the mysterious Clouds.

(38) "There was a certain opinion of the Natural Philosophers noised abroad, that the earth was of great breadth, and supported in the air."—(*Greek note.*) The worthy grammarian who indited this observation, little thought that the opinion, of which he speaks so disrespectfully, would ever be established by a Newton on the firm basis of mathematical demonstration. The following beautiful fragment of Eurípides refers to the same kind of doctrine.

"Dost thou behold the boundless Air aloft.
"Which clasps the Earth within its dewy arms?
"Consider this thy Jove, and this thy god!"

SOCRATES.

Yes, come, ye adorable Clouds, and speak

Your decrees to this suppliant lowly !

Come, whether ye sit on the snow-beaten peak

Of Olýmpus, the towering, the holy ; 270

Or dance to the Nymphs with song and with smile

In the gardens of father Ocean ;

Or in ewers of gold at the mouths of the Nile

Draw upwards your watery potion ;

Or haunt the sluggish Mæótian lake,³⁹

Or Mimas's snowy-capped summit.

Oh list, and receive the offering we make,

Nor turn away angrily from it !

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

SONG BY THE CHORUS (*from behind the Scenes*).

Rise, ever-flowing Clouds, 275

Showing yourselves to the wondering crowds

Clad in your dewy corporeal essences !

Fly from the hoarse-roaring Ocean's fountains !

Fly to the tops of the tree-clad mountains ! 280

Thence will we view Earth's craggy excrescences !

(39) Now called the Sea of Azoph, and described by Dr. Clarke as frequently covered over with thick fogs. Mimas was a lofty mountain of Asia Minor, mentioned by Homer as lying to the east of Chios, on the sea-coast.—*Odyssey*, III. 172

Thence the green harvests of which we're the givers,
 Thence the sweet banks of the murmuring rivers,
 Thence, too, the sea's heavy-rumbling endeavours!

[*Distant thunder is heard.*]

Bright in the Ether the Eye of the Day 285

Blazes untired on his mission.

Shake off the showery mist of the grey

Heavenly nature, and let us survey

The Earth with our far-seeing vision."⁴⁰ 290

SOCRATES.

Ye adorable Clouds, how my heartstrings rejoice

To know that you've heard me imploring!

Hark! Did ye perceive not the sound of their voice,

And the god-dreaded thunder "⁴¹ roaring?

STREPSIADES.

O spare me, ye Clouds! I am frightened to death

By your terrible thundering. How else

Could it happen that I should be seized in a breath

With a thundering pain in my bowels? 295

(40) How great and overpowering must have been the effect of this invocation, when the audience actually had before their eyes the crazy precipices of Salamis and Ægina, the fertile plain which lay between Athens and the sea, the little rivulets so celebrated under the names of the Cephissus and Ilissus, and in the background the "heavy-rumbling sea itself." If to complete the picture, we add a sky more brilliant than can even be imagined in these foggy latitudes, and a sun of molten gold, we shall have some faint idea of the exquisite landscape which delighted the eye, while these elegant verses were stealing through the ear to the heart.

(41) We learn from Julius Pollux, that the "thunder" on the Attic stage was produced by rolling leather bags full of pebbles down sheets of brass. (IV. 130.) The Greek note-writers, on the contrary, say that the usual method was to pour pebbles into a huge brazen caldron. Modern "thunder," I believe, is manufactured by the mere rattling of large sheets of metal, and the pebbles, or rather peas, are reserved to brew "a heavy shower of rain," if it should be wanted.

SOCRATES.

Don't strain after jests, or attempt to perform

The Comedy-clown. It is odious.

Here are goddesses great, in a clustering swarm,

Advancing to music melodious.

SONG BY THE CHORUS (*from behind the Scenes*).

Shower-producing band,

Come to Minerva's anointed⁴² land, 300

Famed for exploits recorded in history.

There there uptowers the Holy Temple,

Open alike to the proud and the simple

Skilled in the sacred ineffable Mystery.⁴³

There there are gifts to the blessed Immortals, 305

Lofty-roofed fanes, and marble-built portals,

Statues, processions, and cunningly-wrought halls.

There at all seasons are garlanded rites,

Banquets, and mirth ever-blooming; 310

And in the spring-time the Bacchic delights,⁴⁴

Challenges shrill from the Chorus's wights,

And the pipe's heavy-echoing booming.

STREPSIADES.

Pray tell me, dear Sócrates, who are the jades

Who are singing these 'Iliads and 'Odysseys?

Or am I to think that the musical maids

Are certain divine demigoddesses? 315

(42) See *Achárnians*, Note 74.

(43) This refers to the Great Eleusínian Mysteries, and the Sacred Buildings at Eleúsis, for plans of which see the *Unedited Antiquities of Attica*.

(44) It has been before mentioned, that the two feasts of Bacchus, at which alone dramatic representations were allowed, took place respectively in the months of February and March.

SOCRATES.

No, no, they are Clouds and goddesses bland,
 Who send to us sluggards invention,
 And logic, and judgment, and paradox, and
 Verboseness, and pulsion, and prension.⁴⁵

STREPSIADES.

Ah, that's why my soul got fidgetty when
 It perceived what was said by the folk, and
 Sought subtle disputes with nimble-brained men,
 And hair-splitting prate about smoke, and 320
 Felt anxious to nudge forwards thought with thought,
 And refute an opponent's positions.—
 Do you think it is possible they could be brought
 To my view upon any conditions?

SOCRATES.

You have nothing to do, but to cast your eye
 Towards Parnes; I see them descending.

STREPSIADES.

Where? Show me!

SOCRATES.

Out there, upon one side, on high.
 They are coming in numbers, and wending
 Their intricate way through the thickets and vales.⁴⁶

(45) If the English reader does not precisely understand the meaning of these two last terms, he is no worse off than the best Grecian scholar. They are designedly made obscure, by way of a hit at the pedantry of the philosopher.

(46) "Next morning the rain continued, and the heights of Parnes were "enveloped in dark clouds, which came rolling obliquely down its huge sides "in the manner described by the Attic poet." (Hughes's *Travels in Greece*, &c. I. p. 318.) The mountain faced the stage, but could not have been visible from it, as the rock of the Citadel must have entirely shut out the view; much

STREPSIADES.

'Tis an odd thing I cannot descry them.

325

What can be the reason my eyesight fails?

[Enter the CHORUS, attired as goddesses in thin floating draperies.]

SOCRATES.

At the Entrance."

STREPSIADES.

O now I can spy them.

SOCRATES.

Yes, now you can spy them, unless you have sties

In your eyes of the size of a pumpkin.

STREPSIADES.

Yes, by Jove!—Ye adorable deities,

Oh befriend an unfortunate bumpkin!

SOCRATES.

You never supposed they were goddesses blest,

I conclude then, you thick-headed gaper?

STREPSIADES.

Not I, sir! I thought they were made up of mist,

And of dew, and of smoke, and of vapour.

330

less could it have been seen by the assembled spectators. It was evidently safer and better to leave the picture of the descent of these ethereal goddesses to the imagination of the audience; for if Parnes had been visible, and it had so happened that it was remarkably free from mists and fogs at the time, what a ridiculous figure the poet would have cut! The author of the very useful little treatise on the *Elgin Marbles*, published in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, has fallen into the common mistake of supposing that Aristophanes "spoke to the eyes of his hearers" in this passage, although the plan of ancient Athens which he gives clearly shows the contrary.—See that publication, I. p. 14.

(47) That is to say, of course, the "Entrance" by which the Chorus came into the orchestra.

SOCRATES.

It is evident, then, that you are not aware
 That they feed a whole herd of philosophers—
 Brave Thurian prophets,⁴⁸ physicianers rare,
 And long-haired and nail-be-ringed gossipers;⁴⁹
 And that they maintain the benders of lays
 Dithyrambic, those airy rapsallions,—
 Because they are always hymning the praise
 Of the Clouds,—as idle as stallions.⁵⁰

STREPSIADES.

So that's why they sing of "the threatenin' loom
 "O' the Clouds forked-glitterings strawin'," 335
 And "the curls o' the hundred-headed Simoom,"
 And "the tempests burnin' an' blawin';"
 To say nothing of "crook-taloned air-swimmin' fowls
 "O' the watery kingdom of heaven,"

(48) For a notice of the religious juggleries practised at the foundation of Thuri in Italy, see Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III. p. 59.

(49) As in modern Europe, so in ancient Attica, people of fashion sometimes wore such a prodigious number of rings on one finger, that it was covered nearly up to the very nail.

(50) We have no Dithyrambic odes remaining; but as far as we can judge from a few fragments that have come down to us, they appear to have been distinguished by a very bold and lofty vein of poetry. They were composed in the same broad provincial dialect as most other pieces intended for solemn music, and were sung by the "Circular Choruses," of which the modern Greek "*Romika*" is supposed to be a remnant, (see Leake's *Travels in the Morea*, I. p. 5.) The comic and tragic Choruses, on the other hand, were always arranged in an *oblong* instead of a *circular* form. With respect to the etymology of the term "Dithyramb," the ancients themselves were in the dark; Mr. Roman de Timkowsky, in his *Commentary on Dithyrambs*, (published at Moscow in 1806,) says that the word was undoubtedly invented by some man when he was drunk.—See *Mus. Crit.* II. p. 71.

And “ showers o’ water an’ boomin’ growls
 “ Frae the Clouds by thunderbolts riven.”
 For, by way of return for their flattering words,
 They gobble down sauces and gravies,
 “ An’ braw caller haddies and gusty birds—
 “ The cushat, and bonny wee mavis.”⁵¹

SOCRATES.

And have not they earned their rewards from the Clouds? 340

STREPSIADES.

How comes it that Clouds should assemble
 In the likeness of girls? They resemble not crowds
 Such as these.

SOCRATES.

Then what *do* they resemble?

STREPSIADES.

Why—ahem!—loose wool. They are no more like
 To women than turnips to roses.
 Now these that you see, as it surely must strike
 Your eyesight, have fingers and noses.

SOCRATES.

Just answer my questions, and do not be shy.

STREPSIADES.

Make haste, then, and ask them, dear Mentor. 345

SOCRATES.

Did you ever look up and behold in the sky

(51) We shall find our author waging merciless war with these unfortunate writers of Dithyrambs in the comedy of the *Birds*. The Hierónymus, who was attacked in the *Achárnians* for wearing long hair, (l. 388), and who will be again mentioned a few lines afterwards, belonged to the same school of poetry.

A cloud that resembled a Centaur,
Or a pard, or a wolf, or a bull, or a fish?⁵²

STREPSIADES.

Yes. What's that to do with the matter?

SOCRATES.

They have power to turn to whatever they wish.

If they spy out a wild-looking satyr
With a shaggy body, and flowing hair,—
Like old Hierónymus,—enter
The streets; as a cut at his madness they wear
The shape of a rough-coated Centaur.

350

STREPSIADES.

And what if they spy out Simon below—
That thief of the national treasures?

SOCRATES.

They turn into wolves on a sudden, to show
The greedy turn of his measures.⁵³

(52) Porson has opportunely adduced two similar passages in Shakspeare, *Hamlet*, Act III. end of Sc. 2, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. beginning of Sc. 12, to which Dobree has added the following from Jer. Taylor's *Worthy Communicant*, p. 8. "We sometimes espy a bright cloud formed into an irregular figure, which, when it is observed by unskilful and fantastic travellers, looks like a Centaur to some, and as a castle to others. Some tell that they saw an army with banners, and it signifies war; but another, wiser than his fellow, says it looks for all the world like a flock of sheep, and foretels plenty. And all the while it is nothing but a shining cloud, by its own mobility and the activity of the wind cast into a contingent and inartificial shape."

(53) This Simon occurs fifty lines afterwards as a perjurer; we know nothing more of him, than that he was also attacked by the comic poet Eupolis in the following verse

"The rascal fished some cash from Heraclea."

He must of course have been a different person from the wealthy Knight Simon, mentioned in the comedy of the *Knights*, l. 242.

STREPSIADES.

When they saw the shield-losing Cleónymus, then,
 T' other day, 'twas the reason I've now heard
 That changed them to stags; for of mortal men
 They judged him the horridest coward.

SOCRATES.

Yes, and now they have spied out Clístheneſ here,—
 Don't ye see?—and have changed into women.⁵⁴ 355

STREPSIADES.

Hail, goddesses, hail, and your voices uprear
 To the skies in harmonious hymning.

CHORUS.

Hail, ancient old man, who hast ventured to hunt
 For learning to physic thy rife ills!
 And do *you*, too, inform us of all that you want,
 Great priest of ingenious trifles.
 There's not a philosopher living now,
 To whose prayers we would vouchsafe attention,—360
 Save Pródicus only,⁵⁵ because we know
 His learning, and wit, and invention,—

(54) Respecting Cleónymus and Clístheneſ, see *Achárnians*, Notes 17 and 20.

(55) Pródicus of Ceos was one of the persons who amassed great wealth at this period, by going about to the different cities of Greece, and instructing young men of family and fortune in the arts of reasoning and speaking. Like some of the German professors, he gave courses of lectures at different prices, according to the means of his auditors. Sócrates is made to say at the beginning of Plato's *Crátylus*, that he had only heard Pródicus's *shilling* lecture, and not his *fifty-shilling* one, and again in the *Theatétus*, that he had recommended many of his own young friends to take lessons from him. It was he who wrote a little work on the choice made by Hércules between Virtue and Vice, of which we have so elegant an abstract in the second book of Xénophon's *Memoirs of Sócrates*. He makes his appearance in another dialogue of Plato, the *Protágoras*, discoursing with some young gentlemen, as he lay warmly wrapped up in bed

And *you*, on account of your making a fuss
 In the streets, and peeping and prying,
 And travelling barefoot, and trusting to us,
 Mankind superciliously eyeing.

STREPSIADES.

Good Earth! What melodious music they brew!
 How decorous, and wondrous, and holy!

SOCRATES.

It is they who alone are divinities true;
 And the rest are but nonsense and folly.

365

STREPSIADES.

Come, is not Olympian Jove a god?

SOCRATES.

Jove! Twaddle! Have done with your playing
 The fool! there is no such person, as odd
 As you think it.

STREPSIADES.

What's this you are saying?

Then who is it rains? First answer me *that*,
 Before you go on with your treasons.


SOCRATES.

Why the Clouds, to be sure; and I'll prove it, *that's flat*,
 By the most convincing of reasons.
 When there is not a cloud to be seen upon high,
 Did you ever see Júpiter raining?

370

of a morning, but troubled with such an indistinct, deep voice, that it was very difficult to hear what he said at any distance. He is there called "a remarkably clever and god-like man." Aristóphanes spoke of him in his lost play, the *Broilers*, in the following way:

"He's been corrupted by a book, or else
 "By Prodicus, or some one of the babblers."



Yet he ought to rain in an open sky,
When there is not a Cloud remaining.

STREPSIADES.

That explains your assertion right well, as I live!

You have glued it most skilfully to it.

I used to imagine that Jove had a sieve,

And emptied his bladder-bag through it.—

But who is it thunders and makes such a rout?

For that's what compels me to tremble.

SOCRATES.

'Tis the Clouds who thunder, when rolling about.

STREPSIADES.

How comes that? You shall not dissemble.

375

SOCRATES.

When, choakful of water and hung in the air,

They are forced into motion, they tumble

With fury, perforce, on each other, and there

They burst with a terrible rumble.

STREPSIADES.

But is it not Jove, by whose arm from afar

They are forced, my good friend, into motion?

SOCRATES.

No, certainly not. 'Tis ethereal Jar.

[Pointing to the holy Jar, which stood at his door.]

STREPSIADES.

“Jar?” Well now, I had not a notion,

380

That Jove was deceased, and “Jar” was now king

In his place! What an ignorant blunder!—

But you have not yet taught me a single thing

Concerning the rumbling of thunder.

SOCRATES.

Now did not you hear me declare, that the Clouds
Come tumbling with furious intenseness
On each other, when filled with their watery loads,
And rumble because of their denseness?⁵⁶

STREPSIADES.

What proof is there of it?

SOCRATES.

I'll prove it with ease :

From your very own body, I tell ye. 385
Did ye ever swill soup, till it kicked up a breeze
And a vehement stir in your belly?

STREPSIADES.

To be sure, and my belly is instantly roused,
And lost in indignant wonder ;
And the rascally jorum of soup that I've boused
Groans, rumbles, and bellows like thunder ;
First quietly " páppax, páppax," and then
" Papáppax," till lastly the chap packs, 390
When he meets with a vent, from his flatulent den,
With a thundering loud " papapáppax."

(56) This is quite as sensible, and certainly a far more intelligible account of the cause of thunder, than what Aristotle presents us with. As far as can be made out from the very muddy style which this author generally indulges in, when he is writing about what he does not understand, he appears to have considered that the clouds were a mixture of two kinds of vapour, a dry and a moist one; and that from the dissipation of heat upwards, their upper parts became colder and denser than their lower. "All the dry vapour, therefore," says he, "which is enclosed during this refrigeratory change, is forced out by the condensation of the clouds, and being carried along with great violence, and falling upon the surrounding clouds, causes a stroke, the noise of which is called thunder. * * * And the wind thus squeezed out generally burns with a slender and weak flame, and this is what we call lightning."—*Meteorology*, Book II. c. 9.

SOCRATES.

If a poor little belly can utter such groans,
 When it lets out a trumper from under ;
 How much more must the infinite air ? And the nouns
 Are alike, too—trumper and thunder.⁵⁷

STREPSIADES.

But from whence are the fiery thunderbolts whirled,
 That reduce us to ashes, and merely 395
 Singe others amongst us alive ? They are hurled
 By Jove at the perjurers clearly.

SOCRATES.

You old-fashioned bekke-diluvian⁵⁸ dolt !
 If Jupiter hurls them to floor us
 For forswearing, why does not he launch a bolt
 At Cleónymus, Simon, Theórus ?⁵⁹ 400

(57) The resemblance between these two words reminds one of that peculiar kind of rhyme so much used in the old Spanish theatrical writers, according to which two dissyllables, that contain the same two vowels in the same order, are considered to rhyme to each other, for instance "drama" to "rascal," "lover" to "non sense," "parson" to "harlot," and so on.

(58) This refers to a strange story which we meet with in Herodotus, (II. 2.) Psammétichus, king of Egypt, it appears, wanted to find out which nation was the most ancient, and after many fruitless inquiries, devised the following wise scheme. He took a couple of infants, and delivered them to a goat-herd, with strict orders that no one should ever speak in their presence. At the end of two years it was found that they bawled out most vociferously, "Bekos ! Bekos !" or, as we ought to pronounce it, "Vekos ! Vekos !" Now after inquiry, the king ascertained that this aforesaid word signified "bread" in the *Phrygian* tongue, whence he very sapiently concluded that the *Phrygians* were the most ancient people in the world, "and the Egyptians," says the historian, "who had formerly fancied that they themselves were the most ancient, maintained thenceforth that the *Phrygians* were produced before them and they before the rest of mankind." Bekke-diluvian, of course, refers to the epithet "ante-diluvian," which was applied to the *Arcadians*—a nation who had never within the memory of man been ejected from the territory they inhabited.

(59) Respecting this last person, see *Schärmann*, Note 22.

They are terrible perjurers, every one knows ;
 Yet they never have met with their death hence.
 But he blasts his own fane, in the place of his foes,
 " And Súnium, headland of Athens,"⁶⁰
 And the crests of the innocent oaks of the wood.
 For what reason? An oak can't be perjured.

STREPSIADES.

I am sure I don't know ; but your argument's good. —
 In what way is the thunderbolt nurtured ?

SOCRATES.

When an arid wind is upraised from below,
 And enclosed in the Clouds, its capacity
 To inflate them like bladders is called in, and so
 It bursts them in two of necessity ; 405
 And rushes outside with a vehement force
 From its denseness, when it has rent 'em,
 Consuming and burning itself on its course
 By its friction, and noise, and momentum.

STREPSIADES.

I've been treated myself in the very same way,
 By Apóllo, on many occasions !
 I neglected to nick a haggis one day
 I was roasting to dine my relations ;
 When it puffed up, and suddenly to my surprise
 Burst open in tatters, and nearly 410

{60} These words are from the *Odyssey*, (111 1 278.) There are some beautiful remains of a temple of Minerva still in existence on this promontory of Súnium, which takes its Italian name "Cape Colonna," from that circumstance.

Deprived me of sight by a spurt in my eyes,
And scalded my face most severely.⁶¹

CHORUS.

O mortal, who longest for wisdom and wit,
I foresee by my powers of prescience,
That you'll rise to be wealthy and fortunate yet
Amongst the Athénians and Grecians,
If your memory's good, and you wish and desire
To be constantly thinking and talking,
And are furnished with patience, and never tire
Of standing, or running, or walking, 415
And are neither tormented by cold, nor pine
Like poor silly wretches for breakfast,
And abstain from the Public Walks, and from wine,
And the follies that make one a rake fast,

(61) The Greek haggis was *roasted* instead of being *boiled*, but in other respects is appears to have resembled its Caledonian successor very closely. There was the same necessity in both for "nicking," or "pricking," in order to let out the expanding air, as may be seen from the eloquent receipt in Meg Dod's *Cookery Book*, for making

THE SCOTCH HAGGIS.

"Parboil a sheep's pluck, and a piece of good lean beef. Grate the half of the
"liver, and mince the beef, the lights, and the remaining half of the liver. Take
"of good beef suet half the weight of this mixture, and mince it with a dozen
"small firm onions. Toast some oatmeal before the fire for hours, till it is of a
"light brown colour, and perfectly dry. Less than two teacupfuls of meal will
"do for this meat. Spread the mince on a board, and strew the meal lightly
"over it, with a high seasoning of pepper, salt, and a little Cayenne, well mixed.
"Have a haggis bag perfectly clean, and *see that there be no thin part in it,*
"*else your whole labour will be lost by its bursting.* Put in the meat, with as
"much good beef-gravy, or strong broth, as will make it a thick stew. *Be care-*
"*ful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meat room to swell;* add the juice
"of a lemon, or a little good vinegar; press out the air, and sew up the bag;
"*prick it with a large needle, when it first swells in the pot, to prevent bursting;*
"let it boil, but not violently, for three hours."

And long for that most which is longed for among
 The talented men of all nations—
 To conquer in fights that are fought with the tongue,
 And intrigues, and debates, and orations.

STREPSIADES.

As regards the reposing in comfortless huts,
 And a spirit too sturdy to clamour,
 And hard-living, thrifty, and mint-dining guts,
 I can stand like an anvil, the hammer.⁶²

420

SOCRATES.

Of course then you'll only believe in the gods,
 That are owned by your newly-found brothers—
 The Chaos you see, and the Tongue, and the Clouds?
 These three we allow, and no others.

STREPSIADES.

I would not, sir, even converse with the rest,—
 No, not if we met in the city,—

425

(62) There is a somewhat similar passage in the *Pythagorean Scholar* of the comic poet Aristophan;—

“ In bearing hunger and in eating nothing,
 “ I can assure you you may reckon me
 “ A Tithymállus or Philíppides;
 “ In drinking water I'm a very frog;
 “ In loving thyme and greens—a caterpillar;
 “ In hating Bagnios—a lump of dirt;
 “ In living out of doors all winter-time—
 “ A blackbird; in enduring sultry heat,
 “ And chattering at noon—a grasshopper;
 “ In neither using oil, nor seeing it—
 “ A cloud of dust; in walking up and down
 “ Bare-footed at the dawn of day—a crane;
 “ In sleeping not one single jot—a bat.”

Quoted in *Athenæus*, p. 238.

Or bestow on the rogues at their earnest request
Wine, victims, or incense, in pity.

CHORUS.

Now tell us what 'tis that you want us to do,
And don't be afraid; for we never
Will refuse to comply with your wishes, if you
Respect us and try to be clever.

STREPSIADES.

My adorable mistresses, grant to me, then,
This smallest of all requisitions;
I wish to become the most eloquent man,
By a hundred miles, of the Grecians.

430

CHORUS.

We will grant it you; so from the present day
Not a soul of the demagogue crew shall
Carry so many motions, by means of his sway
In the Public Assembly, as you shall.

STREPSIADES.

No carrying motions for me, I intreat!
But there's nothing I long for so much as
To be able to wriggle through actions, and cheat,
And slip from my creditors' clutches.

CHORUS.

You shall have what you wish; for your prayer and request
Is such as becomes our dependants.
So boldly deliver yourself to the best
Of instructors—our faithful attendants.

435

STREPSIADES.

I will—in reliance on you; for I needs
Must act in the way that you bid me,

On account of those rascally I-branded steeds,
And the jade of a wife who undid me.

SCENE V. *The Same.*

STREPSIADES.

So now let them do with me just what they will;
I give them my carcase for good or for ill, 440
To experience beatings, and hunger, and thirst,
And dandruff, and cold, or be flayed if they durst,
On condition they teach me the method to find
An escape from my debts, and I'm thought by mankind
Bold, nimble-tongued, impudent, anxious to rise, 445
A blackguard, a gluer-together of lies,
An inventor of words, a lover of suits,
A law-book, a rattle, a cunning old boots,
An auger, a strap, a dissembling old bags,
A puddle of grease," an indulger in brags,
A goad-riddled slave, an impertinent dog, 450
A twister, a teaser, a gluttonous hog.
If passers-by speak of me thus, I am ripe
For whatever they think to be proper;

(53) Such puddles would be very naturally formed in the rooms where the Athenians anointed their bodies with olive-oil, after partaking of the bath, and doubtless often occasioned them as severe and unexpected tumbles as the lots of orange-peel, which are so copiously scattered about our public streets, sometimes inflict upon us. The meaning here is of course metaphorical, it is equivalent to saying, "if I give my enemies as severe tumbles as they get from the puddles of grease in the Bagnios."

And, if such is their wish, let them tear out my tripe 455
And give it the Scholars for supper.

SCENE VI. *The Same.*

CHORUS.

You've a bold and ready spirit :
If you learn within my portals
Lessons like these, you will gain by your merit
Lofty fame from mortals. 460

STREPSIADES.

How shall I fare ?

CHORUS.

You shall live
Days without limit or measure,
Wrapt in pursuits that will give
Most unbounded pleasure.

STREPSIADES.

Shall I then ever see 465
Such felicity ?

CHORUS.

Yes, and a numerous rabble of boors
All the year round will sit at your doors,
Wishing to have the advantage of learning 470
What's your advice and opinion concerning
Action, or cross-suit, or bottomry-scroll,
Worth many hundreds of pounds to your soul. 475

(*To SOCRATES.*)

Now make an attempt to instruct the old man
In whatever it is your intention
To teach him, and stir up his mind, if you can,
And examine his powers of invention.

SOCRATES.

Come now, inform me, what's your turn of thought;
That knowing of what nature it may be,
I may forthwith attack you with fresh engines. 480

STREPSIADES.

For god's sake, are you going to besiege me?

SOCRATES.

No, but I wish to ask you a few questions.—
Pray is your memory good?

STREPSIADES.

Aye, in two ways :

If others owe to me, 'tis excellent :

SOCRATES.

Mind, when I place some clever thought before you
About the heavens, you catch it up directly. 490

STREPSIADES.

What? Shall I feed on learning like a dog?

SOCRATES.

This fellow is an ignorant barbarian!
I am afraid, old man, you want a whipping.
Come, if one beats you, what d'ye do?

STREPSIADES.

I'm beaten;

Then in a little while call men to witness; 495
And then I wait a bit, and go to law.

SOCRATES.

Lay down your coat!

STREPSIADES.

Have I offended you?⁶⁵

SOCRATES.

No, but the custom is to go in stripped.

STREPSIADES.

I do not want to look for stolen goods.⁶⁶

(65) Poor Strepsíades imagines that he is going to be flogged, like a school-boy, for not answering the question properly.

(66) A coat would of course afford additional facilities for secreting any article, or introducing the very thing which was asserted to have been lost, during a search for stolen goods; and therefore the law provided, that persons who claimed the right of following their own property into a neighbour's house, should leave their upper garment behind them. The aged novice, as we shall afterwards see, never recovers what he so foolishly gives up.

SOCRATES.

Stuff! Nonsense! Lay it down.

[STREPSIADES *lays down his coat, which* SOCRATES *immediately takes possession of.*

STREPSIADES.

Just tell me this: 500

If I'm attentive, and take pains to learn,
Which of your scholars shall I most resemble?

SOCRATES.

You'll be exactly like our Chairephon.

STREPSIADES.

Confound the thing! So I shall turn half-dead!

SOCRATES.

Don't prate, but follow me directly here. 505

STREPSIADES.

No; give me first a honey-cake to hold.
I'm frightened at descending down below,
As though 'twere to the cavern of Trophónius.⁶⁷

SOCRATES.

Come! Why d'ye keep on boggling at the door?

[*Exeunt* SOCRATES *and* STREPSIADES *into the house of the former.*

(67) This was a celebrated cave at Lebadea in Boeotia, into which the parties, who wished for a knowledge of futurity, descended with a honey-cake in their hands. They were then met by a number of tame snakes, who ate their cake, but did them no harm. Hobhouse says that the cavern still exists, and corresponds exactly with the description of the geographer Pausanias, in which assertion, however, he is not borne out by succeeding travellers. (*Travels in Greece*, &c., I. p. 263) We learn from this passage, as well as from another which we shall afterwards meet with that the "Thinking shop" was represented as an underground apartment.—See 1. 853.

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

Depart, and may fortune vouchsafe you her aid, 510

For the sake of the valour that you have displayed.

May the man be successful, because,

Though deeply advanced in old age, 515

He is dying his soul with the laws

Discovered by 'Attica's sage,

And is ardently burning

For the study of learning.

ADDRESS TO THE AUDIENCE.⁶⁸

By the holy Bacchus, from whom

All my comic talents come,

I'll declare, spectators, to you

Freely what is really true.

May I lose the prize, and be thought

Dull and tame, and good for nought, 520

If 'twas not from reckoning that

You were critics good and great,

And that this was fullest of wit

Of the comedies I'd writ;

That I chose out you, sirs, to taste

First the work I thought my best.⁶⁹

(68) This ADDRESS was written after the first edition of the play had been damned.—See the Introduction.

✓ (69) A comedy might be exhibited either in February or March; in the former case the audience consisted almost entirely of resident citizens; in the latter there was generally a large admixture of foreigners. Aristophanes means to say, that he had such a high opinion of the more promiscuous audience which was collected together in March, that he preferred placing the first edition of the *Clouds* in their hands, to leaving it to the judgment of the February spectators. Of course compliments of this kind were worth about

Yet against great Justice's rules
 Was I beat by stupid fools.⁷⁰
 Have not I good cause to complain 525
 Of you men of learned brain,
 For whose sake I laboured away
 Noon and night to write the play?
 Still e'en this shan't be a pretence
 For deserting men of sense.—
 Ever since that piece with the plot
 Of the Sobersides and Sot⁷¹
 Gained with those unbounded success
 Whom 'tis sweet e'en to address ;
 (I being then unmarried as yet,
 Could not own my little pet ; 530
 So exposed the babe, and another
 Girl became its nurse and mother ;

as much as the cut and dried common-places, which some celebrated modern counsel have made such good use of—"they have always publicly said how much "they preferred addressing a jury of such and such a county," filling up the blank according to the place where the assizes happened to be held. We have seen our author expressing the very opposite opinion, when his play was brought forward in February, and comparing the native citizens to the pure wheat of the commonwealth.—*Achárnians*, l. 502—508.

(70) Cratinus and Amípsias, the rival comic poets. See the Introduction.

(71) Our author here refers to his maiden production, the *Banqueters*, which we may conclude, from what goes before, to have been exhibited at the great feast of Bacchus in March. In this comedy he represented an old man with two sons—one a virtuous youth, and the other a headstrong debauched fellow. Like all his other compositions, until the *Knights* forced him to change his plan, it was brought forward in the name of another person—his friend Callistratus. This he expresses a few lines afterwards by a metaphorical allusion to the horrible custom of exposing infants, so prevalent in most ancient countries, and still common in China.

Aye, and you supported the chit
 Well, and educated it ;)
 I have ever reckoned your troth
 Pledged to me by faithful oath.—
 Now then,—like th' Eléctra you see
 On the stage,⁷²—this Comedy
 Comes before you, seeking from hence
 For a clever audience ;
 And she'll know her prospects are fair,
 If she spies her “ brother's hair.”
 See how chaste the damsel appears,
 And how simple, for her years.
 She has got no terrible stick
 Dangling downwards, long and thick,
 Nor displays the hideous staff
 All to make the children laugh ;

535

(72) In the *Libation-bearers* of 'Æschylus, Eléctra finds a lock of hair on the tomb of her murdered father Agamémnon, and recognises it as belonging to her absent brother Oréstes. The lines may be thus translated :—

- “ ELECTRA. I see upon the tomb a lock of hair.
 “ CHORUS. Belonging to what man, or deep-girt maid ?
 “ ELECTRA. This may be guessed with ease by any one.
 “ CHORUS. Must aged I, then, learn of younger you ?
 “ ELECTRA. No one, but I, would offer up such gift.
 “ CHORUS. No ; those, who ought, are now thy father's foes.
 “ ELECTRA. Besides, it seems most strangely similar.
 “ CHORUS. To what ? For that is all I long to learn.
 “ ELECTRA. It matches most exactly with my hair.
 “ CHORUS. Then can it be Oréstes' secret gift ?
 “ ELECTRA. It is his curls that it resembles most.
 “ CHORUS. How could he ever dare to journey here ?
 “ ELECTRA. He sent it, to appease my father's shade.”

What Aristóphanes therefore means is, that if his *Clouds* should be fated to be as successful as the *Banqueters* formerly was, the Comedy herself will easily recognise the tokens of success, namely, the applause of the audience.

Nor cracks jokes on baldness ; nor brings
 On the stage her hornpipe-flings." 540
 Nor does th' aged gentleman, who
 Spouts the witty lines to you,
 Strike his friend with cudgel of oak
 To conceal a stupid joke."
 Nor does *she* rush in from below
 Armed with links, nor bawl "Holloa."⁷³
 Trusting to herself and her rhymes,
 Has she sought these scenic climes.
 I myself, although such a rare
 Poet, sport no flowing hair ; 545
 Nor attempt to cheat you with stale
 Worn-out plots, but never fail
 To produce fresh dishes of food,
 None alike, and all right good.

(73) Aristophanes being himself bald, (see this play a few lines below, and *Peace*, l. 767—774,) it would be very unlikely that he should laugh at bald men, either here or any where else. The assertion is merely intended as a side-hit at two lines of Eupolis, in which he nicknames our author "the bald-headed hard." (See Note 78.) The audience were entertained, however, with a ludicrous hornpipe at the end of the *Wasps*.

(74) We shall find, nevertheless, that the "aged gentleman," Strepsiades, uses his *goad* pretty freely on the carcass of one of his creditors, towards the end of this play, although his *cudgel* enjoys a sinecure. In the play of the *Birds*, the *cudgel* itself is employed most unmercifully.

(75) There is a *single link*, or torch, introduced at the end of this play to fire Socrates's house, but it is brought in very peaceably by a slave, who does not even open his lips, much less bawl "Holloa! Holloa!" One of the scholars, however, utters this exclamation. In the *Lysistrata* of our author, the male half of the Chorus are furnished with burning torches, and the female half with jugs of water ; and the latter souse the old gentlemen most copiously, and put out their lights, to punish them for their insolence.

I floored Cleon,—great as my foe
 Then was,—with a belly-blow;
 Yet disdained to jump on the hound
 As he grovelled on the ground.⁷⁶ 550
 But my rivals, now they have sparred
 Through Hyérbolus's⁷⁷ guard,
 Keep on always thrashing his hide,
 And his poor old dam's beside.
 First of all that ludicrous ass,
Eúpolis,⁷⁸ wrote "Máricas;"
Nothing but a copy, by rights,
And a poor one, of my "Knights;"

(76) See the Comedy of the *Knights*.

(77) See *Achéarnians*, Note 92.

(78) Aristóphanes, Cratinus, and Eúpolis, were considered the three great luminaries of the old Attic comedy. The play mentioned in the text was intended to run down Hyérbolus, in the same manner as the *Knights* had crushed Cleon. The demagogue was represented in it in a similar way under the character of "Máricas," which, like "Manes," &c., was a name for a young barbarian slave; while his mother, who pursued the trade of a baker, or rather breadwoman, was introduced upon the stage in a ridiculous state of intoxication, and made to perform an absurd dance for the amusement of the audience. As to the charge of plagiarism, which is so roundly brought forward by our author, Eúpolis retorted it in his *Baptæ*, by asserting that he had contributed to the composition of the *Knights*, which certainly does not seem very probable, when we consider the mutual jealousies that prevailed in the profession. His words, as quoted in the Greek note, were as follow:—

"Why I helped the baldheaded bard

"In his *Knights* without reward."

It was always believed, till the time of Eratósthenes, that Alcibiades threw Eupolis overboard during the voyage to Sicily, in revenge for the satire he had levelled at him in the last-named comedy; that celebrated grammarian, however, satisfactorily proved that he had written works posterior to the date of the Sicilian expedition, and consequently that the story was chronologically impossible. Another account states that he was shipwrecked and drowned in the Hellespont during the Peloponnesian war, and that the Athenians made a law in consequence, that no poet should go on service for the future.

With a petticoated old rake
 Added for the hornpipe's sake, 555
 Like the one in Phrynichus' stale
 Drama swallowed by the whale.⁷⁹
 Then Hermippus⁸⁰ kicked up a fuss
 To run down Hyérbolus;
 And the rest all pointed their blows
 At Hyérbolus's nose;
 While each paltry plagiarist steals
 My resemblance of the eels.⁸¹
 Let not fools who laugh at such plays,
 Ever honour mine with praise. 560
 But if you're delighted with *me*,

(79) There are three Phrynichuses mentioned in Aristóphanes—one a celebrated tragic poet, who lived in the times of the Persian wars—one a general who figured about the time of Alcibiades's return from banishment—and one a comic poet who was nearly contemporary with our author; for we are told that he gained the second prize when the *Frogs* carried off the first, B. C. 405. It is the third person of the name who is here meant. He is also ridiculed in the 13th line of the *Frogs*, in common with some of his brethren, for making a practice of introducing slaves, carrying heavy burdens, upon the stage, in order to raise a sorry laugh at their expense. The old gentlewoman whom he caused to be "swallowed by the whale," was doubtless intended as a parody upon a certain scene in the *Andromeda* of Euripides, where the royal virgin is exposed on a rock to be swallowed by a huge sea-monster. We shall find the same passage of Euripides ludicrously exhibited to our notice in the *Feastresses*, l. 1009—1135.

(80) Another comic poet. He had attacked Péricles with particular malignity, and was even ungallant enough to prosecute the beautiful and talented Aspasia for impiety, from which charge, however, she escaped through the tears and entreaties of her lover Péricles. (See Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III pp. 89, 90.) The Greek note tells us that he had not written any entire drama against Hyérholas, but that the expression "very many breadwomen," in one of his compositions, was supposed to be intended as a hit at the demagogue's mother. Athenæus mentions a play of his, called the *Breadwomen*, which was most likely the source whence the quotation came.

(81) For the simile about the eels, see *Knights*, l. 854—857.

And with *my* new comedy,
You'll be thought, and not without reason,
Men of sense . . . till next year's season.⁸²

SONG.

First to almighty Jove I pray,
King of the gods, to hear our lay
Hymning its high devotion ; 565
Then to the trident's lord, whose hand
Ruthlessly heaves the quaking land,
And the o'erflowing ocean ;⁶³
Next to our father, the Ether, who gives
Food and support to each creature that lives ; 570
And to the charioteer, by whose nod
Smiling sunbeams are driven
Thro' the darkness—a mighty god
Both on earth and in heaven.

Pray attend to what our case is,
Cleverest of audiences. 575
We complain before your faces
That you've treated us amiss.
We alone of all your deities
Ne'er are offered wine or food ;

(82) That is to say, till the exhibition of fresh comedies in the next February and March, when your "sense" and judgment will be tested anew by having to decide upon their merits.

(83) The god here referred to is Neptune. See *Knights*, Note 124.

cf Rom 30

Yet, of all their godships, we it is
 Who have done the state most good.
 We continually watch you ;
 And we thunder or we rain,
 If by any chance we catch you
 Marching out on some mad plan."⁸⁴ 580
 When you chose the heaven-hated
 Magabéan currier
 General, we frowned and stated
 Clearly we abhorred the cur ;
 And we rained on you, " and thunder
 " Burst out through the lightning's blaze ;"⁸⁵
 And the moon, in perfect wonder
 At the scheme, eclipsed her rays ;
 Nay, the very sun, to spite you,
 Drew his wick into himself, 585
 Swearing that he will not light you,
 If you chuse the blackguard elf."⁸⁶

(84) See *Achærians*, Note 25. Respecting the "Magabéan currier," see the Introduction to the *Knights*.

(85) In the *Teucer*, a lost tragedy of Sophocles, there was the following passage—

—— " and from heaven it lightened,
 " And thunder burst out through the lightning's blaze."

(86) It is not at all necessary to suppose, as some of the matter-of-fact commentators have done, that these eclipses, or any of them, actually took place at the moment of the Assembly. All that the poet means, is to allude to their general frequency during the Peloponnesian war, for which we have the authority of Thucydides. The prosaic Bergler has even gone the length of gravely pointing out, that an eclipse of the moon and of the sun cannot possibly happen together, the former always occurring at the *full*, and the latter at the *new* moon. By the by, Thucydides, at all events, must have been aware of this last astronomical fact; for when he is mentioning a solar eclipse that took place August 3d, B. C. 431, "at the lunar new moon," he adds the words, "which appears to be the only time when it is possible."—*Thucyd.* II. 28.

Yet you chose him : for the City,
 As they say, is plagued with bad
 Counsels ; but the gods, in pity
 Towards a tribe so strangely mad,
 Make your faults, howe'er outrageous,
 Always turn out well for ye.⁸⁷

This one too'll be advantageous,
 And I'll prove it easily.

590

If you shall convict that sea-gull
 Cleon, in the jury-box,
 Of embezzling and illegal
 Gifts, and gag him with the Stocks ;
 Though you've erred in what I mentioned,
 Yet his being General
 Will have thus restored your ancient
 Harmony and turned out well.⁸⁸

SONG.

Hear me again, Apóllo, thou
 Who from the rocky Cynthus' brow
 Smilest at ocean's surgings !

595

(87) The same sentiment occurs in the *Debatresses*, (l. 473—476,) and in the following fragment of Eúpolis:—

——— " O Athens, Athens,

" How lucky, rather than how wise, thou art !"

The orator Demóstheneſ also frequently expresses himself to the same effect. Take as an instance the first few pages of the second Olynthiac speech.

(88) In other words, your having chosen Cleon general, and thereby given him an opportunity for illegal practices, will be of service to you by leading to his downfall, which is the only event, says the poet, that can restore peace and concord to Athens. The philosophy is the same as that of the vulgar proverb, " 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Hear me, Ephésian queen, who, blest,
 Sitt'st in thy golden fane at rest,
 Worshipped by Lydian virgins!⁸⁹ 600
 Thou, too, Minérva, our goddess,⁹⁰ whose hand
 Chariots the ægis⁹¹ to succour the land!
 Neither let him, who with Bacchanal band
 Roams Parnássus, forsake us—
 Him who tosses the blazing brand, 605
 Youthful revelling Bacchus!

 Just as we'd prepared for starting
 On our voyage to you, the moon
 Chanced to meet us, and at parting
 Bid us take a message down.
 First, she says, she sends the nation
 And the allies her compliments;
 Secondly, she's in a passion
 At the baseness of you gents.⁹² 610

(89) Every one must recollect the account in the New Testament of the tumult at Ephesus, in which the mob cried out continually for the space of two or three hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

(90) The Clouds here, when they talk of "our goddess," evidently confound themselves with their audience. This interchange of individuality, as has been before remarked is very common in Attic comedy. In the previous Scene, (see l. 569,) the Chorus spoke in their proper characters of "our father, the "Ether."

(91) The "Ægis" was an ornament representing a Gorgon's head, and fastened upon the breast by cross straps, as may be seen in the statue of the Eleusinian Ceres, preserved at Cambridge.

(92) The whole of this piece of poetry refers to certain malpractices in the arrangement of the Attic months, which, as has been before stated, were lunar. "When we consider," says Boeckh, "the principles of the Greeks, which are sufficiently seen from their historians and philosophers, it cannot be a matter

You have ever found her willing
 To befriend you all, she thinks;
 For she saves you each a shilling
 Every single month in links.

"of surprise, that fraud was used by public officers at Athens in so great a matter as the regulation of the days. In the early times of the republic, Aristides accused his contemporary, Themistocles, of this deceit; it was even the common opinion, that there existed a certain prescriptive right to the commission of this fraud, and a person who had scruples on the subject was censured for his too great strictness." (*Publ. Econ. Athens*, I p. 200) It was probably in consequence of this tampering with the Calendar, that some extraordinary blunders detailed by Thucydides (IV 76, 77, 82, 83), took place a few months before this play was first exhibited. Government had arranged, he tells us, that Demosthenes and Hippocrates should make a simultaneous attack upon Bœotia, the former directing his forces on Siphæ, from the Corinthian gulph, and the latter on Delium, from the Attic territory. Owing, however, to *mistaking the days on which each was to have marched*, the enemy were enabled to defeat the two projects in detail; Demosthenes having arrived at Siphæ before his colleague had created the intended diversion, and Hippocrates being received by the whole Bœotian forces, after their retreat from the town against which Demosthenes had pointed his abortive attempt—See also *Peace*, l. 414.

There had likewise been a great and permanent alteration made in the arrangement of the Attic Calendar nine years before this play was brought forward. But as its tendency was to cause the civil month to correspond much more nearly with the lunar one than before, Aristophanes can hardly have here referred to it; though we certainly have instances enough and to spare in these modern days, of men who are so blindly prejudiced against innovation, that they abuse a new measure for the very defects which were found in far greater abundance in its predecessor. Since, however, it is the opinion of Mr. Clinton, that it is this reform which is here alluded to, in deference to so learned and acute an authority, I shall briefly explain, as nearly as possible in his own words, the nature of the change in question. The Attic year, after the time of Solon, was lunar of 354 days. The year of 360 days, which would have arisen from twelve months of thirty days each, was reduced to the lunar time by the omission of six days from six of the months, so that they consisted alternately of thirty and twenty-nine days. These lunar years were brought to the course of the sun by an intercalary month inserted at the end of every two years, for the object was to adapt the months to the moon, and the years to the course of the sun. But this object was not accomplished, because the ancient astronomers had not accurately determined the true amount either of lunar or of solar time. Hence irregularities in the Calendar. In the year B. C. 432, when Meton

So that every *real* or *sham* beau,
 As he's going out at night,
 Calls out "Boy, don't buy a flambeau;
 "For the moon will give us light."
 And she does you many other
 Favours; yet you count her days

615

commenced his cycle of nineteen years, the new moon, instead of falling on the first of the month, fell upon the thirteenth. The irregularity, therefore, which he undertook to rectify, was as great as it could well be. The nature of the changes which he introduced was as follows. Instead of deducting a day from every alternate month of thirty days, or in other words, striking out every *seventh* day, he only struck out every *sixty-third* day, so that the two first months in his cycle would each contain the full number of thirty days; there would then follow nineteen months alternately of twenty-nine and thirty days, then two complete months of thirty days, and so on. Moreover, instead of intercalating a month in every two years, he only intercalated seven months in his cycle, viz. one in each of the following years—three, five, eight, eleven, thirteen, sixteen, nineteen. This was a great improvement upon the calculation of his predecessors; but the difference between Meton's computation and the true time was still considerable. His nineteen years, amounting to six thousand nine hundred and forty days, exceeded the true solar time by about nine and a half hours, and the true lunar time by not quite seven and a half hours; and this inaccuracy of course increased at the end of each cycle, and rendered it necessary to introduce fresh innovations rather more than a century afterwards. Although his arrangement, too, was calculated to adjust the months to the moon and to the seasons, upon the whole, yet in detail, any particular month might not coincide with the course of the moon. Thus in the very first year of the cycle, the third new moon, instead of falling upon the first of the third month, would fall upon the twenty-ninth of the second. Hence we may see the reason why Thucydides, (as quoted above, Note 85,) talks of an eclipse's happening "at the *lunar* new moon," to distinguish it from the *civil* new moon, or first of the month. Two days, however, was the limit of the irregularity, and in the generality of cases, the civil month would correspond pretty accurately with the lunar one. (See the Appendix on the *Athic Months*, in the *Fasts Hellenici*.) Any alteration of the Calendar must of course have also altered the days of the different sacred festivals, and our author facetiously represents the omniscient immortals as missing their sacrifices in consequence, just as an ignorant mortal would miss his dinner. The interminable squabbles that have been carried on in later times, between the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches, respecting the position of the moveable feasts, may serve to show us, that the Athenians were not peculiar in assigning such importance to the merest trifles.

Wrong, and kick up such a pother
With her calendar, she says,
That the gods, as she's a sinner,
Threaten her most grievously,
Oft as cheated out of dinner
They're returning to the sky,
Having missed the feast by applying
Just a day too late for it.
Yet you're torturing and trying
When your altars should be lit ; 620
And when *we* immortals feed on
Neither cake, nor wine, nor beast,
Mourning Memnon or Sarpédon,"
You are often keeping feast.
In revenge for which, Hybérbolus,
Guardian of the Sacred Codes,
Had his garland so superb, alas,
Ravished from him by us gods."
For he'll thus be better brought to
Feel the upshot of the strife— 625
That 'tis by the moon he ought to
Regulate the days of life.

(93) Two sons of Júpiter, who were killed before Troy.—See the *Iliad*.

(94) The "Guardian of the Sacred Codes" was one of the commissioners despatched from each city to the great Amphictyónic council of the Greeks. It has been ingeniously conjectured by Mademoiselle Le Févre, that Hybérbolus had proceeded in this capacity from Athens to Delphi, and on his return had had his crown, or garland, blown off by a sudden gust of wind, which might very well be attributed to the angry vengeance of the divine Clouds, for his neglecting to cause the Calendar to be better regulated.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Same.**Enter* SOCRATES.

SOCRATES.

I SWEAR by Breath, by Chaos, and by Air,⁹⁵

I never met with any man so clownish,

So ignorant, so awkward, so forgetful.

While I was teaching him some petty trifles,

630

He had forgotten them before he learnt them.

But still I'll call him out into the light.

Holloa, Strepsiades, bring out your couch!

(95) Sócrates himself said a little while before, (l. 424,) that he only patronized three divinities, Chaos, the Clouds, and the Tongue; but of course a poet like Aristóphanes is not required to be consistent. Philóstratus tells us, that the philosopher usually swore either by the Dog, the Goose, or the Plane-tree. The two former of these strange oaths are actually put into his mouth in the writings of Plato, so that there can be little doubt that he was in the habit of using them. The adjuration, "by the Goose," is attributed also to the Diviner Lampon, in the *Birds*, l. 521.

Enter STREPSIADES, bearing a couch, and without either coat or boots on.

STREPSIADES.

Aye, but the bugs won't let me bring it out.

SOCRATES.

Quick, put it down and pay attention !

STREPSIADES.

See ! 635

[Deposits it on the stage.]

SOCRATES.

Come, tell me which you're anxious now to learn,

Of all the things you never yet were taught ?

Is it concerning " measures," " times," or " verses ?"

STREPSIADES.

Concerning measures ; for the other day

A miller choused me in a quart of meal. 640

SOCRATES.

I don't ask that, but what *poetic* measure

You like the best—the triple or quadruple ?

STREPSIADES.

I think the gallon measure beats them all.

SOCRATES.

Pooh, nonsense, fellow !

STREPSIADES.

Will you bet me, then,

The gallon's not " quadruple " of the quart ? 645

SOCRATES.

Go to the deuce ; for you're a stupid clown.

But you can learn, perhaps, concerning " times."

STREPSIADES.

And how will "times" help me to barley-meal?

SOCRATES.

Firstly, in seeming clever at a party,
 From understanding well what kind of feet 650
 Are used in every separate sort of "time."

STREPSIADES.

What kind of feet? By Jove, I know!

SOCRATES.

Then tell me.

STREPSIADES.

Why, to be sure, the feet I stand upon;
 And when I was a child, my hands and knees.

SOCRATES.

You are an ill-bred boor.

STREPSIADES.

Confound you, sir, 655

I don't desire to learn such things.

SOCRATES.

What then?

STREPSIADES.

The art, the art I asked—the Unjust Cause.

SOCRATES.

But you must learn some other doctrines first—
 Which of the quadrupeds are rightly male.

STREPSIADES.

I know the male ones, or I must be mad— 660
 The ram, the boar, the bull, the dog, the turkey."

(96) Strepsíades's ignorance is here ludicrously exaggerated, by making him reckon up a *bird* amongst *quadrupeds*. The Translator must humbly ask

SOCRATES.

Look what you're at ! You call the female turkey,
And the male turkey, by the selfsame name.

STREPSIADES.

Come, how so ?

SOCRATES.

How ? A turkey and a turkey.

STREPSIADES.

You're right, by Jove. What must I call them now ? 665

SOCRATES.

Call one a " turkeyess," and one a " turker." "

STREPSIADES.

A " turkeyess ! " Well said, by holy Air !
And, in return for this bright thought alone,
I shall present you with a fat hen woodcock.

SOCRATES.

Look, *there* you go again ! You make your woodcock, 670
Though 'tis a female, male.

pardon of the naturalists for introducing *turkeys* into ancient 'Attica, when it is generally allowed that they were first brought into Europe from America in the 15th century. The classical scholar, however, will see at once the necessity of the anachronism ; and as Boeckh has planted very copious crops of *maize* in ancient Greece, without any similar compulsion, there is at all events great authority for such an audacious step. We may now even venture to maintain the paupers of antiquity upon *potatoes*, and gratify Xerxes with the " new pleasure," for the invention of which he offered such high rewards, by presenting him with a fragrant pipe of *tobacco*.—Compare *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. pp. 124, 128, &c. with p. 381, where the same grain is translated *wheat*.

(97) " Before the reader concludes too hastily on the impossibility of such a " man as Sócrates descending to the quibbling and nonsense displayed in this " scene, he will do well to consult the Platonic dialogue called *Crátylus*."—*Mitchell*.

STREPSIADES.

How do you mean,
I make my woodcock male ?

SOCRATES.

Just as you do
That rogue Cleónymus.

STREPSIADES.

Tell me, how's that ?

SOCRATES.

Your woodcock's of Cleónymus's sex ;
'Tis male by name, but feminine by nature.

STREPSIADES.

But, sir, Cleónymus ne'er owned a woodcock ; 675
He used to purchase kites and crows for dinner.—
What must I call it for the future ?

SOCRATES.

What ?

A " woodhen," as you'd say a " waterhen."

STREPSIADES.

A female woodhen ?

SOCRATES.

Now you call it right.

STREPSIADES.

Then I'm to say a " woodhen" and " Cleónyma ?" 680

(98) Respecting the effeminate Cleónymus, see *Achárnians*, Note 17. The Greek termination "us" was peculiar to men, as that of "a" or "e" was to women. In Latin, on the contrary, "a" was common to both sexes, as "Sylla," "Galba," and conversely, "Fúlvia," "Teréntia."

SOCRATES.

Moreover, you must also be instructed
Which names are male, and which of them are female.

STREPSIADES.

I know which names are female.

SOCRATES.

Mention them.

STREPSIADES.

Phænárete, Nauphánte, Phrynè, Lycè.

SOCRATES.

And which of them are male?

STREPSIADES.

Ten thousand of them— 685

Philóxenus, Melésias, Amýnias.

SOCRATES.

But, you thick-headed rogue, these are not male.

STREPSIADES.

Not male, d'ye say?

SOCRATES.

Not male, decidedly.

What would you call the dwelling of Amýnias?"

STREPSIADES.

Why, to be sure, "Amýnias's house." 690

SOCRATES.

Look there! You reckon him a woman now;
You talk about "Amýniasse's house."

STREPSIADES.

Am I not right to reckon him a woman—

(99) A notoriously effeminate coward.—See Note 9.

A coward knave, that never goes on service ?—
What makes you teach me this that we all know ?

SOCRATES.

Nothing. But lie down here.

STREPSIADES.

And then do what ?

SOCRATES.

Try and think out some of your own affairs. 695

STREPSIADES.

Not here, I beg of you ; but, if I *must*,
Let me think out the things upon the ground.

SOCRATES.

You have no choice, but what I tell you.

STREPSIADES.

Curse it !,

What swingeing damages the bugs will get !

[Deposits himself upon the couch.]

DUET.

CHORUS.

Yes, think, and pry, and twist your mind 700
In every method you can find ;
And when you fall into a streight,
Leap quickly to a new debate.
Let honeyed sleep, if you are wise, 705
Be ever absent from your eyes.

STREPSIADES.

Alas, alas ! Oh, oh, oh, oh !

CHORUS.

What is your pain ? what is your woe ?

STREPSIADES.

I die, I die! My grave's already dug
 By fierce barbarians....from the river *Bug*.¹⁰⁰ 710
 They mangle my sides, and they swallow my lips,
 And they drink up my soul, and they dig through my hips.
 I shall perish embraced in their merciless clutch! 715

CHORUS.

Then do not give way to your sorrow too much.¹⁰¹

STREPSIADES.

What am I to do, when my money is gone,
 And my skin is destroyed, and my life-breath is flown;
 And, to crown my misfortunes, my boots too are lost,
 Which never had any superiors;
 And while I am "singing a catch on my post,"¹⁰² 720
 I am catching it on my posteriors.

(100) For the sake of the juvenile classical reader, whose knowledge of modern, generally varies inversely as his acquaintance with ancient geography, it may be worth while to mention, that the "River Bug" is a *bona-fide* river in Russia, in whatever bad odour it may be amongst us, and runneth into the Vistula below Warsaw. All modern travellers in Greece, without exception, complain most bitterly of the swarms of vermin that infest the country. Mr. Hughes tells a story of an Athenian lady, who, in order to make herself particularly agreeable to him, took a flea off her own sweet person, and laughingly deposited it upon the front of his shirt.

(101) The Chorus seems to have thought simple "perishing" as great a luxury as Bacon thought "simple burning." Hallam, in his *History of England*, (I. p. 233, note,) quotes a passage from this "greatest, wisest, meanest of man-kind," which defends the "bowellings" of Roman Catholics, upon the plea that they were "less cruel than the wheel, or forcpation, or *even simple burning*."—See Pashley's *Travels in Crete*, I. p. 134.

(102) Those who were obliged to keep awake all night were proverbially said "to sing a catch on their post," because the Athenian sentinels used to do so, in order to prevent themselves from going to sleep unawares.—*Greek note*

SOCRATES.

What are you doing, fellow? Are you thinking?

STREPSIADES.

I? Yes, by Neptune.

SOCRATES.

What then are your thoughts?

STREPSIADES.

Whether the bugs will leave a bit of me.

725

SOCRATES.

I'll *do* for you!

STREPSIADES.

But I'm already done for.

SOCRATES.

Don't be discouraged; wrap the clothes about ye;
For you must seek a roguish understanding,
And cozening soul.

STREPSIADES.

Alas, who'll cover me

With the coarse *rugged rugs of roquery*?

730

SOCRATES.

Come, now; I'll peep, and see what he's about.
Fellow, art sleeping?

STREPSIADES.

No, not I, by Phœbus.

SOCRATES.

Have you discovered aught?

STREPSIADES.

Not I!

SOCRATES.

What, nothing?

STREPSIADES.

Nothing except a flea upon my nose.

SOCRATES.

Wrap up your face, and think of something quick. 735

STREPSIADES.

Concerning what? Do tell me, Sócrates.

SOCRATES.

Do you yourself first tell me what you wish for.

STREPSIADES.

You've heard ten thousand times what are my wishes—
To have to fork out interest to no one.

SOCRATES.

Come, cover up, and slicing small your reason, 740
Little by little ponder your affairs,
Duly dividing and reflecting.

STREPSIADES.

Curse it !

SOCRATES.

Keep quiet.—If you're puzzled by a thought,
Depart, and let it go ; and then again
Rouse it and barricade it in your mind. 745

STREPSIADES.

My dearest little Soccy !

SOCRATES.

Well, old man ?

STREPSIADES.

I've got a scheme to cheat them of the interest.

SOCRATES.

Exhibit it.

STREPSIADES.

Answer this question.

SOCRATES.

Which one?

STREPSIADES.

Suppose I purchased a Thessálian witch,
 And made her draw me down the moon by night;¹⁰¹ 750
 Then shut it up, as if it were a mirror,
 In a round bonnet-box, and kept it there—

SOCRATES.

What service would it do you, friend?

STREPSIADES.

What service?

If the moon rose no longer any where,
 I should not have to pay the interest.

SOCRATES.

Why not? 755

STREPSIADES.

Because the money's lent by the *Lunar Month*.

(103) The witches of Thessaly were particularly potent, and are mentioned in many authors as having been possessed of this extraordinary power. (See *Horace's Epodes*, V 45; VII 4 & 87. *Tibullus*, I. 2, 43. *Lucan*, VI. 499. Most probably in these ancient days, when miracles were so ordinary an occurrence, that they had almost ceased to be considered miraculous, it was sufficient to show the image of the moon in a tub of water, to obtain the credit of having bodily drawn down the moon herself from the firmament. The Greek note on this passage seriously informs us of the following "amusing sport invented" by Pythagoras.—If a person inscribes a mirror in blood with any words that he pleases, and biding somebody else stand behind him, shows the letters to the moon when it is at the full; he that is behind, if he looks stedfastly at the moon's disk, may read every thing that is written upon the mirror upon the surface of the moon.

SOCRATES.

Well said! I'll place a second scheme before you.—
If you were sued for fifteen hundred pounds,
How would you make the action disappear?

STREPSIADES.

How? How? I do not know; but I must seek. 760

SOCRATES.

Now don't crowd up your reason in yourself,
But let your thoughts fly loosely in the air,
Like chafers with their feet confined by threads.¹⁰⁴

STREPSIADES.

I've found a way to make it disappear,
And you yourself must say 'tis monstrous clever! 765

SOCRATES.

What is it?

STREPSIADES.

You have seen i' the chemists' shops
That beautiful transparent gem, from which
They kindle fire?

SOCRATES.

You mean the burning crystal?

STREPSIADES.

I do. Now, what if I got one of these,

(104) Pins not having been invented in these days, the Attic little boys and girls were obliged to tie the thread to the insect's leg, instead of running a pin through its carcase, according to the improved modern practice. During the present rage for legislation on every conceivable subject, a bill might be conveniently introduced into Parliament, constituting it a misdemeanour "to fly "cockchafers by any other than the ancient Athénian method—except from "motives of necessity, charity, or religion."

And, when the Clerk was writing out the Bill, 770
 Stood at a distance in the sunshine thus—
 And melted every letter in the tablet?¹⁰⁵

SOCRATES.

That's clever, by the Graces, sir!

STREPSIADES.

Confound it.

How pleased I am at having quashed a suit
 For fifteen hundred pounds so easily!

SOCRATES.

Come, mind and snap up this directly.

STREPSIADES.

What? 775

SOCRATES.

How would you turn aside the Opponents' action,
 If, from a total lack of witnesses,
 You were about to have it given against you?

(105) The "tablet," of course, is to be understood to have been a board covered with wax, on which they scratched the letters with a metallic pen. Every one has read the story about Archimedes having set on fire the ships of the besiegers of Syracuse by enormous burning-glasses, if we may so call them, which are supposed to have been, not simple lenses, but hollow metallic pyramids, the inside of which was highly polished, so as to collect the rays of the sun in a focus. In modern times some of the most stubborn substances have been liquified by similar means. To return to Strepsiades's wonderful scheme — Athenæus tells us, "that a celebrated writer of parodies and comedies, named Hegemon, had a suit once brought against him at Athens. Being a friend, however, of the wealthy and powerful Alcibiades, he persuaded him, as well as a whole troop of actors, to follow him to the hall where the notice of the suit was posted, when the young nobleman coolly wetted his finger in his mouth, and obliterated every letter of the document. The Clerk and the Ruler were in a great rage, but kept quiet through fear of Alcibiades, and as to the plaintiff, he actually ran away in a mortal fright." (P. 407.) In this case the notice must have been "written" in the modern sense of the word.

STREPSIADES.

Most readily and easily. — — —

SOCRATES.

Explain.

STREPSIADES.

If, when there still remained upon the list
One cause to try, before they called on mine,
I were to run away and hang myself.

780

SOCRATES.

Pooh, you're a fool.

STREPSIADES.

I'm not ; when I am dead,
Who'll bring an action into Court against me ?

SOCRATES.

Dolt ! Go ! I won't instruct you any longer.

[Kicks him off the couch.]

STREPSIADES.

Why not ? Yes, do, for god's sake, Sócrates.

SOCRATES.

But you forget directly what you've learnt.

785

Now what was the first thing I taught you ? Tell me.

STREPSIADES.

Let's see, what was the first ? What was the first ?

What did we call the bird with the long bill ? ¹⁰⁶

What did we call it ?

SOCRATES.

Go and hang yourself,

You most forgetful and most stupid dotard.

790

(106) See above, l. 670—680.

STREPSIADES.

Confound the thing, what will become of me ?
 I shall be lost, unless I learn to tongue-twist.
 My dearest Clouds, give me some good advice.

CHORUS.

The advice we give is this, old gentleman—
 If you are blest with any grown-up son, 795
 Dispatch him here to learn, instead of you.

STREPSIADES.

Aye, I have got a fine frank-hearted fellow,
 But he is loath to learn. What *must* I do ?

CHORUS.

Do *you* allow this ?

STREPSIADES.

Yes ; he's strong and plump,
 And of the soaring dames of Cœsyra.¹⁰⁷ 800
 But I'll go seek him ; and if he refuses,
 By all the gods I'll drive him from my house !

(*To SOCRATES*).

Step in and wait for me a little while.

[*Exit STREPSIADES into his house.*]

CHORUS (*to SOCRATES*).

Do you perceive the wealthy prize
 You'll gain from us good deities ? 805
 The fool's prepared to carry through
 Whatever you may bid him do.

(107) See above, Note 12.

Make haste, and while he's no pretense

To reason or to common sense,

810

Lick out of the deluded man

✱

As much good gravy as you can ;

For in such matters you'll discern

The tide of feeling often turn.

[Exit SOCRATES into his house.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Same.*

Enter STREPSIADES and PHIDIPPIDES from the former's house. STREPSIADES substitutes a huge Jar in the place of the statue of Mércury before his house, and then addresses his Son.

STREPSIADES.

By Mist, you shan't stay here, sir, any longer ;
So go and dine on Mégacles's columns.¹⁰⁸

815

PHIDIPPIDES.

O my good father, what's the matter with you ?
You must be crazed, by the Olýmpian Jove !

STREPSIADES (*laughing*).

Olýmpian Jove ! What foolishness, for one
As old as you are, to believe in Jove !

PHIDIPPIDES.

What was it made you laugh at this ?

(108) Mégacles was his maternal uncle.—See l. 46.

STREPSIADES.

The thought 820

That you're a child, yet have old-fashioned notions.
 Come here to me, and I will teach you better,
 And tell you what will make a *man* of you ;
 Mind and don't mention this to any body.

PHIDIPPIDES.

Well, well ; what is't ?

STREPSIADES.

You swore by Jove just now ? 825

PHIDIPPIDES.

I did.

STREPSIADES.

Observe how fine a thing is learning !
 There is no Jove, my son.

PHIDIPPIDES.

Who is there then ?

STREPSIADES (*pointing to the Jar*).“ Jar ” is now king, and has dethroned old Jove.¹⁰⁹

PHIDIPPIDES.

Bah ! Why d'ye jest ?

STREPSIADES.

I tell you that it is so.

PHIDIPPIDES.

And who asserts it ?

E

(109) See above, l. 380.

STREPSIADES.

Sócrates of Melos,¹¹⁰ 830And Chaérephon, who knows the steps of fleas.¹¹¹

PHIDIPPIDES.

And have you got to such a pitch of madness,
As to believe such crack-brained chaps as those?

STREPSIADES.

Be civil, pray, and use no vulgar language
Towards men of wit and mind; who are so thrifty, 835
That none of them has ever had his hair cut,
Or oiled his skin, or gone into a Bagnio;
While *you*, sir, bathe my goods away, as if
I were deceased, and you were heir to all.—
Now go and learn instead of me directly.

PHIDIPPIDES.

What useful knowledge could one get from *them*? 840

(110) Melos was a little island in the *Ægean* Sea—the only one there except Thera not subject to the Athenians. Seven years after the first representation of this play, it was reduced by an Athenian force, the women and children were enslaved, and all the adult males barbarously put to death (See some admirable observations on this subject in Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III. p. 357—362.) It has been before mentioned, how jealously the rights of citizenship were watched in Attica, and how great a reproach it was to throw out the least hint, that any body had foreign blood in his veins. Socrates, however, had no flaw of this kind in his genealogy. The epithet “of Melos,” is here intended to allude to the philosopher Diagoras of Melos, who had made himself peculiarly obnoxious to the Athenians by his general impiety, and especially by his divulging some of the Sacred Mysteries, insomuch, that a price of 300*l.* was set upon his head, and double that sum offered to any body who might bring him in alive. (See *Birds*, l. 1073.) The Greek note on this passage tells us, that the occasion of his impiety, was his having been cheated out of a sum of money by the person with whom he had deposited it, and adds the following anecdote of him. He was one day in a public-house, where they happened to have no firewood to boil his dinner. Observing, however, a wooden statue of the god Hercules in the room, “Come now,” says the atheist, “accomplish your thirteenth labour, “Hercules, and boil my porridge for me!”

(111) See above, l. 144.

STREPSIADES.

Are you in earnest? Every human science!
 But you shall see how dull and thick you are.
 Just wait for me a little while out here.

[Exit STREPSIADES into his house.]

PHIDIPPIDES.

What must I do, now that my father's crazed?
 Take out a writ of lunacy against him, 845
 Or tell the Undertakers of his madness?

*[Re-enter STREPSIADES, with a turkey-cock in one
 hand, and a turkey-hen in the other.]*

STREPSIADES.

Let's see—inform me, what you call this bird.

PHIDIPPIDES.

A turkey.

STREPSIADES.

Very well. And what is this one?

PHIDIPPIDES.

A turkey.

STREPSIADES.

Both the same? Ridiculous!

Mind now and call the female for the future 850
 A "turkeyess," and this, that's male, a "turker."

PHIDIPPIDES.

A "turkeyess?" Are these the clever things
 The Earth-born Giants taught you in their house? ¹¹²

(112) Phidippides impertinently calls the philosophers "earth-born," because the "Thinking-shop" was represented on the stage as a low, dark, dismal cellar.

STREPSIADES.

Aye, boy, and many more; but from my years
I instantly forgot whate'er I learnt.

855

PHIDIPPIDES.

Is that the reason, too, you've lost your coat?

STREPSIADES.

I have not *lost*, but *studied it away*.

PHIDIPPIDES.

Where have you put your boots, you foolish fellow?

STREPSIADES.

I spent them "for a needful end," like Péricles.—¹¹³

But come now, let's proceed; e'en though you err, 860

Yield to your father, as *he* yielded once

To *you*,—a lisping child of six years old,—

(113) When Attica was invaded by a Peloponnesian army twenty-two years before the first exhibition of this Comedy, Péricles induced the young Spartan King, Plistonax, and his maturer counsellor, Cleandridas, to draw off their forces, before they had near ravaged the whole Attic territory, by bribing the latter with a sum which is variously stated at 3,000*l.*, 4,500*l.*, 6,000*l.*, and 15,000*l.* But in tenderness towards the traitors, when he presented his accounts to the Public Assembly, he put down this item as expended "for a needful end," without expressly mentioning the purpose to which it had been applied. The people, however, perfectly understood his meaning, and so it appears did the Spartan government too. For they inflicted such a severe fine, 4,500*l.*, upon their Monarch, that he was obliged to fly the country; while they condemned Cleandridas to death, in which case, as was usual, his estate was confiscated. The latter, we are told, shrank from the investigation before judgment was passed, and retired into a voluntary exile, carrying with him, no doubt, a considerable portion of his ill-gotten wealth. Boeckh oddly enough states, that Aristophanes here "misunderstands and ridicules an item in the account of Péricles," which he had rendered in his capacity of general, although in this instance "he was free from all blame." That he "ridicules" it, there can be no question; but how it can be shown that he also "misunderstands" it, is not equally evident. *Publ Econ Athens*, I p. 262. See also Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III pp. 41, 42.

When at Jove's feast he purchased you a cart
With the first two-pence that he earned in Court.¹¹⁴

PHIDIPPIDES (*yielding*).

The time will come when you'll repent of this. 865

STREPSIADES.

Bless you for yielding! Sócrates, come out!
I bring you here my son. He has consented,
Reluctantly.

Enter SOCRATES.

SOCRATES.

Yes, for he's still an infant;
Nor have the hanging-shelves we hang on, taught him
To be a-stocking ever of the mind.

PHIDIPPIDES (*to* SOCRATES).

You'd be a stocking, if they hung you up! 870

STREPSIADES.

Go to the deuce! Do you abuse your master?

SOCRATES.

Pshaw! "If they hung you up!" How sillily,
And with what gaping-open lips he spoke!
How can a youth so self-willed ever learn
The intricate Acquittal, or the Summons,
Or the Laxation Suasive?¹¹⁵ Yet Hybérbolus 875
Paid me three hundred pounds to learn all this.

(114) The pay of a juryman was originally twopence, but during the time when Aristóphanes wrote, always sixpence. The step was made at once from the former to the latter sum.—See Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. pp. 311—314. The passage from *Pollux*, (VIII. 113,) there quoted, clearly refers to the Fund for the Public Spectacles.

(115) This last branch of the Socrátic discipline, is purposely enveloped in

STREPSIADES.

Teach him, and never fear. He's a great genius.
 As soon as he was grown as high as this, [*Making a sign.*
 He moulded houses, and carved ships at home,
 And manufactured little leathern carts, 880
 And made queer frogs out of pomegranate shells.
 Mind that he learns both the two famous Causes—
 The Stronger, what-d'ye-call-'um, and the Weaker,
 That's in the wrong, yet overturns the Stronger.
 If not, by all means teach him the Unjust one. 885

SOCRATES.

The Causes Twain shall teach your son in person.

STREPSIADES.

Then I'll be off; remember, you're to make him
 Able to answer all just arguments.

[*Exit STREPSIADES.*]

SCENE II. *The Same.*

*Enter THE JUST CAUSE and THE UNJUST CAUSE,¹¹⁶ the
 former in mean, the latter in rich apparel.*

THE JUST CAUSE.

Come here and exhibit yourself, as you're told,
 To the audience, though so disgustingly bold. 890

obscure and mystical language, like a great deal of the ancient philosophy, which was frequently obliged to conceal its rottenness by a most copious daubing of fine, flaring verbiage.

(116) The Greek note tells us, that the two Causes appeared upon the stage in wicker coops, sparring at each other like game-cocks. Had this really been

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

Lead on to the stage. If I argue before
The people, you'll find I shall beat you much more.¹¹⁷

THE JUST CAUSE.

You beat me? Who are ye?

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

A Cause.

THE JUST CAUSE.

Yes, the Weaker.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

But although, as you say, you're the Stronger Speaker,
I conquer you.

THE JUST CAUSE.

How? By what crafty device? 895

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

By inventing expressions both novel and nice.

THE JUST CAUSE.

Expressions which gain an unworthy repute
By the means of these fools.

[Points to the audience.]

the case, Aristóphanes was not the sort of writer to lose the opportunity of introducing some allusion to the "combs," the "spurs," or the "wattles" of the combatants. (Compare *Knights*, l. 490—497.) Moreover, in line 1035, the Just Cause is expressly called a "man," and in line 1103, he throws his "coat" amongst the spectators.

(117) The amiable and virtuous Hippólytus complains in Eurípides's play of that name;—

"I am not skilled to speak before a crowd,
"But rather to address a few young friends.
"For thus 'tis lawed by fate—those whom the wise
"Consider dull, the crowd consider clever."

(l. 986—989.)

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

They are sages, you brute.

THE JUST CAUSE.

I will *do* for you !

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

How ?

THE JUST CAUSE.

By asserting what's just. 900

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

But my answer shall prostrate your speech in the dust ;—
There's no justice existing !

THE JUST CAUSE.

Are Justice's rods

A nonentity ?

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

Where does she dwell ?

THE JUST CAUSE.

With the gods.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

If she dwells with them, how is it Júpiter's brains
Are not dashed out for putting his father in chains ?¹¹⁸ 905

THE JUST CAUSE.

Bah, bah ! Your ideas are beginning to hasten
From filthy to filthier. Give me a basin !

(118) The mythological legend related, that Júpiter had dethroned his father Saturn, and thrust him down into the lowest abyss of hell. This, however, was but a righteous retaliation, as the old gentleman had previously served his own father, 'Uranus, or Heaven, in pretty nearly the same sort of way. The Just Cause would find it rather difficult here to answer the arguments of his opponent, and therefore very prudently pretends to be sick. Any antiquated dotard, whose

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

You're a doating old fool and an underbred slave !

THE JUST CAUSE.

You're a blackguardly scamp and an impudent knave !

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

What roses you speak !

THE JUST CAUSE.

And a lowlived buffoon ! 910

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

What lilies for me !

THE JUST CAUSE.

And a parricide loon !

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

You're unwittingly showering gold on my head.

THE JUST CAUSE.

Such expressions were formerly thought to be lead.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

They are compliments now, and as such let them pass.

THE JUST CAUSE.

You are preciously bold !

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

You're an oldfashioned ass ! 915

THE JUST CAUSE.

It is you who have made it the general rule

That lads are averse from the going to school ;¹¹⁹

ideas were thought to belong to the ancient *régime*, was nicknamed a "Saturn" by the Athénians ; we shall have an instance twenty-three lines below.

(119) Shakspeare little thought, when he so graphically described his young gentleman, as

"Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school,"

that it was this quaint, newfangled, Unjust Cause which generated the indisposition on the part of the body to being flogged for the benefit of the soul.

And some time or other the Athénians will find
What stuff you instil in the puerile mind.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

You are shabbily clothed.

THE JUST CAUSE.

You are handsomely dressed ; 920
Yet you once were a beggar, and boldly confessed
You were Mýsian Téléphus, ¹⁰⁰ stuffing your gullet
With the blackguardly thoughts that you took from your
wallet.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

Confound it ! What wit you attribute to me ! 925

THE JUST CAUSE.

Confound it ! How fearfully mad you must be !
And how crazy the town that allows your untruths
To corrupt the ingenuous minds of its youths !

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

You oldfashioned Saturn, you'll certainly miss
The office of teaching a scholar like this !

THE JUST CAUSE.

No, not if he longs for a prosperous fate, 930
And despises the studying nothing but prate.

THE UNJUST CAUSE (to PHIDIPPIDES).

Come here, and allow the old dotard to rave.

THE JUST CAUSE.

If you venture to touch him, you'll catch it, you knave !

(120) The reader has already seen this beggarly hero of the poet Euripides most unmercifully ridiculed in the *Achærians*, l. 430, &c.

CHORUS.

Leave off the contention and strife, and do *you*
Relate what you taught to the oldfashioned crew ; 935
And *you*, sir, the newfangled studies, that so
He may judge to which master 'tis better to go.

THE JUST CAUSE.

I consent to the plan.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

I am willing to do't.

CHORUS.

Come, which of the two shall begin the dispute ? 940

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

I will give up the right to this querulous blade ;
And then, from the very assertions he's made,
I will shoot him, and wound him, and mangle his flesh,
With words that are modern and thoughts that are fresh ;
Till at length, if he venture in any one case 945
To open his lips, he shall mourn it ;
For my phrases shall fly out, and sting his whole face
And his eyes, with the rage of a hornet.

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

Now, now will the sages, who trust
To their clever ideas and orations, 950
And repel the antagonist's thrust
With sentiment-forged lucubrations,
Shew which is most able to reach
The flowers of eloquent speech.
And now is the perilous fight 955
For that triumph in wit and invention,

Which all my admirers delight
 To pursue with unwearied contention.
 O thou who adornedst the nations of old
 With many a virtuous custom ;
 Speak ! Tell us the schemes thou pursuedst, and unfold
 The method thou tookst to adjust 'em. 960

SCENE III.

THE JUST CAUSE.

I will give you a history, as I'm desired,
 Of the methods by which education
 Was anciently managed, when *I* was admired,
 And sobriety, too, was in fashion.
 First, every boy was as still as a mouse,
 Not daring to say one iota ;
 And next, they were marched by the roads,—each house
 In the hamlet affording its quota,—
 In an orderly troop to the Harpmaster's school,—¹²¹
 Stripped, though it was snowing like flour ; ¹²² 965
 Where, with bodies decorously placed on the stool,
 They warbled with sweetness and power

(121) The ordinary course of a young Athenian's education was, 1st, reading and writing ; 2dly, the harp and music in general, 3dly, gymnastic exercises. In modern Europe we take pretty good care of the mental faculties, but the poor body is usually left to shift for itself as well as it can.

(122) A little snow occasionally falls in modern Attica, but it never lies long on the ground. The climate is one of the mildest in Greece.

Either "Pallas the terrible sacker of towns!"¹²³

Or, "Rouse the far-echoing ditty!"

In the style they received from the good old clowns,
Who were formerly known to the city.

But if one of them played the jack-pudding, or tried

Those quavers, that turn one anew sick, 971

As oft as they're heard from the moderns, his hide
Was basted for spoiling good music.¹²⁴

In the Wrestling-school, also, the boys, as they sat,
Were instructed to hold themselves rightly,

And retain such decorous attitudes, that

They exhibited nothing unsightly;

And when they arose to level the dust,

And efface the impression their bodies 975

Had formed, that it might not be seen and discussed

By foolish, inquisitive noddies.¹²⁵

(123) The Greek note-writer furnishes us with a few more lines of this song, which, he says, was a composition of one Lámprocles, a son of Midon.

"Pallas, the terrible sacker of towns,

"The provoker of slaughter!

"Pallas I call on, the scourge of the clowns!

"Pallas, the horse-taming goddess of frowns!

"Jove's virgin-eyed daughter!"

The fragment quoted in the next verse of the text, he tells us, was by Cýdæa, a harper of Hermione; but he does not favour us with any more of it.

(124) "Thou art one of those," says the indignant outlaw of the GAKAR NOVELIST, "who with new French graces or tralimas dost disturb the ancient English bagle-notes. Prior, that last flourish on the recheat hath added fifty crowns to thy ransom, for corrupting the old true manly blasts of venerie."—*Jeanhoe*, quoted by Mr. Mitchell.

(125) The Grecian custom was to wrestle naked, whereby their hides got as brown as an old weather-beaten sailor's face. When Agesilaus wished to inspire a contempt for the Asiatics amongst his soldiers, he exposed some barbarian prisoners naked for sale, and pointed out the fairness of their carcases as a fair subject for the ridicule of his hardy Spartans.

No lads in those days would anoint their shins,
 Or their knees, or their hips, or their breeches ;
 But, blooming with health, their roseate skins
 Were as dewy and downy as peaches.
 Nor would any with soft and effeminate voice
 Coax presents from all who were able 980
 To give them ; nor were they permitted the choice
 Of the heart of the cabbage at table ;
 Nor to snatch the dill and the celery¹²⁶
 From their very father or mother ;
 Nor to gormandise thrushes or fish,¹²⁷ nor to lie
 With their legs crossed one on the other.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

What out-of-date obsolete nonsense ! How full
 Of old-fashioned grasshopper-brooches,¹²⁸
 And Cecides's lays, and the Feast of the Bull !¹²⁹

THE JUST CAUSE.

Yet, in spite of your sneers and reproaches, 985

(126) These were considered delicacies. Eubolus, the comic writer says—

" Although there's porridge there, they always dine

" On dill, and celery, and trumpery.

" And cresses scientifically dressed."

Athenæus, p. 347

(127) The term here translated " fish " properly signifies any thing that they ate with their bread, &c. ; and as fish was the most usual article employed for this purpose, it came to signify " fish " in particular. In the dialect of modern Greece, strange to say, the same word, slightly altered in form, (*psária*) is applied to *live fish* as they swim about in the sea. It is evident that it cannot mean " dainties in general " here, because " neither thrushes nor dainties " would be as absurd as " neither turbot's nor fish."

(128) Anciently worn by the Athenians. — See *Knights*, note 190.

(129) Cecides was an ancient Dithyrambic poet, whose verses were probably a little out of date at this period. The " Feast of the Bull " called likewise " the Feast of the Civic Jupiter," was an ancient festival, at which oxen had

It was *these* regulations that trained up the folks,

Who conquered in Márathon's battle :

It is *yours* that envelope the striplings in cloaks,

As soon as they part with the rattle.¹³⁰

I am choaked, when the youths, who should dance at the
feast

Of Minérva with stark-naked bodies,

Make use of their shields but to keep off the blast,

And neglect the Tritónian goddess.¹³¹

So chuse me, young man, with a confident face—

Me, who am the Cause that's the Stronger ; 990

And you'll learn to dislike the Market-place,

And to go to the Hot-baths no longer ;

And when shameful expressions are used, to be shamed ;

And to blush, if a person should jeer you ;

And to rise from the seat you have hitherto claimed,

If you see your seniors near you ;

And never by word or by deed to behave

Like a wicked undutiful son, or

been sacrificed for the first time, it having previously been unlawful to offer them up to the gods. Like most of the saints' days in our Calendar, it was in the poet's age, somewhat the worse for wear.

(130) The old gentleman in the *Wasps*, who is at last persuaded by his son to adopt the fashions of the day, expresses the utmost disgust at the thick fleecy cloak which he is compelled to put on.—*Wasps* l. 1133, &c.

(131) Minérva was so called, from a river Triton, and a lake Tritonis, in Africa, near which she had a temple. (See the *Furies* of Æschylus, l. 293.) The Romans also had a feast,—that of Pan,—in which young men ran stark-naked about the city with whips, while all the married ladies crowded to receive castigation from them, under the idea that it promoted fertility !

Do any thing base, as you mean to engrave

On your heart the image of Honour :¹²

: 356

Or enough to force some dancing-girl's door.

'Love, engraven is the base occupation.

You are hit by an apple that's sent by a whore.¹³

And fall from your high reputation :

Or disgrace the countenance of your father, or call

The grey-haired an outlandish dunc.

From a grudge you conceived, when, sturdy and tall

He supported your feet as they tottered

THE UNJUST CATTLE

By Bacchus, young man, if you swallow down

This fellow's ridiculous twaddle,

1600

You'll resemble Hippocrates' sons,¹⁴ and the town

Will pronounce you a mammysick coddle.

(132) " All mankind have altars consecrated to Justice and Good Govern-
ment and Honour, the most beautiful and holy of which are engrained in the
very soul and nature of each individual, while others are erected for public
worship. But there are none dedicated to Shamelessness, to Informing, to
Perjury, to Ingratitude, all which qualities cleave to this wretch."—Democ-
ritus's *Pleadings against Aristogiton*, p. 780.

(133) The well-known verses of Virgil may be thus translated :—

" Romp Gaïatée piles

" Poor me with an apple, and, cunning

" Rogue ! to the willow-bed flies,

" And longs to be seen as she's running."—*Eclap.* III. 64.

(134) These youths were called Telesíppus, Démophon, and Périclea, and, as Galen informs us, they were generally ridiculed by the comic poets for their silliness. From the names Hippocrates and Périclea both prevailing in the family, we may conjecture that it belonged to the noble race of Alcmaeon. (See the genealogy in Note 12.) The great physician Hippocrates was a Coan by birth, and could not therefore have been connected with them. The Greek note favours us with the following fragment of Eúpolis concerning the unfortunate trio :—

" Certain intercalated, useless sons

" Of poor Hippocrates, a bleating brood,

" And most tremendously unfashionable."

THE JUST CAUSE.

You shall live in the Public Walks with a face
 Of a healthy and florid complexion;
 Not chattering forth in the Market-place
 Each thorny-illnatured reflection,
 As the fashion is now to employ one's self there;
 Nor dragged, to your grief and distraction,
 To make your defence in some paltry affair—
 A tough-argument-damnable¹³⁵ action.
 But to the Acadēmy you shall descend,¹³⁶
 And, beneath its divine olive-bushes,¹³⁷

1005

(135) These long compound words are intended to ridicule the Dithyrambic poets. (See *Achænians*, Note 48.) In the *Debatresses*, our author actually out-Dithyrambs the Dithyramb; for we have there an epithet, which, in the original, consists of about eighty-nine syllables!

(136) The Acadēmy and the Lycæum were two of the most celebrated "Public Walks" in the outskirts of Athens. Places of this description were not mere gardens, but contained large and spacious buildings, which were opened gratis for the accommodation of the public. In England we have no word which exactly expresses the idea; and, what is still worse, we have not the thing. But a better spirit seems now gradually arising, and the next generation may perhaps find, that the healthful recreation of the lower orders is not considered entirely beneath the notice of their lords and masters.

(137) There were great numbers of sacred olive-trees, not only on the public lands, but also scattered over the country on the estates of private citizens. The produce of them was paid as a rent to the State. Any person who dug up one, however decayed it might be, was subject to the penalty of death; and even if he cultivated the land within a certain distance of it, he was liable to be fined. There is a speech still extant, written by the orator Lysias, to defend a person who had been accused of having rooted up the old stump of one of these sacred trees. (See that oration, and Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, II. p. 13.) During the Spartan invasions of the Attic territory, the groves of the Acadēmy were spared; but the ancients themselves were not agreed, whether it was on account of some tradition connected with the succours which the descendants of Hércules had received at Athens, or whether the enemy "respected" the sanctity of the olive-trees, which, according to the Attic legend, had been "planted here with olives, taken from that which first sprang up in the Citadel" at the bidding of Minerva."—Thirlwall's *Hist. Greece*, III. p. 134.

Run races along with a modest young friend,
 Adorned with a chaplet of rushes,
 And smelling of woodbine and heart's-ease so bright,
 And the leaf-shedding¹³⁸ poplar, and eyeing
 The advance of the spring-time with looks of delight,
 When the plane to the elm-tree is sighing.¹³⁹
 If you follow the course I am talking about,
 And are diligent also, your breast will be stout, 1010
 Your skin will be ruddy, your arms will be strong,
 Your tongue will be short, and your legs will be long.
 But if you should practise the fashions, that now
 Prevail in the world, with an unabashed brow; 1015
 In the first place, depend on't, your skin will be white,
 Your arms will be weak, and your breast will be slight,
 Your tongue will be long, and your legs will be short,
 And you'll fill the whole Pnyx with the "Bill" that you
 sport.
 And moreover he'll make you believe in your heart
 That baseness is virtue, and virtue is baseness; 1020
 And stuff you and cram you in every part
 With Antímachus' filthy unchasteness.¹⁴⁰

(138) Why the poplar is here called "leaf-shedding" is not very easy to explain; "leaf-shaking" would seem a much more appropriate epithet. I think I have noticed, however, that the different species of poplar are peculiarly subject to lose their leaves in high winds. It is the *white* poplar that is meant by Aristóphanes.

(139) I cannot resist the temptation of translating some beautiful lines from the *Woings of Daphnis and his Mistress*, by Theócritus:—

"DAMSEL. Hoolie, ye haverel! I hear
 "A noise; there is somebody comin'!
 "DAPHNIS. No, 'tis the cypresses, dear,
 "To each ither thy weddin'-rites hummin'."

(140) Respecting this person, see *Achárnians*, Note 126. The Greek note-

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

O thou whose philosophy towers
 To the skies with a sweet ostentation ; 1025
 What modest and elegant flowers
 Are scattercd about thy oration !
 How blest were the people of yore,
 When thou ruledst on mountain and shore !
 Now therefore I charge ye, do you, 1030
 Whose phrases are wittily rounded,
 Say something in answer that's new ;
 For your rival's success is unbounded.
 You'll have to choose a cunning plan,
 And keep your tongue well guided,
 If you intend to beat the man,
 And not to get derided. 1035

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

His speech has made my belly ache ;
 I long to use exertions
 To make his stupid doctrines quake
 By contrary assertions.—
 I have been called the “ Weaker Cause,”
 Because I first invented

writer on this passage, pretending to be very learned, says “ that there were five “ Antímachus'es ; the first a handsome rake, who is the one here alluded to ; the “ second a rascal ; the third nicknamed ‘ Drop ;’ the fourth a banker, mentioned “ by Eúpolis ; the fifth a historian, who perhaps is the same with the first.” If this worthy grammarian had referred to the passage in the *Achárnians*, he might have found out likewise, that the third was the same as the fifth ; for the “ son “ of Drop” is there called also “ the writer of prose and of songs.” In all probability there was but one individual of the name in the days of Aristóphanes and Eúpolis, who was both a rascally rake, and a handsome banker, and an inditer of prose and poetry, and nicknamed “ Drop” to boot.

The way to speak against the laws,
 To which the rest assented. 1040
 And this is worth ten thousand pound—
 To chuse with courage glorious
 The weaker side, and yet be found
 At last to be victorious.
 See how I'll rout his rules for youth
 With unexpected slaughter!
 He says you're not to bathe, forsooth,
 Your person in hot water.

(*To THE JUST CAUSE.*)

Now what d'ye mean by arguing
 That hot-baths are untoward? 1045

THE JUST CAUSE.

That they're a most unwholesome thing,
 And make a man a coward.⁽¹⁴¹⁾

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

Stop! For I've got you round the waist!⁽¹⁴²⁾
 I'll make you cry, "Oh dear oh!"
 Which of Jove's offspring, to your taste,
 Has proved the bravest hero,

(141) It is to the immoderate use of hot-baths, and the enervating ideas generated by the promiscuous assemblage of young girls, of the same age, in an atmosphere of extraordinarily high temperature, that the premature decay of female beauty at the present day, throughout the East, is attributed by the best judges. A Greek girl of twenty-five, is as old to all appearance as an English-woman of fifty. Whether the similar frailness of the personal charms of the North American ladies may be assigned to the same cause, remains to be shown.

(142) A metaphor drawn from the Wrestling-house. See *Achærians*, Note 68.

And reaped the greenest bays in war,
And undergone most labours ?

THE JUST CAUSE.

I think that Hércules is far
Superior to his neighbours. 1050

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

And where d'ye see "Hercúlean Baths,"¹⁴³
The springs of which are frigid ?
Yet who e'er trod in manly paths
With constancy more rigid ?

THE JUST CAUSE.

This is the talk which daily flows
From the young men, and rouses
Their pride, and crowds the Bagnios,
And drains the Wrestling-houses !

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

Besides, you blame most bitterly
The haunting *Public Places*,
As markets and the like. Now I
Approve it in all cases ; 1055
For if 'twas wrong, we shouldn't have scanned,
In Homer's moral pages,

(143) Natural hot-springs were generally called by this name in Greece, and were sacred to Hércules ; as, for instance, the celebrated ones from which the Pass of Thermópylæ took its name. (*Herod.* VII. 176.) The old legends generally related, that they had been raised up by some god or goddess to refresh the hero after his toilsome labours. Some very interesting illustrations of this subject will be found in my friend Mr. Pashley's *Travels in Crete*, I. p. 92, &c.

How Nestor spoke *in public*, and

The other ancient sages.—

Now I'll return unto the Tongue,

Which—as the real fact is—

It is the duty of the young

To exercise and practise ;

Though *he* maintains in this dispute

[*Pointing to THE JUST CAUSE.*

They ought to check its revels,

And praises Modesty to boot—

Two of the greatest evils !

1060

For who has e'er in any place

Gained aught by being modest ?

Tell me ; and I'll allow my case

Is somewhat of the oddest.

THE JUST CAUSE.

Why, many men ; it was by this

That Peleus got his dagger.¹⁴⁴

(144) There ran an ancient legend, that the hero Peleus, who afterwards became the father of Achilles, by the Oceanic goddess, Thetis, had been solicited by the fair and faithless wife of Acástus, king of Iólcos, at whose court he was staying, in the same manner as the Jewish Joseph was by Potiphar's spouse. His virtue, however, passed through the fiery trial with equal credit ; on which the indignant lady accused him to her husband, of having forcibly attempted to do the very thing for *his own* pleasure, that she had in reality desired him to do for *hers*. Acástus, we are told, did not choose to slay him, as he was his guest, but taking him out, under pretence of hunting, upon a mountain full of wild beasts, stripped him of his arms, and there left him to his fate, exclaiming, "If you are innocent, you will be saved." The gods thereupon, who knew the falsehood of the charge that had been preferred, immediately sent down Mércury to him, with a splendid dagger of Vulcan's fabrication, by which he was enabled to preserve his life from the attacks of the ferocious animals which surrounded him.—*Greck note.*

THE UNJUST CAUSE (*sneeringly*).

A dagger? What unheard-of bliss

For the poor wretched beggar!

Hybérbolus,—I can't deny,—

The Lampseller, bagged coolly

1065

Some thousands by his roguery;¹⁴⁵

But not a dagger truly!

THE JUST CAUSE.

And Peleus won fair Thetis through

His modesty, moreover.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

And then she left his house, and flew

Away from her dull lover,

Because he slept too sound of nights—

A perfect moral pattern!

The sex delights in amorous fights,

You obsolete horse-Saturn!¹⁴⁶

1070

• (To PHIDIPPIDES.)

Now just turn over in your mind,

Young man, how many pleasures

You lose at once, if you're confined

To sober, modest measures.

(145) Respecting Hybérbolus, see *Achárnians*, Note 92. The Greek note on this passage tells us, that he used to pour lead into his bronze lamps, and thus, in consequence of their weight, obtain a greater price for them than they were worth.

(146) See above, Note 118, respecting the use of the term "Saturn." The "horse" is added, to denote *excess* or *magnitude*. So we might say in English— "There was a great horse-godmother of a woman there, who was so fond of horse-play, that, while I was asleep, she filled my mouth with horse-radish, my pockets with horse-chestnuts, and my boots with horse-leeches; and then woke me by setting up a most tremendous horse-laugh."

There's wine and women, mirth and ease,
 Sports, banquets, giggling, toying :
 If you're to live deprived of these,
 What is there worth enjoying ?
 Well, now I come to where our frail
 And feeble nature's wanting— 1075
 You err, you love, and you prevail,
 And then you're caught gallanting—
 You're done for, as you cannot speak—
 But if you've had my precious
 Instructions, then indulge each freak,
 Leap, laugh, think nothing vicious !
 For though you're caught gallanting, and
 Receive the cuckold's curse for't,
 You'll prove by arguments off-hand,
 That he is none the worse for't ; 1080
 Then throw the blame on Jove ; " he, too,
 " Succumbs to love and woman ;
 " Is *he* to be surpassed by *you*—
 " The heavenly by the human ? " "

(147) The multifarious amours of Jove are well known to the students of that very useful book, Lempriere's *Classical Dictionary*. Like the argument urged above, (l. 903,) it would have been very difficult indeed to refute this reasoning, without denying the truth of the Pagan Mythology, which was one of the very things for which the followers of The Unjust Cause were so bitterly reviled. The commentators have pointed out some lines in the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, which bear a strong resemblance to these of our author's. They occur where the old nurse is endeavouring to persuade Phædra to indulge her criminal passion for her step-son.

" Those who possess the writings of the ancients,
 " And are themselves the scholars of the Muses,
 " Know that Jove lunged for Semele's fair arms,

THE JUST CAUSE.

What if his breech is plucked, and *black*ed,
 And radished,¹⁴⁸ though he brag hard?
 How will he prove that such a fact
 Don't constitute the *blackguard*?

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

And if he *is* a blackguard, where's the ill?

1085

"And know that beaming eyed Auróra snatched
 "Young Céphalus to heaven to soothe her love."

L. 431-438

"'Tis nothing else but insolence, to try
 "To be superior to the deities."

L. 474, 475.

They have likewise referred to a passage in the *Trojan Damsels* of the same poet, in which Helen thus excuses her *escapade* with Paris.

"What business had I to desert my house
 "And country, and elope with foreigner?—
 "Fool! Punish Venus, and surpass great Jove,
 "Who is the master of the other gods,
 "But slave of her! Then may not I be pardoned!"

L. 946—950.

The following verses, from Terence's *Eunuch*, are also adduced as an illustration; Chærea is relating how he was encouraged to attempt the chastity of a damsel committed to his charge.

"While they're preparing things, the lovely maid
 "Sits in the parlour, looking at a picture,
 "Which represented how great Jove of yore
 "Poured into Dánaë's young lap a shower
 "Of solid gold. I, also, then began
 "To look at it, and since he long ago
 "Had played a similar prank, my mind rejoiced
 "More hugely, that a god had turned himself
 "To price, and sneaked through other people's ties,
 "And choused a woman in the shape of rain—
 "And what a god! The one that makes the furies
 "Of the high heavens tremble with his thunder!—
 "And must not I—a paltry human creature—
 "Act as he did!—I'll do it willingly!"

Act III. Scene 5

(148) An Athénian law enacted, "that he that catches an adulterer in the
 "fact, may impose any arbitrary punishment" (Potter's *Antiq. Greece*, 1
 p. 161.) The Romans sometimes used a kind of mullet, which had a prickly
 back-fin like the perch, for the same purpose as that for which the horse-radish
 was employed by the less ingenious inhabitants of Attica.

THE JUST CAUSE.

How could you give him a more nauseous pill?

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

What will you say, if I should prove you're wrong?

THE JUST CAUSE.

What else remains for me? I'll hold my tongue.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

Who makes the cleverest barrister?

THE JUST CAUSE.

The dirtiest blackguard.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

I concur.—

1090

And who's the wittiest tragic actor?

THE JUST CAUSE.

The dirtiest blackguard.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

Nought's exacter.—

And who's the greatest orator?

THE JUST CAUSE.

The dirtiest blackguard.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

Would you more?—

1095

And look which party is most dense

Amongst the present audience.

THE JUST CAUSE.

I will.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

Which think you?

THE JUST CAUSE.

By Apóllo,

The tribe of blackguards have it hollow !
 There's one out here, and t'other there, 1100
 And here is one with flowing hair.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

Well then ?

THE JUST CAUSE.

I'm beaten all to dirt.

Ye friends to blackguard courses,
 Here, take my coat ; for I'll desert,

[Throws his coat amongst the audience.]

By heavens, and join your forces.¹⁴⁹

[Exit THE JUST CAUSE.]

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

Enter STREPSIADES.

SOCRATES.

Well, do you choose to take your son away, 1105
 Or would you have me teach him eloquence ?

STREPSIADES.

Teach him and punish him, and pray remember
 You give him a good mouth—one side of it
 Suited for Actions, and the other jaw
 Adapted for affairs of more importance.¹⁵⁰ 1110

(149) The coats of the ancients being built very long in the skirts, when they wished to run very fast, they naturally took them off. Of course, it was particularly requisite for a deserter to give good and sufficient leg-bail.

(150) That is to say, affairs of state. Strepsíades himself had formerly

SOCRATES.

You shall receive him an accomplished sophist.

PHIDIPPIDES.

You mean a miserable pale-faced wretch !

[*Exeunt* SOCRATES, PHIDIPPIDES, and THE UNJUST
CAUSE into SOCRATES'S house, and STREPSIADES
into his own.

CHORUS (*to* STREPSIADES).

Go and enjoy your fancied bliss !

You'll repent, I think, of this.

(*To the Audience.*)

We desire to tell the Judges

All the benefits they'll gain,

1115

If, suppressing paltry grudges,

They assist us might and main.¹³¹

Firstly, if your early ploughers

Are impeded by the drought,

You shall have our first-born showers,

While your neighbours go without.

Secondly, we'll guard the blossom

Of your vines, until 'tis set,

So that neither drought shall cross 'em,

Nor a heavy fall of wet.

1120

declared that he did not wish to employ his mind upon politics, (see l. 433,) but many a man is willing enough to learn that by proxy, which he is too lazy to study in person.

(131) The Chorus, in this elegant little poem, strictly confine themselves to their character of Clouds. The "Judges" are the persons who were appointed to decide on the merits of the rival poets; although it must be evident, that in a democracy like Athens, their opinions would generally coincide with those which they found to prevail amongst the audience. See *Acharnians*, Note 133.

But if any daring mortal
Should despise us goddesses,
Let him hear us now report all
We shall do to spoil his ease.
He shall get no crops of wine, or
Any thing besides that's good,
From his farm ; for when the vine or
Olive-tree is in the bud,
We will blast its promise, breaking
Fruit and flower with iron slings. 1125
Or if we should see him making
Bricks, we'll rain to spoil the things.
And we'll smash the tiles he stations
On his roof, with hail ; and if
He, or one of his relations
Or his friends, should take a wife,
All the night we'll keep on raining ;¹⁵²
So that he, perhaps, will long
E'en for Egypt's cloudless plain, in
Preference to judging wrong." 1130

(152) " It was in the night that the bride was fetched home to her bride-groom's house by the company assembled for the marriage-feast." (*Greek note*) The custom continues to the present day, as will be seen from the following passage. " It was on a Saturday evening that we went with Signore Nicolo to view the nocturnal procession, which always accompanies the bride-groom in escorting his betrothed spouse from the paternal roof to that of her future husband. This consisted of near a hundred of the first persons in Joannina, with a great crowd of torch-bearers, and a band of music."—Hughes's *Travels in Greece*, &c. II. p. 29.

(153) It is a well-known fact that a shower of rain in Lower Egypt, though not quite so great a miracle as a day without rain in England, is yet an extremely rare event. The dews, however, are excessively heavy ; and the annual overflowing of the Nile renders the soil one of the most fertile in the world.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.**Enter STREPSIADES.*

STREPSIADES.

The 5th, the 4th, the 3d, and then the 2d,
And then there comes directly after that
The day I fear, and dread, and execrate
The most of all of them—the Old and New.¹⁵⁴
For every man I chance to owe to, swears 1135
That he will pay the money for a writ,
And ruin me, and double-ruin me ;
Though my requests are moderate and just—
“ Good sir, there’s part you must not ask for now,
“ And part that you must fix another day for,

(154) The Attic month, when it consisted of thirty days, was divided into three periods of ten days each, and in the last one the days were reckoned *backwards*, as with the Roman Calends, &c., and also with some of the Sundays of our Ecclesiastical Calendar. When it was a month of twenty-nine days only, the odd day was taken out at the beginning of the *third* period, so that it then only contained nine days. Respecting the “Old and New,” see Note 4.

“ And part that you must let me off at present.”

They say they never shall get paid that way, 1140

And call me names, and swear that I'm a rogue,

And that they'll go to law with me directly.

And *let* them go; I do not care one straw,

If my Phidíppides has learnt to plead.

I'll soon find out by knocking at the door.

Boy, boy, I say !

[*Knocks at SOCRATES's door.*

SCENE II. *The Same.*

Enter SOCRATES.

SOCRATES.

Good day, Strepsiádes. 1145

STREPSIADES.

The same to you. But first accept this trifle ;

[*Gives him a sovereign.*

The Master ought to get some compliment.

And tell me if my son has learnt the Cause

You lately took with you into your house.

SOCRATES.

He has.

STREPSIADES.

Well done, great Empress Cheatery ! 1150

SOCRATES.

Whate'er the suit, you're sure to beat the Plaintiff.

STREPSIADES.

Though witnesses were present when I borrowed?

SOCRATES.

Yes, all the more, were there a thousand of them.

DUET.

STREPSIADES.

Loud will I chant my release from my dangers!

Go to the devil, you money-changers, 1155

You, and your principals, and that pest,

The interest on interest! ¹⁵⁵

You shall no longer bother me,

For I have a son of high degree,

Bred these mystical buildings among,

Blest with a glittering double-edged tongue, 1160

The jetty that saves me from insolent foe,

My house's preserver, my enemies' woe,

The assuager of all his father's grief!

O summon him out, my honoured chief!

My child, my boy, O, leave the Hall! 1165

List to thy father's well-known call!

[Enter PHIDIPPIDES with a pale, haggard, anxious-looking face.]

SOCRATES.

Lo, here is the man.

STREPSIADES.

With joy I am wild.

(155) "The practice which was prevalent in the times of Plutarch, of immediately subtracting the interest from the sum borrowed, and again lending it out upon interest, had probably arisen in the flourishing times of Athens."—Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, I. p. 171.

SOCRATES.

Go, bear him with thee.

STREPSIADES.

O my child !¹⁵⁶[*Exit SOCRATES into his house.*]SCENE III. *The Same.*

STREPSIADES.

Oh, oh, oh, oh !

1170

How pleased I am at seeing your complexion !

Now you look negative and refutative,¹⁵⁷

And on your face the answer of the country

“ What’s that you say ? ” shines forth, and the appearance

Of being cheated when you cheat another,

And when you rob your neighbour—I know what !¹⁵⁸ 1175

In fact you’ve got an Attic look about you.

So now preserve me, as you’ve ruined me.

(156) The whole of this song is intended as a quiz upon the style of Tragedy. Probably the melody also, to which it was chanted, was a ludicrous parody upon one of Eurípides’s latest productions in that way.

;(157) See the *Knights*, Note 199.

(158) This is equivalent to

“ And, when you rob your neighbour, being robbed ; ”

but the words would not hitch in so easily in Greek as they do in English ; and therefore our author expresses himself with a knowing “ I know what ! ” It is possible also that “ to be robbed ” was one of the numerous phrases which shocked the polite ears of the Athénians, and which they therefore avoided using as much as possible. For instance, they often called the Jail the “ Build-
“ ing.”

PHIDIPPIDES.

What is it that you fear?

STREPSIADES.

The "Old and New."

PHIDIPPIDES.

Stuff! For can any day be "Old and New?"

STREPSIADES.

Yes, that on which they say they'll get the writs. 1180

PHIDIPPIDES.

Then they will lose the fees they pay for them;
 For *one* day cannot possibly be *two*.¹⁵⁹

STREPSIADES.

Cannot it?

PHIDIPPIDES.

No; unless one single woman
 Can be both old and young at the same time.

STREPSIADES.

Yet 'tis the custom.

PHIDIPPIDES.

But they do not know 1185

The custom's proper meaning.

(159) This "Old and New" being the day on which the monthly interest of a loan was usually payable, if the creditor was not paid by the debtor before that time, he might immediately commence his action against him. When the sum in question was above 5*l*, the law enacted that certain fees should be paid by both plaintiff and defendant before the case was tried, the party who was eventually unsuccessful afterwards reimbursing the exact amount to his adversary. In a suit for sums of from 100 to 1000 shillings, three shillings was the fee exacted from each party, for sums of from 1000 to 10,000 shillings, thirty shillings, and for larger sums, probably in the same progression.—See Boeckh's *Publ. Econ. Athens*, II. pp. 64, 65.

STREPSIADES.

Well, what is it?

PHIDIPPIDES.

The ancient Solon was the people's friend—¹⁶⁰

STREPSIADES.

There's nothing yet about the "Old and New!"

PHIDIPPIDES.

And ordered that Defendants should be summoned

For two *successive* days,—the Old and New,—¹⁶¹ 1190

That they might pay the fees on the New Moon.

STREPSIADES.

Why did he add "the Old?"

PHIDIPPIDES.

That the Defendants,

Being in Court a day before the suit,

Might compromise the matter; or, if not,

Be worried on the morn of the New Moon.¹⁶² 1195

(160) Solon actually had established some regulations, the nature of which, however, is not very clear, for the relief of insolvent debtors. "Phidippides," says the Greek note, "here imitates the orators, who are better acquainted with the names of lawgivers than with their laws."

(161) It was enacted, as stated above, that the creditor should not summon his debtor to pay the fees, preparatory to an action, until the last day of the month, or the "Old and New," whenever the sum sued for was either house-rent, interest, or any other payment which ought to be made at the end of the month. When the action was about a debt unconnected with the Calendar in this manner, the debtor might in all probability be summoned to pay his fees at any period at which the Courts were sitting.—See *Demosth.* p. 1074, l. 27.

(162) The fun of this argument of the young sophist consists in its being grounded entirely upon an arbitrary hypothesis, without the shadow of a proof. Moreover, if the "Old and New" meant *two* days and not *one*, in the case of paying these fees, it must also have meant *two* days in every other affair of life, the absurdity of which was sufficiently apparent to an Attic audience, though not caught so readily by us. It is the same as if an Englishman, who

STREPSIADES.

Why don't the Courts receive the summons-fees
On the New Moon, but on the Old and New?

PHIDIPPIDES.

They seem to me to act as the forestallers—
That they may bag the fees as soon as possible,
They have forestalled them by one single day. 1200

STREPSIADES.

Bravo!

(To the Audience.)

Poor fools, why do you sit out there
A profit to us clever chaps, you stones,
You mob, you sheep, you useless heaps of wine-jars?—
To celebrate our fortune I must chant
A song upon myself and this my son. 1205

SONG.

"Strepsíades, blest is thy lot!
"How great is thy learning and fame!
"And see what a son thou hast got!"
My neighbours and friends will exclaim, 1210
Brimful of envy, when the brutes
Shall hear you plead and gain the suits.

was summoned to appear in Court on "Monday," were to argue on the etymology of the word, and maintain that "Moon-day" must mean the "Day of the New Moon." And after all, allowing every thing that was asserted, the only advantage that Strepsíades could derive from the establishment of the newfangled doctrine would be, that the suit would be tried *to-morrow* instead of *to-day*. Nothing proves more strongly the weakness of the poor old gentleman's intellects than his being in such raptures at the depth of his son's logic.

But first I'll take you in my house,
And there we'll banquet and carouse.

[*Exeunt STREPSIADES and PHIDIPPIDES into the former's house.*

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

Enter PASIAS, the money-lender, from below, attended by a BAILIFF.

PASIAS.

Then ought a man to part with his own money ?

No, never ! It had been far better for me 1215

To unlearn blushing than have all this trouble.

Here am I dragging you to be my Bailiff¹⁶³

For my own money's sake, and shall besides

Become the enemy of a near neighbour.

But, while I live, I won't disgrace my country !¹⁶⁴ 1220

I summon you, Strepsíades !

[*Knocks at STREPSIADES's door.*

(163) When a Defendant was summoned to appear in Court by the Plaintiff, the law directed that the latter should be attended by a friend in the capacity of "Bailiff." The intention evidently was, that if there should be any question as to the fact of the summons having been served, the "Bailiff" might come forward as a witness for his Principal.

(164) As if the acute Athénian nation would be eternally disgraced by one of its citizens goodnaturedly allowing himself to be defrauded of his just dues. The satire is cutting enough in all conscience.

STREPSIADES (*from within*).
Who's that ?

Enter STREPSIADES.

PASIAS.
To answer on the Old and New.

STREPSIADES.
Be witness,
He named two separate days.—And in what matter ?

PASIAS.
The sixty pound you borrowed, when you bought
The piebald horse.

STREPSIADES.
A horse ! D'ye hear the fellow ? 1225
I, who hate horseflesh, as you all must know ?

PASIAS.
Yes, and you swore by heavens you'd pay it back.

STREPSIADES.
Aye, for my son Phidíppides, by Jove,
Did not then know the Unconquerable Cause.

PASIAS.
And do you now intend on that account
To say you never had the money from me ? 1230

STREPSIADES.
What other service can his learning do me ?

PASIAS.
And will you call the gods to witness this,
Where I shall order you ?

STREPSIADES.
What gods d'ye mean ?

PASIAS.

Jove, Mércury, and Neptune.

STREPSIADES.

Yes, by Jove ;

And I'd give sixpence for the privilege.

1235

PASIAS.

The devil take you for your impudence !

STREPSIADES.

This article should be well rubbed with salt.¹⁶⁵

PASIAS.

What cursed insolence !

STREPSIADES.

'Twill hold six gallons.

PASIAS.

By the great Jove and all the other gods,

You shall not cheat me with impunity !

STREPSIADES.

What a good joke to talk about the gods,

1240

And swear by Jove—ha, ha !—to knowing hands !

PASIAS.

The time will come when you shall pay for this !

Now, will you give me back my cash, or not ?

Despatch me with your answer.

(165) Pásias appears to have been a somewhat corpulent gentleman ; and therefore Strepsíades jeers him by tacitly comparing him to a wine-bag, and telling him that he will hold a very considerable quantity of good liquor. There was much the same kind of joke cracked upon one Ctésiphon in *Achárnians*, (see Notes 114 and 115 to that play) : wine-bags, it would were rubbed with salt, to keep the leather from becoming offensive.

STREPSIADES.

Stay you here ;

I'll give you a clear answer instantly. 1245

[*Exit STREPSIADES into his house.*]

PASIAS (*to his BAILIFF*).

What do you think he'll do ?

BAILIFF.

I think he'll pay it.

[*Re-enter STREPSIADES, with a Woodcock in his hand.*]

STREPSIADES.

Where is the man that asks me for his money ?

Tell me, what's this ? [*Holding out the Woodcock.*]

PASIAS.

What's this, d'ye say ? A woodcock.

STREPSIADES.

A pretty chap to ask me for his money !

I will not pay one groat to any one, 1250

Who's ass enough to misname woodhens " woodcocks."

PASIAS.

Then won't you pay the cash ?

STREPSIADES.

Not if I know it ;¹⁶⁶

So bundle off directly from my door.'

(166) This piece of Attic slang is literally translated from the Greek. It seems strange that it should coincide exactly with an English cant phrase, which was very prevalent a few years ago.

PASIAS.

Yes, and I'll pay the money for a writ,
By heavens, or may I die this very instant ! 1255

STREPSIADES.

You'll lose it, then, besides your sixty pound.
Yet I've no wish that you should suffer thus,
For talking foolishly about—" a woodcock !"

[*Exit* PASIAS.

SCENE V. *The Same.*

*Enter into the Orchestra another MONEY-LENDER, limping, and leading a pair of horses attached to a broken Chariot.*¹⁶⁷

MONEY-LENDER.

Alas, alas !

STREPSIADES.

Hold !

Who's that that's weeping ? Surely 'twas not one 1260
Of Cárcinus's deities that spoke ?¹⁶⁸

[*The MONEY-LENDER leaves his horses, and mounts the stage.*

(167) The chariot and pair is intended to ridicule a similar *entrées* in one of the compositions of a certain tragic poet, respecting whom anon.

(168) Cárcinus, literally *Crab*, was a fellow who had three dumpy, stumpy sons, or, as our Athénian wag expresses it, "deities," named Xénocles, Xenotímus, and Demotímus. The last is called by some Greek annotators Xenárchus, or Xenoclítus. They were all tragic actors, and Xénocles was

MONEY-LENDER.

What? Do you wish to find out who I am?
A man of woe!

STREPSIADES.

Then keep it to yourself.

MONEY-LENDER.

"O wretched chance!"—"O chariot-breaking fates
"Of steeds!"—"O Pallas, how thou'st ruined me!" 1265

STREPSIADES.

What mischief have you suffered from Tlepólemus? ¹⁶⁹

MONEY-LENDER.

Don't jeer me, friend, but tell your son to pay
The cash he had from me; especially
As I have met with a most sad mishap.

STREPSIADES.

What cash is that?

also a composer of bad tragedies, for which he is ridiculed both here and in several other passages. At the end of the *Wasps* the trio make their appearance in the orchestra, and dance a ridiculous hornpipe in the costume of *Crabs*, by way of a hit at their papa's name. The old gentleman himself, as we gather from a passage in the *Peace*, (l. 793,) and the Greek note thereupon, once exhibited a comedy called the *Mice*, but failed to obtain the prize: which our author wittily ridiculed, by making him complain "that the *Cat* had killed it "overnight." Some of the Greek note-writers call him a composer of tragedies; but this seems grounded upon a misconception of the lines in the text: and he ought therefore to be transplanted by Mr Clinton from his list of *tragic*, to his list of *comic* poets.—See *Fast. Hellen.*

(169) Tlepólemus, according to a Grecian legend, slew the aged Læcymnius by accident. This formed the subject of one of Xénocles's tragedies, in which the dying man was represented as exclaiming,

—"O Pallas, how thou'st ruined me!"

When the money-lender, therefore, raises this cry, Strepsiades very naturally inquires whether *Tlepolemus* had mortally wounded him. The remaining words between inverted commas are probably tags from other compositions of the same poet.

MONEY-LENDER.

The cash he borrowed from me. 1270

STREPSIADES.

Then you have *really* met with a mishap !

MONEY-LENDER.

By heavens, my horses threw me from my chariot !

STREPSIADES.

Why play the fool, as if an ass had thrown^ryou ? ¹⁷⁰

MONEY-LENDER.

Am I a fool for asking for my money ?

STREPSIADES.

You can't be in your senses !

MONEY-LENDER.

What d'ye say ? 1275

STREPSIADES.

Your brain has had a sort of shake, I think.

MONEY-LENDER.

And you, by Jove, are summoned, sir, I think, ¹⁷¹

Unless you'll pay the money.

STREPSIADES.

Tell me now,

Do you suppose that Jove continually

(170) "To be thrown^rby an ass," was a proverbial expression, applied to those who were such unskilful riders, that they could not even sit an ass, much less a horse. It is used also in the following passage of Plato :—"It seems to me that we ought always to keep the discourse well in hand, like a horse, not be forcibly carried away by it, as if the mouth we had to deal with was unbridled, and, according to the proverb, *be thrown, as it were, by an ass.*"—*Laws*, III. p. 156.

(171) He does not actually summon him, because he has no "Bailiff" with him, and therefore the notice would not hold good in law.

Rains down fresh water, or that from below 1280
The sun draws this same water back again?¹⁷¹

MONEY-LENDER.

I know not which; nor do I care one straw.

STREPSIADES.

What right have you to get your money back,
If you know nought of meteorology?

MONEY-LENDER.

Well, if you're short of cash, pay me the interest. 1285

STREPSIADES.

What kind of animal is this same interest?

MONEY-LENDER.

Why, to be sure, the money's always gettin'
Greater and greater every month and day,
As time is flowing onwards.

STREPSIADES.

Very good.

Well, do you think the sea is greater now 1290
Than formerly?

MONEY-LENDER.

No, it is just the same:

If it got greater, it would be unnatural.

STREPSIADES.

And why, then, does the sea become no greater,
Though it receives so many streams, you wretch,
While *you* desire to make your money greater? 1295

(172) We shall soon see the application that will be made of this kind of doctrine

Take yourself off directly from my house !

Give me the goad ! [*Enter a SLAVE, with a goad.*

MONEY-LENDER.

Be witness how I'm used !

[Descends into the Orchestra.

STREPSIADES.

Be off! No dawdling! Gallop on, you S-brand !

[Goads one of the two horses.

MONEY-LENDER.

Is not this insolence ?

STREPSIADES.

Pull, you outrigger ! ¹⁷³

Come, I will goad your rump, and make you go. 1300

[Goads the MONEY-LENDER himself.

What ? So you fly ? I *thought* I should be able

To stir ye—chariot and pair and all !

*[Exeunt the MONEY-LENDER below, and STREPSIADES
and SLAVE into the house.*

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

I.

Oh, to what misery it leads

To be attached to naughty deeds !

This aged ass has fully bent him 1305

To keep the money that was lent him.

(173) By way of a joke, he calls the unfortunate Money-lender, who is leading off his horses, an "outrigger," and treats him accordingly.—For the meaning of the phrase, see Note 7.

But he shall suddenly to-day
Perceive that he is meeting
With something, that will make him pay
For his attempt at cheating. 1310

II.

He'll very soon discover what
He long has groped for—namely, that
The son, in whom he placed his trust, is
Skilled to refute the words of justice ; 1315
And conquers all opponents, though,
As to his cause, he's choiceless.
Perhaps, perhaps he'll suffer so,
That he will wish him voiceless. 1320

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Same.*

Enter STREPSIADES from his house, greatly agitated, and rubbing various parts of his body. He is followed by PHIDIPPIDES.

STREPSIADES.

HOLLOA, Holloa!

For god's sake, neighbours, relatives, and friends,
Help me! I'm thrashed! Oh my poor head and jaw!
You scamp, d'ye beat your father?

PHIDIPPIDES.

Yes, papa.¹⁷⁴ 1325

STREPSIADES.

See, he allows he beats me!

(174) "It is not easy to conceive any incident more pointedly severe than this, which the poet has employed for interesting the spectators in his attack upon the sophists. A son exhibited in the impious act of striking his father, and justifying the crime upon principle, is surely as bitter an invective against the schools of the philosophers as can be devised."—*Cumberland*.

PHIDIPPIDES.

Certainly.

STREPSIADES.

You scamp, you parricide, you housebreaker !

PHIDIPPIDES.

Call me these very names again, and more too !

D'ye know, I love to be abused most dearly ?

STREPSIADES.

You blackguard !

PHIDIPPIDES.

Pelt me with a lot of roses !

1330

STREPSIADES.

D'ye beat your father ?

PHIDIPPIDES.

Yes, and I will prove

That I'd a right to beat you.

STREPSIADES.

O you rascal !

How *can* one have a right to beat his father ?

PHIDIPPIDES.

I'll demonstrate it, and out-argue you.

STREPSIADES.

Out-argue me in *this* ?

PHIDIPPIDES.

Yes, easily.

1335

So choose which of the Causes you'll defend.

STREPSIADES.

What Causes ?

PHIDIPPIDES.

Why, the Stronger or the Weaker.

STREPSIADES.

I've had you taught, confound ye, with a vengeance
To argue against justice, if you're going
To prove to me that it is just and fair 1340
The father should be beaten by the son !

PHIDIPPIDES.

I think I shall convince you, and that when
You've listened, you yourself will not deny it.

STREPSIADES.

Well, let me hear what you are going to say.

SCENE II. *The Same.*

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

Now then be quick, old man,
And think about a plan 1345
To make you victorious.
Unless he'd trusted in
His powers, he'd ne'er have been
So rude and uproarious ;
There's something he'll unfold,
Which makes the youth so bold,
And haughty, and furious. 1350
But tell us what it was that first
Began the dreadful battle.
I know you'll kindly slake our thirst
To hear this tittle-tattle.

STREPSIADES.

I'll tell you what it was that bred

This most accursed quarrel.

While we were feasting, (as I said

That we should do before all,)

I bade him take his lyre and sing,—

Unless he knew a better,—a

1355

Song by Simónides, that thing,

“ The Ram was sheared, *etcetera*.”¹⁷⁵

But he declared he must decline ;

“ ’Twas out of fashion fairly

“ To play and sing over one’s wine,

“ Like women grinding barley.”¹⁷⁶

(175) Simónides was an ancient lyric poet, who died at the advanced age of ninety, B. C. 467. We have fragments enough of his works still extant to make us regret the loss of the remainder. In the *Protagoras* of Plato, there will be found a sort of running commentary on some of his poetry, which is curious, as being one of the oldest known specimens of the critical art. As he advanced in life, he became very covetous, (see *Peace*, l. 697,) and was said to have first introduced the custom of taking money for lyrical compositions. It is of him, that Aristotle in his *Treatise on Rhetoric*, (III. 2, 24,) tells the following story. A man who had obtained the victory in the Public Games with his chariot of mules, came to Simónides with a small sum in his hand, and requested him to write an ode in honour of his success. The bard at first could not possibly think of celebrating such vulgar animals, but upon the *douceur* being increased, he undertook the job, and composed a very brilliant piece of poetry, which began by addressing the mules as “daughters of storm-footed mares”. The ode, of which the first few words are quoted in the text, was written for a wrestler of Ægina, whose name was Crias, literally *Ram*, and who had obtained the prize in the Olympian games. The two commenting verses were—

“ The Ram was sheared right nobly in Jove’s

“ Luxuriant, consecrated groves ! ”

(176) Plutarch, in his *Drinking-party of the Sages*, (*Works*, v. II p. 157. D.) quotes the following ancient ditty, which he tells us was sung by the Lesbian women as they ground the corn in their mills.—

“ Grind, quern, grind ! For Pittacus too,

“ Mitylene’s autocrat, grinds like you.”

PHIDIPPIDES.

Now ought I not immediately
 To have began to kick at
 Your breech, for begging songs of me,
 As if I'd been a cricket? 1360

STREPSIADES.

These are the very proofs and pleas
 He urged within to shew it!
 And he declared Simónides
 Was a most stupid poet.
 And this I bore, though not with all
 The temper of a turtle.
 And then I made a second call—
 “Just take a sprig of myrtle,”¹⁷⁷

As an illustration of the sense of this couplet, some verses of Burns may be taken

“No—stretch a point to catch a plack,
 “Abuse a brother to his back,
 “Steal thro’ a winnock frae a whore,
 “But point the rake that takes the door,
 “Be to the poor like our whunstone,
 “An’ haud their noses to the grunstone,
 “Ply every art o’ legal thieving—
 “Nae matter—stick to sound beneiving.”

Dedication to Gavin Hamilton

Plutarch, however, understands the song to mean, that Pittacus “both ground
 “and kneaded his own bread,” as if any free-born Greek, much less a monarch,
 would have descended to so mean an occupation! Moreover, the comparing
 the grinding of the *mill* to the grinding of the *miller* would be in wretched bad
 taste. Plutarch’s reason for misinterpreting the words is obvious enough; accord-
 ing to his usual plan of idealizing history, he did not choose to exhibit the dark
 side of Pittacus’s character.

(177) The elegant taste of the Greeks had established it as a custom, that
 the persons who sang at an entertainment should hold a branch of myrtle or of
 bay-tree in their hands. Any body, who has seen how distressed public singers
 frequently are to know what to do with their fore-paws, will perceive at once
 the meaning of this very graceful fashion. Hence we may understand the full

" And spout a bit of 'Æschylus !"

When he began to go it,—

1365

" Why 'Æschylus appears to us,

" The most of any poet,

" An incoherent, mouthing, loud,

" Harsh, precipice-writing fellow !" ¹⁷⁸

When this opinion was avowed,

I felt my heartstrings bellow ;

But still I bit my lips, and cried,

" Then pray commence reciting,

" From what the moderns have supplied,

" Some clever bit of writing."

1370

He sang Eurípides's tale

Directly, how a brother

Deflowered a sister (powers of hell !)

Born from the self-same mother. ¹⁷⁹

force of the allusion in the song of Harmódios given in the *Achærmans*, (Note 110.) The conspirators had concealed their swords in myrtle-wreaths, at the feast upon which they intended to have slain the tyrant ; and therefore the performer, holding out the myrtle-branch in his hand, exclaims *affettuoso* —

" With myrtle wreathed I'll wear my sword,

" As when ye slew the tyrant lord,

" And made Athénian freedom brighten,

" Harmódios and Aristogiton "

(178) We shall find these charges developed at great length in the *Frogs*, during the contest between Æschylus and Euripides.

(179) By the Athenian law a brother was allowed to marry his half sister by a *different* mother, but not if she was the daughter of the *same* mother by a *different* father. The former was considered a lawful, the latter an incestuous connexion. *Æolus*, the tragedy of Euripides here referred to, is now lost — its subject was the amours of Macareus and Cánache, the children of 'Æolus. In the *Frogs*, (l. 850,) we shall find 'Æschylus abusing Euripides on account of the very same play. The reason why this particular poet is patronized by Phidippides, is because he was believed to have been assisted by his friend Socrates in acquiring the general philosophical tone, which makes his tragedies so delightful.

And then I could restrain myself
No longer, but directed
Floods of reproaches at the elf;
And, as you'd have expected,
We grappled phrase to phrase; and then
He sprung on me, and poked me, 1375
And scratched and clawed me might and main,
And thumped, and bumped, and choked me.

PHIDIPPIDES.

Were you not justly punished, please,
Good sir, for daring ever
To find fault with Eurípides—
That clever man?

STREPSIADES.

He clever?

You what-am-I-to-call-ye, you!
But softly there and lightly!
I shall get thumped and thrashed anew!

PHIDIPPIDES.

By Jove, 'twould serve you rightly!

STREPSIADES.

How rightly? *Me*, you shameless rogue,
Who nursed you at your weaning, 1380
And when you lisped your childish brogue,
Always perceived your meaning?
If you said "Bryn," I knew your name
For drink, and brought it quickly;
And if you called "Mammán," I came
And gave you bread directly;

And when I heard you cry "Caccán,"
 And saw your looks implore me,
 I took you up, and forth I ran
 And held you out before me. 1385
 But now, although I raised a shout
 That you would squeeze my inside out,
 You laughed, you rascal, at my roars,
 And would not take me out of doors;
 But choked me, till I went to pot,
 And did "Caccán" upon the spot. 1390

SONG BY THE CHORUS.

The striplings' hearts must leap
 To know what course he'll keep,
 The opponent to hem in;
 For if by dint of nerve
 He prove such deeds deserve
 No moral condemning,
 I would not give a pea
 For all the hides of ye 1395
 Poor elderly gem'men.¹⁸⁰
 Now then, you stirrer-up of new
 Expressions, if you're able,
 Invent some argument to shew
 Your conduct's equitable.

(180) Plautus says, in his *Braggadocio Soldier*, Act II Scene 3,—

— "I would not now

"Purchase your life even for a rotten test."

PHIDIPPIDES.

How sweet to learn wise novelties,
And feel that we may trust 'em ;
And to be able to despise
An old established custom !

1400

I could not say three words, I see —
When all I loved was horses —
Before I erred ; but now that he

[*Pointing to STREPSIADES.*

Has made me leave such courses,
And I have pondered and discussed
Fine subtle thoughts ; I rather
Imagine I can prove it just
To punish one's own father.

1405

STREPSIADES.

Then go and study horseflesh, man !
I'd better nip my belly
To feed four horses for you, than
Be pummelled to a jelly.

PHIDIPPIDES.

But to resume—now here's a mild
And candid question for you :
Pray did you beat me when a child ?

STREPSIADES.

Yes, from the love I bore you.

1410

PHIDIPPIDES.

Then ought not *I*, too, to embrace
The shortest means of proving
My love for *you*, and beat you, as
This beating's merely loving ?

Why should *your* body be untorn
 By whips, howe'er it need 'em,
 While mine is not? Yet *I* was born,
 Like *you*, possessed of freedom.
 Children are thrashed; must fathers go
 Unthrashed and unadmonished?¹⁸¹ 1415
 You'll say it is the law, I know,
 For children to be punished;
 But I'll reply, that an old man
 Is in his *second* childhood;¹⁸²
 And if he's thrashed more fiercely than
 A youth, it can't be styled odd,
 Because 'tis worse in him to err —
 There's something more unfair in 't.

STREPSIADES.

But 'tis the law, sir, every where
 Not to chastise one's parent. 1420

(181) This is an allusion to a passage in the *Alcæstis* of Euripides, where Admætus's father, who had been solicited to die in his place, positively refuses this very trifling favour, and says —

"You're fond of life, d'ye think your father is not!"

The result of the tragedy is well known. The dastardly craven allows his beautiful young wife to immolate herself in order to save his own worthless existence.

(182) The following illustrations of this sentiment, quoted by the Greek note, come respectively from the *Peleus* of Sôphocles, and from the comic poets Theopompus, Plato, and Antiphon.

"Peleus, the noble son of Æacus,

"I, the sole guardian of the mansion, school,—

"Old as he is,—and educate him fresh,

"For an old man becomes a child anew,"

Old men, in point of fact, are children twice "

"Does an old man, then, turn a child again?"

"Feeding old men is just like feeding children."

PHIDIPPIDES.

Was not the author of this law
Like you and me, a man, sir ?
And did he not persuade and draw
The rest to adopt his plan, sir ?
Then have not I, too, I would learn,
A right to be the author
Of a new law, that in return
The son shall beat the father ?
We'll cancel blows we got before
This statute was enacted, 1425
And make a gift of all we bore—
Both bloody-nose and cracked-head.
And look how cocks chastise their dads ;
Yet wherein do their natures
Differ from us Athénian lads,
Save that they're no debaters ?

STREPSIADES.

Then as you say you're like the cocks,
And prove it by research, too ; 1430
Why don't you eat the dung o' the ox,
And sleep upon a perch, too ?

PHIDIPPIDES.

Friend, that's a different thing from this ;
And Sócrates would vow so.

STREPSIADES.

Then do not beat me. Otherwise
You'll blame yourself.

PHIDIPPIDES.

And how so?

STREPSIADES.

I have a right,—for you're my son, —

To lay it on your bottom ;

And you've a right to lay it on

Your sons', when you have got 'em.

PHIDIPPIDES.

And if they're never got, am I

1435

To suffer useless lashings,

And you to live at ease, and die

Grinning at all my thrashings?

STREPSIADES (*to the elderly part of the audience*).

Old gentlemen, he seems to me

To take up just positions ;

And I propose that we agree

To this on fair conditions ;

For if we sin, 'tis fair, I deem,

We should be thrashed severely.

PHIDIPPIDES.

Consider now my second scheme.

STREPSIADES.

I shall be ruined really !

1440

PHIDIPPIDES.

It will prevent your being vexed

At suffering what you've suffered.

STREPSIADES.

How can that be? Explain your text ;

What good was that you proffered?

PHIDIPIDES.

Just in the way that I thrashed *you*,
I mean to thrash—*my mother*.

STREPSIADES.

What's that, what's that you say? This new
Affliction's worse than t'other.¹⁸³

PHIDIPIDES.

What if I take the Weaker Cause, 1445
And conquer you with nimble jaws,
Proving by philosophic bother,
That it is right to thrash one's mother?

STREPSIADES.

If you should make so fine a hit,
You have my full consent to throw
Your carcase down the Felon's Pit;—¹⁸⁴
Where else could you expect to go? 1450
And carry with you, if you please,
The Weaker Cause, and Sócrates.

(To the CHORUS).

You are the source of these misfortunes, Clouds;
For I committed my affairs to you.

CHORUS.

Blame your own self for your mishaps; for you
Wriggled yourself into a knavish business. 1455

(183) This is certainly a redeeming trait in the otherwise intensely-selfish character of Strepsiades. Though his wife has been the cause of all his misfortunes, through the ideas of fashionable extravagance, which she has instilled into Phidippides, yet he is more afflicted at the thought of her being beaten, than by the blows that he has himself actually suffered.

(184) See the *Knights*, Note 134

STREPSIADES.

And why then didn't you say so at the time,
Instead of egging on a poor old clown?

CHORUS.

We always act like this, when we discover
That any one's in love with rogucry,
Till we have got the fellow in a mess, 1460
And he has learnt at last to fear the gods.

STREPSIADES.

Alas, ye Clouds, this is severe, but just!
I ought not to have tried to keep the cash
I borrowed!¹⁸⁵—Now then come with me, my son,
And we'll destroy those blackguards, Chærephon 1465
And Sócrates, who choused both you and me.

PHIDIPPIDES.

I will not injure my beloved masters.

STREPSIADES.

"Yes, pay respect to the Paternal Jove!"¹⁸⁶

PHIDIPPIDES.

Paternal Jove! What an old-fashioned chap!
What, is there any Jove?

STREPSIADES.

There is.

(185) "This appeal to the Chorus, their reply to it, and the old man's acknowledgment, that he merited the punishment he met with, are finely introduced, and impress a very just and natural moral on the catastrophe of the fable."—*Cumberland*.

(186) Evidently a line from some tragedy or other. The Athenians worshipped a Paternal Apollo, but not a Paternal Jove, because Apollo was fabled to have been the father of the Ionian race. Other tribes, supposed to be descended from Jove, worshipped a Paternal Jove, but not a Paternal Apollo.

PHIDIPPIDES.

There isn't; 1470

"Jar is now king, and has dethroned old Jove."¹⁸⁷*[Points to the Jar in front of his father's house.]*

STREPSIADES.

No, he has *not* dethroned him, but I thought so,*[Touching his forehead.]*All through this *jar* that's here! O wretched me,For taking Jar *Poternal* for a god!*[Points to the Jar before his house.]*

PHIDIPPIDES.

Stop here, and rave and drivel to yourself. 1475

[Exit PHIDIPPIDES.]

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SCENE III. *The Same.*

STREPSIADES.

Alas, what craziness! How mad I was

To be persuaded to eject my gods

By Sócrates! But, dearest Mércury,

[Reinstating him in the place of the Jar.]

Do not be wrath with me, nor ruin me;

But pray forgive my crazy love of gossip, 1480

And counsel me, whether I'd better go

And prosecute them, or whate'er you think.

[Confers with him.]

(187) He quotes Strepsíades's own words against him.—See l. 828.

You give me good advice--to stitch no suits,
 But with all possible haste to fire the house
 Of these same gossipers.--Here, Xánthias, here! 1485

[Enter a SLAVE.]

Bring out a ladder and a mattock with you,
 And then go mount upon the Thinking-shop,
 And dig the roof down, if you love your master,
 Until you've pulled the house about their ears.

*[Exit SLAVE, and re-enter with the ladder, &c. and
 mounts the top of SOCRATES'S house.]*

Holloa there, bring me out a lighted torch; 1490
 And I'll revenge myself on some of them
 To-day, although they are such lying braggarts.

*[A torch is brought in, and STREPSIADES mounts the
 house-top with it, and fires the rafters.]*

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

FIRST SCHOLAR *(from within)*.

Holloa, holloa!

STREPSIADES.

Take care, good torch, and send forth copious flames.

A SCHOLAR appears at a window.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

What are you at, you chap?

STREPSIADES.

What am I at? 1495

I'm chopping logic with the rafters here.

Another SCHOLAR appears at a window.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

Who's this that dares to set the house alight?

STREPSIADES.

The man whose coat you've got, you thievish knaves.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

Oh, you'll destroy us!

STREPSIADES.

That's what I intend,

Unless my mattock should betray my hopes,

1500

Or I should get a fall before I've done it.

SOCRATES appears at a window.

SOCRATES.

What are you at, you fellow on the roof?

STREPSIADES.

"Air-galloping, and questioning the sun."¹⁸⁸

SOCRATES.

Poor wretched luckless me! I shall be stifled!

CHÆREPHON appears at a window.

CHÆREPHON.

Unhappy me! I shall be burnt to death!

1505

STREPSIADES.

What business had you, then, to insult the gods,

And seek to see the bottom of the moon?

Pursue, and pelt, and strike for many reasons;

But chiefly on account of their impiety.

[SOCRATES'S *house is dismantled by STREPSIADES and*
his SLAVES.

(188) Socrates's expressions, when he was hung up on his philosophical shelf.—See l. 225.

CHORUS.

Lead out and conclude the redoubtable play ;

We have chanted and capered enough for to-day. 1510

[The CHORUS leaves the Orchestra, and exeunt omnes.]

THE END OF THE CLOUDS.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE GREEK TEXT OF THE CLOUDS.

•• The numbers, both here and in the translation, refer to the lines of Brunck's Greek text, which correspond accurately to those of the two texts published by W. Dindorf; viz. one in 1825 amongst the LEIPZIG CLASSICS, and one in 1830 in the PORTÆ SCENICI.

L. 1.] Read with Ernesti, τὸ χρῆμα τῶν νυκτῶν ὅσον Ἀπέραντον. and compare *Frogs*, l. 1278, ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὸ χρῆμα τῶν κόπων ὅσον.—Ὅσον cannot be put for ὡς here, and Hermann's interpretation of the old punctuation seems poor—τὸ χρῆμα τῶν νυκτῶν τόσον ἐστίν, ὅσον ἀπέραντον.

L. 179.] The fragment of Eupolis given in the note appended to the Translation, is read in the two following manners by the Scholiasts, on this line, and on line 96, respectively,—Στησιχόρου πρὸς τὴν λύραν οἰνοχόην ἐκλεψεν; and,—δεξάμενος δὲ Σωκράτης τὴν ἐπίδειξιν Στησιχόρου οἰνοχόην ἐκλεψεν; the latter of which is manifestly corrupt. I have translated as if the poet had written—

δεξάμενος δὲ Σωκράτης
Στησιχόρου πρὸς τὴν λύραν,
οἰνοχόην ἐκλεψεν.

The lines are all dimeter choriambics; the two first acatalectic, the last catalectic. For the use of δέχεσθαι in this sense see *Wasps*, l. 1222, 1225, 1243. The two words τὴν ἐπίδειξιν, are a gloss of some ignorant grammarian, who thought that δέχεσθαι, being a transitive verb, must needs have an accusative case after it.

L. 337.] Read, with the edition of 1825, Εἴτ' ἀερίας διερᾶς γαμψοὺς οἰωνοὺς ἀερονηχεῖς. Ἀερία is put for ἀήρ, on the analogy of ἡ Λακωνική, for ἡ Λακωνική χώρα. The phrase is quaint, but that is the very reason it is quoted by the satirist.

L. 377.] Place a comma after ὄμβρου, so that δι' ἀνάγκην may depend upon ἀναγκασθῶσι. It will not well apply to κατακρημνόμεναι, because it is not the fact of the clouds being "suspended in the air," which is questioned, and which, consequently, it would be requisite to state happened "on account of" "necessity." Neither, on the other hand, can δι' ἀνάγκην apply to πλήρεις; for a simple epithet cannot have such a clause depending upon it, though they might say, αἱ νέφελαι αἱ δι' ἀνάγκην πλήρεις ὄμβρου, "those clouds that" "are necessarily full of rain," which is quite a different thing.

L. 402.] Read τί μαθών; with the Rav. MS., Bekker, and the *Poet. Scen.*, instead of τί παθών. The former is equivalent to—"What business had he to do it?" the latter to—"How came he to do it?" They are continually confused in the MSS.

L. 553.] The passage of Eupolis, translated in the note, is corruptly quoted by the Scholiast on line 552, and still more so by that on line 540. I would emend the former from the latter in the following way,—*ἔφη δὲ κακείνος τοὺς ἰσκέας,*

"Χυρποίησα τῷ φαλακρῷ τοῦτο, κἀδωρησάμην."

The line is what is generally called Eupolidean; the same as that in which this Parabasis is written. Respecting the phrase τῷ φαλακρῷ, compare *Peace*, l. 771.

L. 653, 654.] None of the commentators, ancient or modern, seem to have hit the meaning of this passage, though Brunck laughs at poor Mademoiselle Le Fèvre for not understanding it, (as she well might not,) both here and in the following ungallant critique on an observation of hers relative to line 1445: "Quid illa, quæso, ridicula nota ad hujus loci sententiam facit, cujus pulcritudinem et acumen non magis percepit bona puella quam nequitiam in v. 653?" Hermann observes, "Recte Brunckius de pene intellexit, ut est in glossâ, sequentem autem versum de digito infami, quo iste, quum puer esset necdum optus rebus veneris, sannas fecerat." But to omit all consideration of what our poet says, in the Parabasis, l. 533, about the actors in this play not wearing a σκίτιον καθειμένον, Ἐρυθρόν ἐξ ἄκρου, παχὺ, τοῖς παιδίοις ἢ ᾧ γέλωι, the πέος could scarcely be reckoned a δάκτυλος. I should consider both the fingers exhibited to be *bonâ fide* legitimate ones; the first, the "infamis sive medius digitus," (see *Juvenal* X. 53, and Rupert's excellent note;) the second, the one mentioned in the following scholium on the *Acharnians*, l. 444:—ΣΚΙΜΑΛΙΣΘ] ἐξηθενίσω ἢ χλευάσω. τῷ μικρῷ δακτυλίῳ ὡς τῷ γυναικείῳ πυγῶν ἔψομα. εἴρηται δὲ ἡ λέξις καὶ ἐν Εἰρήνῃ· ἐλέγετο δὲ σκιμαλίζειν [καὶ] τὸ τῷ μικρῷ δακτύλῳ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἀποπειρᾶσθαι εἰ ὥστοκοῦσιν.

L. 1166—1169.] The text has been unwarrantably hacked about here in the edition of 1825, in order to prevent the necessity of making Socrates join in the old gentleman's song, as if nobody ever sang on the stage except on occasions when he would sing in ordinary life. In the *Poet. Scen.* Dindorf has properly re-transposed the different clauses according to the MSS.

L. 1175.] Bentley has well observed, that this line, as it stands in the editions, "is colder than snow itself." The καὶ κακουργοῦντ' is a most miserable drag, coming in as a mere explanation of ἀδικοῦντ'. Hence he very ingeniously proposes to read ἀδικοῦντ' ἀδικεῖσθαι, καὶ κακουργοῦντ' εὖ ποιεῖν, or κακουργοῦντ' εὐνοεῖν, the former of which is certainly preferable as far as the sense goes. Both emendations, however, recede far too much from the reading of the MSS. κακουργοῦντ', οἳδ' ὅτι. I think the same end may be attained by simply reading ἀδικοῦντ' ἀδικεῖσθαι, καὶ κακουργοῦντ'—οἳδ' ὅτι, and interpreting as in the translation.

L. 1179.] Strike out the accent over the τις with Bekker and the *Poet. Scen.* Otherwise the answer would be, not εἰς ἥν γε, but simply εἰς ἥν.

L. 1201.] Place a point after εὖγ' with the edition of 1825.

L. 1203.] Place the comma before, instead of after ἄλλως, with Kuster. ἄλλως could not very well depend upon a noun, unless coupled with it by an article, though it appears at first sight to do so in the passage from the *Trouades* quoted by Bergler; ἀριστεύοντ' ἐγεινάμην τέκνα, Οὐκ ἀριθμὸν ἄλλως, ἀλλ' ὑπερτάτους φρυγῶν. It is, however, in reality there connected with ἐγεινάμην understood after it. The adverb τηράλλως will supply us with an instance of its use with an article, which word is properly written τὴν ἄλλως sc. ὁδόν; it is opposed to τὴν περὶ αὐτοῦ in the *Thaetetus*, p. 172 fin.

L. 1228.] Take away the stop after Δί with the edition of 1825, however the verse is read in other respects. Pasion says, "Yes, and you swore by "heavens you'd pay it back;" to which it would be absurd for Strepsiades to reply, "No, by Jove, I did not; for," &c.

L. 1232, 1233.] Read with Bekker and Kuster, τοὺς θεούς, *ὅν δὲ κελεύσω ἔγώ σε; ΣΤΡΕ. τοὺς ποίους θεούς; for "Ποίους θεούς;" without the τοὺς would mean, in familiar Attic Greek, "Pooh! Nonsense! Don't talk about such "trumpery as gods!" The article is required to ask the question, "What "gods?" to which Pasion replies in the next line.

L. 1277.] Read with the Rav. MS., Bekker and Hermann, Ἄν δὲ τῇ τὸν Ἑρμῆν προσκεκλησθῆναι μοι δοκεῖς. I doubt very much whether δοκεῖς μοι προσκεκλησέσθαι is good Greek; it would rather be προσκεκλησόμενος, though even that would be quaint. Moreover, the very pretty little Homœoteleuton in the original, is destroyed by thus deviating from the Rav. MS. There is no occasion for the creditor to adhere strictly to chronological accuracy, as Hermann has well observed, especially as his object evidently is to parody Strepsiades's remark as closely as possible.

L. 1299.] Read ἔξεις; ἐπιαλῶ with Bekker and the *Pœt. Scen.*

L. 1303—1320.] I would propose to arrange this corrupt strophe and antistrophe in the following manner:—

οἷον τὸ πραγμάτων ἔργον φλαύρων ὁ γὰρ	
γέρον ὃδ' ἐρασθεῖς	
ἀποστερήσαι βούλεται	1306
τὰ χρήμαθ' ἄβαιλίσσας	
κοῦκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ τήμερον	
λήψεται τι πρῶγμ', ὃ τοῦ-	
τον ποιήσει τὸν σοφιστὴν ἴσως,	
ἀνθ' ὃν παουργεῖν ἤρξατ', ἐξαίφνης λαβεῖν κακόν τι	1310
οἶμαι γὰρ αὐτὸν αὐτίχ' εὐρήσειν, ὅπερ	
πάλαι ποτ' εἶδα,	
εἶναι τὸν υἱὸν δεινόν οἱ	
γνώμας ἐρωτίας λέγειν	
τοῖσιν δίκαιαι, ὥστε τι	1315
κᾶν ἅπαντας οἷσπερ ἂν	
ξυγγένηται, κᾶν λόγῳ παμπόνηρ'	
ἴσως δ', ἴσως βουλήσεται κάφωνον αὐτὸν εἶναι,	1320

In l. 1304, *ἐρασθεῖς* is the reading of the MSS. and the old editions: *ἐξαρθεῖς* or *δύρασθεῖς* an emendation. In l. 1309, 1310, the words *ἴσως, ἀνθ'* *τι*, supplied from the edition of 1825. In l. 1310, *λαβεῖν κακόν τι* is the reading of the *Poet. Scen.* instead of that of the MSS. *τι κακόν λαβεῖν*. In l. 1312, I have substituted *ἐδίδα*, instead of the reading of the Ravenna and Laurenian MSS. *ἐπεζήτει*, or those of some of the others, *ἐξεζήτει*, and *ἐζήτει*, none of which will agree with the strophe. The gloss has occupied the place of the word which it was intended to explain, as has happened in many other cases: this is partly indicated also by the variations in the readings. *Διφῶ*, though an unusual word in Attic Greek, (see, however, Theophrastus, *Characters*, XI. 2. ed. Schneider,) yet occurs in the compounds *ἐρεβοδιφῶ* (in this play l. 192), *μηχανοδίφης* (*Peace*, l. 790), and *πραγματοδίφης* (*Birds*, l. 1424). Of course, if it were in every-day use, as *ἐθήρα* for instance, it would not have had a gloss, and could not consequently have been rejected by it. The line, when thus emended, is a common hypercatalectic monometer choriambic with a bac, like verses 1346, 1348, 1350, and the corresponding ones in the antistrophe 1391—1398; all of which succeed senariæ in a similar manner. Verse 1350, however, must be first emended, either as Hermann proposes, *δῆλόν γέ τοι Λῆμ' ἔστι τὸ τάνδρος;* or with Reiske, *δῆλον τὸ Λῆμ' ἔστιν τόδε τάνδρος;* or perhaps still better *δῆλον γέ τοι Τὸ Λῆμα τὸ τάνδρος.*



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